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MacLean's Magazine

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Toronto, August 1913

No. 4

The Call of Down-Along

*'Tis the call of the heather, the hills and the moor,
Of swift-running stream, honey brown;
Of bog-myrtle scent with gorse perfume blend,
And beauty of flower-studded down.*

*'Tis the "soul of the summer," the little brown bees
That delve in the heather-bills' deeps;
And the pixies at play, at the close of the day,
When the dus moor in shadowland sleeps.*

*'Tis the call of the coast, of its rugged grey rocks,
Where foam-created billows break white.
'Tis the lure of its caves, where limpid green waves
Croon tales of enchantment at night.*

*Grand epics of daring, achievement, romance,
Of danger, and conquest, in song
Such as laureate ne'er sung since the old world was young
And its Maker wrought sweet "Down-along."*

—From *The World*, London, Eng.

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SIR GEORGE PREVOST, Governor of Canada,

who, commending the army of Wellington's Veterans in Canada, led the only shameful retreat in the history of Canadian warfare. He may have been acting under superior orders. See the opening article.

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

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When Wellington's Peninsular Veterans Were Defeated in Canada

Editor's Note.—This generally forgotten incident in the War of 1812 will come as news to many Canadians of to-day. The fact that Wellington's trained soldiers, fresh from their arduous campaigning in Spain, could be defeated in Canada by a mere handful of Americans, if not substantiated by history, would receive an instant contradiction from every reader. It goes to illustrate the stern and real necessity of good generalship and careful strategy, bring in possession of the directing genius of any campaign of war. Many of these veterans settled in Ontario and Quebec, and their descendants to-day occupy many important places in Canadian activity.

By Edward J. Moore

LAST summer a young Canadian business man who was making a leisurely trip from Montreal to New York with stops here and there in the Adirondack country got into conversation on the train with a genial American. After other topics talk wandered to the proposed celebration of the centenary of peace and from that, naturally, to reference to some of the events of the war of 1812. When the porter came to get their grips at Plattsburg the American, getting in a last word, said with a smile and the latest slang: "Here's one place anyway where we licked you good and plenty."

"And," said the Canadian, when speaking of the matter afterward, "Until I came home and looked it up in some old books in the library I hadn't any idea what he meant. Why didn't they put those things in the school histories?"

It is a frequently-lamented fact that historians of all ages have found it im-

possible to resist the temptation to let patriotic sentiment overpower their veracity. Most of us will remember hearing a good deal in our school days of the perverted story the United States children were given as to the battle of Lundy's Lane and other events of the war and at that time we were led to believe that our own school books were beyond question. Closer acquaintance with facts which comes with a little wider reading, however, show that this belief was to a large extent misplaced and the incident mentioned above introduces a story which in its way is as interesting as any other event in the war and yet which has not even been referred to in our public and high school text books on the period.

The fact that a British general of some considerable reputation, in command of at least 11,000 troops, a large division of which were veterans of continental campaigns, should have been repelled from a poorly-fortified position

defended by less than half the number of raw American recruits, is a story which would scarcely be believed by a Canadian school boy. And yet the American was right. We were—for reasons which it seems difficult to explain, though largely, it appears, through the lack of self-confidence of one man—"licked good and plenty" at Plattsburg in 1814. In these days of friendly relations between the two great American nations and at a time when strong efforts are being made across the border to present to the public a somewhat more truthful narrative of the events of the war than has heretofore been offered, the story is one that ought to be better known in Canada.

HIS SENSE OF CAUTION.

Sir George Prevost, who came to Canada in 1808 as Lieut.-Governor of Nova Scotia and who was chosen Governor-General of British North America in 1811, will be remembered for two things. One is thankful that one of these is praiseworthy. As a civil officer Sir George seems to have been a decided success and for his work of organization, particularly in Lower Canada, he deserves some share of credit. As a military officer, however, his name is anything but revered. Nominally he was commander-in-chief throughout the whole of the war of 1812 but, fortunately, as it appears when one considers his one or two attempts at active campaigning, he left the conduct of military matters largely to others. Possibly the fact that the war, so far as operations in Canada were concerned, was almost entirely of a defensive nature, was due to the influence of Sir George, who, by reason of an extreme sense of caution and a strong spirit of pessimism saw no hope in offensive measures.

It will be remembered that during the first two years of our war of a century ago England's forces were rather huddled up under the Duke of Wellington on the Peninsula. After the early successes of 1814, however, and since the strain on the Continent was somewhat relieved, it was felt that troops could be used with advantage in an offensive campaign in Canada. The

Quebec papers of June and July of that year note the repeated arrival of transports. A number of these came directly from Spanish ports and the majority of the arriving soldiers were Peninsular war veterans.

Instructions were forwarded about midsummer that a departure should be made from the previous defensive measures and that an attempt should be made to occupy and hold the country to the south of the existing Canadian boundary at least as far as Crown Point and Ticouderoga.

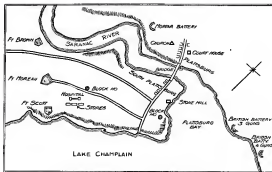
A FORMIDABLE FORCE AT MONTREAL.

In pursuance of these instructions Sir George Prevost gathered at Montreal late in August perhaps the most formidable British force that had yet been seen in Canada. Details as to its composition are rather meagre but it is known that he had three brigades of the recently-arrived Peninsular troops with several regiments originally allotted to Canada, a force of 11,000 men in all, the greater part of them the flower of British soldiery of the time, and with at least a fair proportion of artillery. Under him were a number of officers of the first distinction in service, including Major-Generals De Rottenburg, Robinson, Brisbane, and Baynes.

The theories are offered to account for the fact that Prevost, who as we have seen had previously taken little active part in the war, assumed the command of the expedition.

In the first place, since the movement was to be an invasive one, specially ordered by the Home Government, he naturally felt more than ordinary responsibility regarding it. There seems to have been some special directions as to the manner in which use was to be made of Wellington's veterans. This also, may have been a factor.

Other authorities, again, attribute his action to a desire, through an attack on Sackett's Harbor, to wipe out the ignominy of an incident at that place the year before, when through the exercise of his extreme caution he had inexcusably turned what promised to be a brilliant British success into a disgraceful reverse.



A map showing the location of Plattsburg and the surrounding country.

How probable the latter move looked at the time may be realized when it is known that General Izard, in command of the American forces at Plattsburg, withdrew the bulk of his troops and leaving only a comparatively small force at that centre, made a forced march to Sackett's Harbor, with a view to offering as strong resistance as possible there.

The Sackett's Harbor opportunity probably did occur to the Governor-General and had he acted on it with any degree of celerity the result would have been certain. Considering his caution, however, it would seem that he was influenced by other factors. While the British naval forces on Lake Ontario were notably weak, the sea strength on Lake Champlain was thought to be superior to that of the Americans. Since the order for offensive measures in this territory had been given attempts had been made to strengthen the available fleet and a large frigate, the *Confiance*, was at this time almost completed. The British general undoubtedly was influenced by these facts.

One boards a train in Montreal now

after evening dinner and arrives in Plattsburg by bedtime.

Progress was by no means so rapid then. Prevost's army, well organized, and moving at what was considered remarkable speed in those days, made twenty-five miles in the first four days. Of course the country was rough—much of it is yet—well wooded and plentifully watered and the roads, when they existed, were an uncertain quantity.

A glance at the accompanying old map of the district will give some idea of the route of the expedition. Advancing via Odeltown and the Beekmantown road the army came on September 5th, having met with practically no opposition, within eight miles of Plattsburg.

Then occurred the first of a most remarkable series of mistakes, delays and inexcusable incidents all of which contributed to the general disaster.

Had Prevost pushed on at once the result would have been without question. Take another look at his forces. Two divisions were composed of cool-headed veterans who had faced the French at Vimiers, Talavera and Bad-

ajce. Of the remainder the greater part had won distinction in the Canadian engagements of the past two years. Surely the spirit of rivalry if nothing else—and these men had everything else—would have assured strenuous fighting.

To oppose these Macomb, whom Isaac had left in command at Plattsburg, had 1,500 regulars who had been doing duty at that post and not more than 8,000 green militia men recently brought up from the New England states. The British commander must have been quite well aware of the strength of the garrison but this made no difference in his decision.

The comparative efficiency of the opposing troops was well brought out on September 6th, when the right column under Major-General Brisbane advanced by the Beekmantown road parallel to Lake Champlain. The division was opposed several miles from the town at a bridge over a creek by 700 of Macomb's regulars with two field pieces. An eye-witness to this skirmish, an American farmer, by the way, who lived in the vicinity, and who wrote a letter describing it to one of the Boston papers, tells that "the only firing from the column was by flankers and advanced patrols and the resistance was so readily overcome that the main column was not even deployed." "As the men passed me," he writes, "I could hear them laughing and singing."

The excuse given for the British delay is that, as has already been suggested, Sir George Prevost was anxious for the co-operation of the fleet, which was being fitted out under Downie, who afterwards proved himself a gallant officer, at Isle La Motte, in the northern section of the lake. The American fleet, somewhat formidable, lay in Plattsburg Bay, just beyond the fortress and awaiting the attack of the British vessels. No blame can be attached to the fleet. Downie, as was well-known, was rushing the Constance to completion. With what dispatch he acted may be gleaned from the fact that he got his flotilla under way six days after his flagship was launched, a most notable

undertaking, and without waiting to provide even a fair class of seamen to man her.

Old records show traces of frequent despatches from Prevost to Downie urging immediate action. The plan was to attack the American forces on both sea and land simultaneously. How Prevost kept his part of the contract was revealed later. On this pretext the British force was held, almost within sight of Plattsburg, for five days. In the meantime Macomb took advantage of the delay to strengthen his defences.

Downie's fleet appeared on the lake on the morning of the 11th, and according to instructions and expecting the co-operation of the land forces, he began his attack on the American vessels. Acting under several disadvantages he carried on for over two hours on engagement which for daring exploits was as thrilling as has probably ever taken place. In the end, though both sides suffered heavily in loss of men and vessels the Americans gained some advantage. Downie himself was killed in the middle of the fight.

With the appearance of the fleet Prevost ordered the long-delayed general advance and a section at least, of the main body gained positions opposite the American forts. A decided movement would have carried the position easily. But with his inexplicable indecision he appears to have awaited the outcome of the naval battle and any general attack was withheld.

As is perhaps natural in view of the consequences, the official reports of the incident do not supply details of the land movements of the day in abundance. Some small amount of skirmishing appears to have been done, but Prevost held his main body at least a mile away from the river till the result of Downie's attack was announced. Then the most surprising feature of the whole incident occurred. When the news of the repulse of the British vessels reached him Prevost ordered a general withdrawal and without any pretence at a serious attempt to even cross the river, started his troops in retreat for Mont-

One or two stories, which must be substantially authentic, since they are told by historians of both sides, make one's blood boil with indignation at the thoughts of such action.

It is said, for instance, that a small force, acting without orders, had crossed the Saranac at a ford above the lines of defences and were driving back the garrison when they were ordered to return.

Again, according to Lossing, an American author, Major-General Brisbane at one time during the day begged Prevost to let him have one regiment, promising to force the river and capture the forts in twenty minutes.

How feasible this would have been is borne out by one or two stories from eye-witnesses. Macomb in his reports naturally made a good deal of the action. One authority tells, however, that he—Macomb—was "actually sitting on a gun in gloomy despair ready to surrender the moment the first British head appeared over the parapet."

When told of the British retreat it is said he "could hardly believe the evidence of his senses and started up frantic and cold."

How improbable Prevost's withdrawal seemed even to the Americans is illustrated by the action of Macdonough, commander of the fleet, who, when all the fight had been knocked out of the ships of both sides, forbore from taking his prizes, expecting that the American batteries were by this time captured and would ultimately be turned on his vessels.

The extent of the engagement may perhaps be judged from the mortality reports. Of the British forces 37 were killed, 150 wounded and 5 were missing. The missing were probably deserters who were disgusted with the conduct of affairs. The Americans suffered 37 killed and 62 wounded.

Thus ended the expedition's offensive operations in New York State.

It is not at all surprising that Sir George Prevost was recalled shortly afterward to answer charges as to his conduct. His defence, as gleaned from his reports, written from Canada before

his recall, rested on the fact that seeing the defeat of the fleet and knowing that further advance was impracticable without their support, he saw no reason to risk his troops in an engagement which could give no permanent benefit.

He was severely censured both in Canada and England but never publicly faced the charges, since death came to him in 1816 before the matter had been taken up by the war department.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S ADVICE.

It is only kindness to suggest another possible excuse for a seemingly inexcusable and cowardly blunder. Several letters from the Duke of Wellington, who appears to have esteemed Sir George most highly, do give some small basis for his disgrace-producing action.

Writing in February, 1813, on the occasion of sending the famous Watteville regiment to Canada, he trusted that he (Prevost) would not be induced by hopes of trifling advantage to depart from a strong defensive system. Even after news of the disastrous expedition had reached the Duke he wrote expressing his high appreciation of the manner in which the war had been conducted and went so far as to say: "Whether Sir George Prevost was right or wrong in his decision at Lake Champlain is more than I can tell."

In spite of this from the Duke one sympathizes strongly with the school-book historians in their desire to omit this very evident bungle from the list of otherwise almost-altogether brilliant exploits of the war.

Had Brock or Sheaffe or any one of a dozen others whose names we never hear in Prevost's place at Plattsburg the result would have been vastly different. There is room for probability, also, that if such had been the case and the certain victory had been followed up Canada's boundaries would not have been limited to-day by Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence but would have included a large section of that historic country of lakes and mountains where hundreds of Americans do their summering.

Marriage and the Conservation of Comfort

Editor's Note.—A strange explanation of human affections is ventured upon by this talented Canadian writer. He asks the reader's careful attention and throws himself unreservedly upon the calmer judgment that comes from an honest person. Where is the missing premise in his argument, or is the solution complete?

By Alan Sullivan

READER, I am about to take you into confidence, and lean upon your openness of mind. And, when you have read what I am going to say, I only ask that you will subdivide it into three sections:—the first composed of conclusions which you absolutely reject—the second of those which you refuse to accept entirely but which have a certain amount of truth contained in them—the third being that part which you are willing to admit is altogether your way of seeing things. Then, by comparing the relative proportions of these sections, you may arrive at the general appositeness of my argument.

As a postulate, I submit that women may be divided broadly into three classes: the intellectual, the social and the reproductive. Furthermore, I hold that this differentiation, although broad, has a certain sharp distinctness about it, which makes it applicable with directness to the vast majority of women. Stop a moment and think! Is it not so?

These characteristics are supposed to speak very volubly to similar ones in the male sex; but the quality of the individual voice, so to speak, is, in the first instance, submerged in the louder and more dominant call of sex to sex. What I mean is this. An intellectual woman desires to appeal to a man similarly endowed. She will believe that

it is her intellect that does the speaking; but she will rarely admit that intellect, unfortified by sex (if it were possible to imagine such a thing), would be practically speechless. To point my argument, I maintain that the intellectual woman will, to gain her end, use the armament of sex with all its charms much more freely than either the social or the reproductive woman. She is strengthened in this use by the self-sustaining reflection that it is really her mind and not her physical attractions she is employing; but I know no women who are more personally conscious of the call of sex than those who have successfully played intellectual roles.

The artillery (I use the term advisedly) of the social woman is again sex, but with a difference. The aim of her intellectual sister is to induce a man to think well of her; but the social woman, with a subtle policy, aims to make a man think well of himself. And this is why there is so much loneliness in what we call intellectual feminine circles. I have yet to meet the man who under the influence of an attractive woman refused to think well of himself. Consequently, this is the reason why the campaign of the social woman meets with such overwhelming success. Her ostensible weapons are the same, except that there is a suggestion, even a promise, of yielding, a delicious prop-

hecy of surrender which has yet to be attained by the intellectual.

And for the reproductive woman I have an enormous respect. She is ostensibly in the world for one large and sufficient reason. She is generally without the strategy of her sisters, but her appeal to man is tremendous and irresistible. She speaks directly to the man, with a calm patient steadfastness, as immovable as Gibraltar and as deep as the changeless sea. It is she after all who stalks out unarmored from the fortifications of sex, who indeed turns their very buttresses into a banquet hall, and says—"Take me; we were made for each other, you and I." And once her man is secured—and secured he is by right of birth—she holds him to her with hands beside which steel is like glass. Community of mind, and community of interest, are like the shifting wind compared to the union of body and blood.

Now, moving on from my three postulates, observe, if you please, the operation of an extraordinary law.

Rarely do women of a given type actually attract similarly constituted men. I have seen the most remarkable instances of this—as numerous as remarkable, so striking, indeed, as to suggest almost a subversion of what would at first sight appear to be a natural process. I select from each category.

A marries B. A is a woman of broad and refined instinct, having a mind in constant operation, and interests, both musical and literary, which have surrounded her with a brilliant coterie. She is a poor housekeeper; she dresses only passably, and generally in exotic bursts of color and design; and the element of motherhood is entirely lacking. B, her husband, was designated for fatherhood. He is full of sweet communicableness; he has a childlike simple directness of manner; his very gestures betray affection; having none of his own, someone else's child is generally perched on his knee; and his eyes are full of plaintive longing.

C marries D. C is a woman of extraordinary social charm [She has the peculiar attribute of making people

want to do things for her. She is never happier than when using her gifts of wit and appreciation (the latter being the greater gift) in circles which visibly brighten at her approach. She has children who reflect her grace: she is the personification of delicate womanly beauty. D, on the other hand, is a mental and temperamental redoubt. He loves his wife, often to an unreasonable extent; but he grudges her the natural outlet for her qualifications. He likes things rather than people, and invariably expects the latter if interested to make the first move—if not interested, it is a matter of indifference to him.

E marries F. E is a reproductive woman, full of natural ease and softness, looking at the world with large, brown, fawn-like eyes, in which one may see the pictures of children's faces. She desires nothing more than her own brood and that wherewith to clothe and feed them. She is content with little, submerging herself in a deep instinct and a vast desire. One could imagine her unmoved under almost any glow, so long as it missed her family. She is frankly born to be fruitful and populate the earth; it breathes in every gesture and characteristic. F is an unmitigated prig—a lean, narrow, unbending person, in whom the natural essences of man have dried up and corroded into acidulated selfishness: so accentuated a type that one is prone to give thanks at least for its unproductiveness. He cannot forget himself long enough to make a sacrifice, much less contemplate a sequence of them, for family reasons.

In all these cases the influence wielded upon the man was believed by the woman who wielded it to be the exercise of her own individual characteristic—intellectual, social or reproductive. Is it reasonable to suppose that each man responded to an attribute so diametrically opposed to his own? Not at all! The real influence—the one the man really responded to—was the call of sex, no matter what Amazonian union the women took unto themselves.

Now, bear with me a little while while

I speak of that much misused word—love. I hold that very rarely indeed does any love whatever exist before marriage, or indeed in most cases until sometime after marriage. If you admit that there is anything in my argument about the call of sex you must admit this last, or else you put yourself in the grievous position of confounding the two. The call of sex is not love, but merely the communicable condition which properly precedes it.

I put it to you fairly. Let any man who has been married for some years and who loves his wife, compare his condition and his interpretation of her with that which he experienced shortly before, at the time of, or even sometime after his marriage. A little reflection will show that it is quite a different thing. You may answer that it was always love, only now it is deeper and stronger. I reply that there is no comparative in love. What you were really doing up till quite recently, supposing you to be married three years, was only answering the eternal call, just as the bull-moose goes plunging through the underbrush toward the distant bellow of his mate. There is nothing destructive to beauty or happiness of life in this; but, on the contrary, if you will only admit its verity, you will be relieved of many torturing self-questioning moments, and liberate your best understanding to a fuller appreciation of your real happiness and privilege.

I maintain that there is nothing on earth comparable to the delicious fascination of falling in love with one's wife. The coquet is clear of all the vexatious interruptions of your courtship; you are (or think you are) master of your own house; your proprietary (you think it is proprietary) position gives you long and intimate seasons for love seeking. On the other hand, the hunting season of your spouse is over—the greatest question is settled; and, if she is a woman of sense, she will exhibit a capability of receiving your devotion incomparably more delightful than the quasi self-defensive timidity with which your first advances were permitted (or encouraged).

Don't you see, my friend and three-

year Benedict, that if your pulses no longer bound at her step, and her caresses no longer make you deliciously light-headed, and if (however revolting the thoughts, she has slipped down a step or two from that giddy niche in which your ardour placed her—all these things merely mean that you are tired of plunging through the underbrush? You were not constituted, and no man is, for a continuous performance of this description. But what you have done is to reach that point from which you may embark on an absorbing journey of exploration and education—the exploration of your wife. So far, you have known comparatively little of her: now is your opportunity to prospect a baffling human hinterland!

You must, however, if you would voyage securely, remember that you are a marked man. Do not interpret me as suggesting that your captive is timorously trying the bars of her cage, searching your face in order to welcome every evidence of affection, and delicately adjusting herself to the new surroundings in which you have placed her. Not at all! Not for a moment! My friend, she is sizing you up! You are a marked man—marked no less than when she listened to your approaching plunges!

Consequently, if an old and weather-beaten prospector may tender a word of advice to a young one—never betray yourself. If you know the weak joints in your armour—guard them assiduously; and if you don't know of any, you are lost. Let no outburst expose you to subsequent bland but penetrating questionings. You are being tried in a fire the flame of which is so intense as to be invisible. Your business insight, your professional skill, are nothing to the scrutiny you yourself are undergoing. Above all things, remember that passion generally dies in a woman long before it has ceased to burn fiercely in a man, and she is left moving about in a new world of restless conjecture to which you have contributed both what is acceptable and what is not.

By about the second or third year of marriage you approach dangerous

ground. You are probably still emotional, in evidence of which at this particular period a man very often looks fatuous, but very rarely does a woman. Your caresses are accepted, but without the former gratification. You must at once grasp the fact that women are emotionally limited. The springs of abandonment soon run dry, and in their place is a more placid but infinitely less responsive calm. The marvel and the mystery are over. This period is a difficult one, because, now, for the first time, two attributes must be reckoned with—her craving for admiration and your own male sense of possession. I submit that most incipient matrimonial differences may be traced to these sources.

The love of admiration is the outward and visible sign of her inward and feminine mission. Remember, Benedict, what it was she awakened in you. Only one answer could you frame to that Siren song. She merely voiced the psalm of her searching sisterhood: and that voice is still as natural to her, now that its end is accomplished, as it was on the day—or perhaps long before the day—you commenced your royal plunging. She wanted to be admired—if not by you, then at all events by someone. Have you grasped the truth that she still wants this perennial privilege?—more, that she claims it as her inalienable right? It is an appetite of the sex, and it is so rarely appeased by the offerings of one individual male, he be ever so fatuous, that we speak of such cases as if they had historical prominence.

And as to the other stumbling block, your sense of possession—my friend, in the language of the Bowery, forget it! You do not possess at all—you are possessed! Once grasp that fact, and you have the key to happiness—may, even more, the password to peace. The matter is entirely one of your own intelligence. I must admit that you are more or less constantly doing things the doing of which fortifies you in this obsession. But why does this sense need so much bolstering? Why do you feel a certain gratification, enlargement of the chest and straightening of the

shoulders? Simply because, in your dual community, you are the weaker vessel! Does your wife put herself on the luck when she fills some wifely office? I don't think so. She is too busy arranging that you will do what she wants you to do, and do it under the impression that it is what you yourself want. And the extraordinary thing about this is that you will both be perfectly satisfied. Now, confess! can man who is horn of woman ever rise to such subtlety?

You will at once appreciate the link between what we call jealousy and this sense of possession. Male jealousy is merely inability to realise that female love of admiration is, as before said, rarely content with the adulation of an individual. So variable is the sex that it is almost out of the question for any individual to provide at all times all the various kinds of admiration a woman demands. Female jealousy, on the other hand, is the suspicion or belief that another woman is voicing more sweetly the feminine call. This is equally observable in the hall-room, the Dorcas society, or the moose-trodden shallows of northern lakes.

But, you ask, what happens when a creature of such enormous potentialities fails to arrive at her natural port, and looks ahead baffled and unsatisfied? Must not these energies evidence themselves in some direction?

They do. Consider for a moment the militant suffragettes—and, mark you, I mean the "rioting, incendiary, policeman-biting, window-missing suffragettes." Was there ever a more notable instance of misdirected energy? Their ranks may be classified—I was going to say roughly—as follows:—Happily married, one third of one per cent; unhappily ditto, ten per cent; sentimentally wounded, four per cent; "lame busy, please ring off" eighty-five and two-thirds per cent. The happily married woman is militant because—well, there are so few of her it doesn't matter. The unhappily married because she desires to embarrass her husband. The sentimentally wounded through motives of revenge; and the eighty-five and two-thirds per cent because it af-

feels them an opportunity of emotional ecstasy otherwise unobtainable.

"Very unfair," you say. My dear sir! I anticipate your retort. I have yet, though a mere male, to understand why a woman should prefer a month in jail to the society of her husband, even should her husband raise no objection; and I fail to see that the frenzy of setting fire to other people's houses is the best means of remodeling the Married Women's Property Act.

But let the procession rest past, Benedict, and consider for a moment certain basic truths—conjugal code points, so to speak—the which, if you learn to recognize and follow, will lead you safely and comfortably through a maelstrom of marriages.

I counsel you, first, against a super-consciousness of your ego. You are not it. You once thought you were. Chronologically, you were twenty years late. Your ego became submerged when you donned your first long trousers. You have, doubtless observed that refined and wistful dalliance with which your cat regards the mouse it has caught and is about to swallow. You have also noted the complacent attentions she bestowed on lips and whiskers immediately after the glandular contractions of the throat during which her captive disappeared. My dear sir, that wistful dalliance typifies your courtship—yours! the glandular contraction is your honeymoon—yours! And, for the sake of a future so united, after you have disappeared, rival the mouse and do not endeavor to make your presence felt.

Secondly, I would warn you against beginning any sentence with: "But don't you remember?" you said—"The use of any such phraseology on your part is madness—a flying in the face of Providence. My dear Benedict, may I draw a parallel? There are two kinds of electrical current—direct and alternating. In the former, the individual impulses all travel in one direction; in the latter, their direction alternates at the rate of from twenty to sixty times a second. Your wife is alternating current.

Thirdly, never surprise her. The act

may induce a long forgotten palpitation in your stiffening arteries, but woman is an anticipator rather than a reflective creature. The delight of preception are so engrossing that there is, as you perhaps have concluded, but little time for looking back. Furthermore, a surprise is a good deal of an assumption on your part, and the well-read housebroken husband never assumes.

Lastly, there is the attitude about your friends and relations—and this subject is so delicate that I already hear the ice begin to crack. As a Benedict, your standing is entirely different from that you enjoyed before you were rounded up. To women, you have ceased to be a possibility. To bachelor survivors, you may still be a good old chap, but your outline is growing more and more indistinct; and as for the other Benedicts, they no longer regard you with their former admiration—a gaze like that of the cow's sturdied pony when he stares at a wild mustang across the prairie ridge. To all these people your entity has developed a new phase, and the same treatment as formerly would not be suitable. By one riotous act you have relegated them to a secondary position—and, Benedict, they all know it—and you know it—and, more important, your wife knows it!

And may I here suggest that friendship calls for the highest intelligence of the married man. You must admit that you have become more than formerly a creature subject to moods. You are elated or depressed, convivial or reclusive, objective or subjective, communicative or silent, as the mood seizes you. Have you ever considered that it is unreasonable to expect the same friend to respond at your demand to whatever mood may dominate you? Have you not often been disappointed in Smith for being indifferent and obtuse? Undoubtedly you have. The solution, Benedict, is to classify your friends. Subdivide them into sections, and card-index each section with its governing quality. Then, by a species of mental requisition, each circle will respond to your advances with exactly what you require, and its individual

members will hail you as one whose intuitive perception has been actually heightened by marriage.

One moment ere we turn to the final and less monitory paragraphs of this revelation. I am perfectly willing to stake my reputation as an authority on matrimonial subjects that it has at one time occurred to every married woman, however saintly she be, how well she would look as a widow.

Benedict, steel your nerves and be comforted. I assure you that it has nothing to do with you. It is merely the unconscious tribute of the sex to the greatest thorn in the side of the quiescent sisterhood. A little widow is a dangerous thing to a woman as well as a man, because she destroys the economic balance of supply and demand. She is a sentimental rover, who cruizes the high conjugal seas with potent letters of marque. Therefore, Benedict, should her flag swim into your own horizon, read your sailing orders over again, and then keep your eyes glued to the compass, with thankfulness for that state of life to which it has pleased your owner to call you.

Now, if there is a publisher who is man enough to give you the opportunity of progressing thus far, turn the shield, and consider the privileges of captivity. You will remember it has been pointed out that your wife induces in you the desire to do what she wants done, and makes you believe that that is exactly what you yourself want. My very dear sir! Don't you see that that doesn't matter in the least, so long as you continue to believe that? If you do what you believe you want to do, the source of your belief is negligible.

Ponder for a moment upon another point. You must be aware that you have contracted an enormously powerful alliance. You are linked to a creature full of tremendous potentialities. Her interests are your own: she has for you an instinct both maternal and protective. True, she can down you in any argument, no matter how just your cause may be—but does not this stiffen your confidence in her powers? Should you not welcome the co-operation of one who can in an instant confound

your most logical protests and leave you gasping in spluttering if indignant helplessness? If, Benedict, such a co-operation as this is not to be welcomed, tell me, pray, what do you want?

Also, you are safe against further assaults by that indomitable sex, to the most attractive member of which you have capitulated. Your wife will take care of that for you. This is now her self-imposed and bounden duty, and she will even make it her pleasure.

Then there are your affairs. Do you believe in intuition? By this time you must. Have you not experienced countless instances in which your wife knew intuitively that you could afford—not necessarily for your own use—certain articles of apparel and adornment? You were not sure about it—in fact, you rather demurred; but subsequent happenings proved that you were entirely mistaken, and you could and did afford them. My dear sir!

And, above all, there is atmosphere. This is a term largely used by visitors to picture galleries—a good, safe term, of all-round utility. It carries with it something more than a suggestion of sympathetic understanding, whether you understand anything about a picture or not. This is why I use it here. Can you get atmosphere without a woman? I trow not. Observe the middle-aged bachelor when he strolls by your house and the blind is half-way up. Your wife is sitting with wrinkled brows over her accounts; you are sitting with wrinkled brows over your wife. The contemptible things will not balance. She appeals to you, Your very best self suddenly stirs within you, and you say something absolutely irrelevant to a domestic audit, and there passes between you that which makes it entirely unimportant whether any account ever balanced or not. The bachelor, glancing in, as all bachelors do, at the psychological moment, observes what has taken place and strides on, his cigar glowing very fiercely and emitting short volcanic unmodulated puffs. What has affected him is atmosphere!

And now, Benedict, please refer to the first paragraph of this revelation,



The north elevation.



The south elevation.

Solving the Servant Problem Architecturally

Editor's Note.—Here is a new feature in the solution of the help problem, not only in the city and summer home, but in the business homes of rural Canada. The construction of the dwelling house has much to do with the harmony of the household. In it privacy, as well as convenience, must be considered. In this article Mr. Fry has told the story of what drew so much attention in London last year.

By Reginald Fry

SUCH a plan as is here submitted would serve for an ideal summer cottage to which to go for week-ends or for a few weeks or months when it is desired to dispense with the cumbersome removal from town of many servants. One of the chief accomplishments of the "Ideal Home" is its banishing of the cottage *bete noire*—the servant problem. The small house may be so designed that the servant can go about her duties without being seen by those who occupy the living part of the house. Since it is neither desirable nor comfortable that the small country home should attempt to imitate the hotel in the matter of servants, their number and prevalence, the ideal home has been planned for one servant who could reasonably be expected to care for the lower floor and the five bedrooms. Such a

house could, of course, accommodate two servants.

Taking the small number of servants into consideration, the Ideal Home is so arranged that they may have access to the front vestibule through a door leading from the pantry. Also, there is a secondary stairway which rises directly from the kitchen so that they may reach any room of the upper floor without passing through the living-hall to the general stairway. By an ingenious arrangement of ventilators this stairway is prevented from being the usual annoying conductor of the odors of cooking to the rooms of the upper floor. A similar precaution is found in a ventilating trunk which is arranged over the dresser in the kitchen, and which consists simply of a line of plain ventilators which open in the outer side-wall

and discharge the heated kitchen air into the yard.

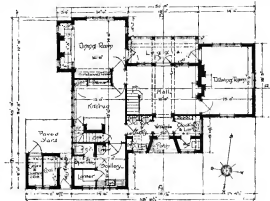
In a large house a perfection of balance becomes the essential feature of external design, but in the cottage a rather rumbling effect is infinitely more desirable. Externally the Ideal Home is just a pleasing array of color, quite unsuited for any bit of architecture save a cottage, for after all the plan of the inside of a house is the important thing. Once that is right, the external appearance can be readily arranged by a good designer.

The roof tiles are dark brown, and the central gable is of reddish tiles

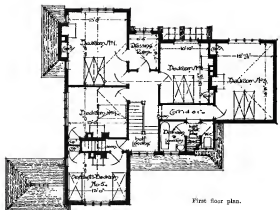
which gradually approach in color the brown tiling over the porch. The oak timber work is filled in with very dark red brick, the plinths and chimney stacks are of plum-colored brickwork, and the rough cast is in a warm stone color. The iron elements of the windows are painted a dark, lead color which is practically black. The shutters and treillage are green, and the big front doors are of oak. There is a red brick flooring in the loggia, and the tiny little roofs of the beams which jut over it are tiled with red.

THE ELASTIC PLAN.

The general scheme in planning the Ideal Home was that it might be enlarged or reduced in measurements in order to afford rooms of any size desired. It will be noted upon examination of the plans that not only the whole number of rooms may be enlarged, but that any particular room and that above or below it may be enlarged without disturbing the general plan of the house. Also, an extra room, such as a



Ground floor plan.



First floor plan.

billiard room or snuggery, may be introduced into the accommodating plan and yet leave its "theme" intact. In fact, it is possible to group rooms for a large house about the central design. So admirable is the interior arrangement of the rooms on the ground floor that the reception room, the hall, and the dining room have at least one window opening to the south. There is an eastern window also in the dining room, and from the drawing room one may look out upon the sunset in the west. In the complete scheme of light and ventilation the latter has in no wise been neglected, for it has a window opening toward the least warm corner of the four winds—toward the north. The large hall and the drawing-room afford a generous impression of space, and the drawing-room with its windows facing three points of the compass is a most pleasant, sunny spot.

Quite a charming feature of the floor plan is that the dining-room, the drawing-room, and the hall each have doors

opening upon the loggia. This is one of the prettiest places imaginable. The roses clamber up about the oak beams which ceil it, and the red brick floor gives an appearance of the cheeriest comfort.

ALL BEDROOMS SOUTHEAST.

The second floor of the Ideal Home is so arranged that each of the five bedrooms may claim its coveted quota of morning sunshine from the southeast. The servant's bedroom is situated at the head of the secondary stairway, within call of the other bedrooms, but quite apart from them.

All the water arrangements of the upper floor are placed over those on the ground floor so that the plumbing is very simple. The bathroom, tiled with pale green, is delightfully generous in size. One thing about this room which is particularly interesting as well as unusual, is that it has a draught-resisting door which is made entirely of one heavy piece of wood.

A Big Day's Earnings

Editor's Note.—From the pen of one of Western Canada's leading writers we have here a delightful love story of the plains. A homesteader by accident becomes a hero, and finds it the door to happiness.

By Aubrey Fullerton

For very nearly an hour there had not been a sound or a movement in John Wyburn's homestead shack, except, of course, what the clock by the window had made. Rust, the dog, was sleeping off behind the stove after the high exertions of his morning's chase; and Wyburn himself had sat, awake but moody, with his head on his arm, and his arm on the table. There was nothing else in the room that could have spoken, or even moved, and night itself would not have been more still. Then the clock struck noon, with a quick, snappy sharpness that seemed almost rude. Wyburn and the dog both heard it, and hesitated themselves: the one because it was time to get dinner, and the other, no doubt, because his sleep was out.

A few minutes later, when Wyburn was setting out the dishes—three for himself, and one for Rust—Reddy Kilmer rode up to the shack, making such a noise about it that the dog was up and off in a flash. There was no more quiet then; it was new quiet where Reddy Kilmer was. Wyburn gave a hurried turn to the ham that sizzled and spattered on the stove, and went to the door; but Reddy had, as usual, the first word.

"Hello, Sober John! Cheer up, if you can, and say you're glad to see me."

"I am that, but—"

"Oh, I know you'll want full information—you're such an inquiring fellow, John. So I may as well tell you that I'm on my way to town, and I've

stopped here for two reasons: first, for a bite of dinner, if you'll ask me to have it; and, second, to give you a message from Tom Murton. He has some hay and oats to sell, and he would like you to go over and see what kind of an offer you can make for the lot. You understood me about the dinner, did you?"

"When did you see Tom?" asked Wyburn ignoring the hint.

"This morning. I called in to see if he wanted anything in town. And as he did, I shall have to stop again on my way back to-morrow."

"One day in Red Deer enough for you now, Reddy?" Wyburn asked again, with a partial smile.

"John Wyburn, you sober old fellow, that's the nearest to a joke I ever knew you to say, do, or think. You mean to imply, I suppose, that that doesn't give me much time to visit the future Mrs. Reddy Kilmer? Well, it's got to do this trip. But wait a minute, John, and I'll tell you some modern history."

Reddy, who had till now been sitting in his saddle, dismounted, and turned the horse free to make its own way to the stable. Then he led Wyburn to the corner of the shack, as far as might be from the door, and, bending low, whispered mysteriously to him.

"Friend of my youth, I now confide in you that I have reason to believe my wedding day will be pretty near set within the next twenty-four hours. I don't mind telling you, either, that that's what I'm going for."

"That being so, I wish you well, Reddy," said Wyburn.

"Sober John, I thank you. But give me some dinner, or I'll never make the grade. I'm thinking that ham in there will be done to a finish."

The table talk was of people and things roundabout, and of the approaching seeding-time, which in a homesteaders' country always makes good talking.

"And now," said Reddy, after they had eaten, "tell me how your own heart trouble is getting on. Have you still that silly notion about not being of any use in the country?"

Wyburn flushed a bit, and answered quietly:

"I was thinking about that just before you rode up."

"And thinking mighty blue and solemn about it, I'll wager. Can't you make up your mind that you're as good a citizen as the rest of us, and let it go at that?"

"But I'm not. Every homesteader in the section, that I know of, has earned a right to his neighbors' respect by some good act or favor. I've never done a thing to help any of them."

"That is just because the chance to do it hasn't happened to come your way," Reddy remonstrated. "You would be as willing to do a good turn as anyone if you found need for it."

"And doesn't that show that I'm not fit," argued Wyburn, "when even the fates won't give me a chance?"

"John, what you need is a wife. Any prospects?"

"None."

"I'll venture it's your own fault, then. Won't May Guntion have you?"

"I have not asked her."

"And why haven't you?"

Wyburn's color deepened, and there was pain in his face and voice.

"I'm not worthy, Kilmer."

"Worthy chopsticks!" said Reddy impatiently. "What's wrong with you? Are you awfully bad?"

"I'm not worthy—that's all."

"Look here, you silly old freak, I was talking with May Guntion just this morning—she's been at Tom Murton's for a day or two—going home to-night,

I think she said—and I believe she would be willing and glad to be your wife if you had sense enough to ask her. Surely a chap like you, with a crop of sixty bushels to the acre, ought to be able to marry, if anyone is."

"I had a good crop—yes," answered Wyburn slowly. "But I'm not worthy of even that."

"John Wyburn, you're a fool! Not worthy of a good crop—what d'ye mean?"

Wyburn rose from the table, and stood facing his guest. He was much in earnest now, and his words came heavily.

"I mean just that—I am not worthy. What am I that I should be enriched by land that others had as good a right to as I had? People call it my land, by it's mine only because I got it first, and the crop it grew last year was the land's earning, not mine. Why should I be favored more than Tom Murton, who had only a twenty-bushel crop, and half of it frozen at that? Who am I, to take advantage of kindness I'm not deserving of? I've got to earn it—at any rate, I've got to do something that will make me feel inside myself that I'm fit to use the riches a generous Creator puts in my way. I haven't done any such thing yet. I don't feel fit. Kilmer. That big wheat crop last fall hurt me. Every bushel that came out of the thresher seemed to mock me and called me a sponger. And at New Year's I went to see May Guntion. I thought, as you said, that I was now in a position to marry, and that she could make a better use of the crop than I could. But when I stood before her, I felt condemned again. And again I asked myself: what right had I to seek more riches and more favors? If I was not worthy of land, I could not be worthy of love; if I wasn't fit to use a crop, I couldn't be trusted with a heart. And so I came away."

Reddy looked at his friend for a moment in puzzled silence. Then he shook his head, and answered him, more kindly than before:

"I can't see it, old man: your philosophy is beyond me. Perhaps I ought

to feel the same way, but I don't. My advice to you is to get over it."

There was no more said about it till, a little later, Reddy had mounted his pony and was about to leave. Wyburn walked at his side.

"Good by, Kilmer. I'll be wishing you good luck."

"Thanks, John. And I say, John, you're a fitter sort than you think. Try to forget that notion of yours."

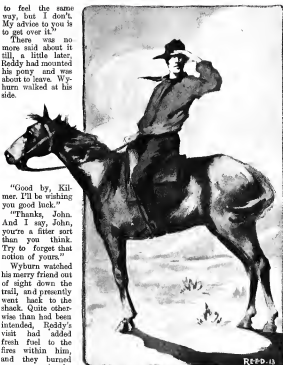
Wyburn watched his merry friend out of sight down the trail, and presently went back to the shack. Quite otherwise than had been intended, Reddy's visit had added fresh fuel to the fires within him, and they burned anew as again he sat and brooded. So it was that Tom Murton's message

was forgotten. He recalled it, somewhat guiltily, to face a new difficulty: would he go to-day, while May Guntion was there, or tomorrow, after she had gone?

The clock decided it, for it counted off so many hours, while Wyburn wait-

ed, that the day wore on, leaving him no choice but the morrow. He was both glad and sorry, then, that he should not see May Guntion.

An hour after the next morning's daylight, he was on the trail. He was



"Wyburn came out of the bush into Murton's clearing and stopped him there in sudden wonder."

eager now to be moving, though he knew not why, and wondered at it. The way was pleasant enough, had he cared for that. From his shack to the main road was a winding half-mile through the bush, and five miles east along the public highway brought him to a side-trail that went to the Red Deer River, past Murtons. The river trail led into a thicker growth of bush than he had come through before, and the marks of winter still lingered in it, showing patches of snow between the trees and muddy pools that the April suns had hardly more than touched. Further on, where the land was more open, the melting snows had run from the hillsides into a woody brook, already swollen and running fast. Close to this brook, just before it reached the river, was the Murton dwelling.

Tom Murton was locally known as the Unlucky Man of the Red Deer Road. For three years the crops on his rented farm had been poor; one of his barns had burned down; he had lost half a winter, the year before, with a broken leg; and now his wife was in the hospital. That, very likely, was why May Gurnon had been there, helping Tom's twelve-year-old Betty to keep the house in order while the mother was away. It would be like her; and Tom was the kind that people liked to help—with all his ill-luck, a cheery fellow still.

Wyburn came out of the bush into Murton's clearing, and at its edge, where he got his first view of the farmstead, stopped the horse in sudden wonder. It was the same familiar view that he had seen many times before, except for one thing: there was no house! The other buildings were grouped, as they had been always, some distance back, but where the dwelling had been was now a blank. He rubbed his eyes, half doubting what they told him, but every time the picture came back with the empty place in it. Had Murtons had luck again pursued him, this time with a fire in the night? Yet there was no smoke—only a blank.

Wyburn rode at a gallop down the clearing. The closer view was even more strange; for there he saw, not that

a fire had burned, but that the earth had sunken, taking the house with it. A newly made hole opened like the mouth of a great well, forty feet across, its sides showing deep and black.

It was very still. A cow-bell tinkled in the barn, and a bird or two chirped bravely in the neighboring bush: after that it was still again. And in that black hole was perhaps an even greater stillness. For Tom Murton and Betty must be buried in the landslide that had swallowed up their home.

He tied his horse a little way back, and walked cautiously to the edge of the hole. Loose earth had fallen from the top, and even now, he saw, was breaking off and rolling down the sides, a straight drop of nearly thirty feet. Tom's little house, if not wrecked in the fall, was at least buried deep, for not a timber of it showed above the bottom of the pit.

The fatal meaning of the thing came to Wyburn with the conviction that he must search it out. He must do it at once, and alone: there was no one else within two miles. Yet how? He turned away from the hole to feel, with careful steps, the surface-levels around him, half expecting the ground to give beneath him as he went. The yard of Murton's house was close to the brow of the hill. Just beyond and below was the river, and part way down the thinly wooded slope of the shore was the abandoned dump of the old Pioneer coal mine.

And then it all came to him, in a sudden, soul-striving light. The Pioneer mine had cave in! Its tunnels, which had not been worked for several years, ran from the river bank in a network of branches, and some of these were known to have reached far into the hill before the veins had given out. Wyburn had once gone through the mine, and he remembered that he had come out of the main tunnel into a large central chamber, in which the bulk of the coal had been mined. Its sides ran high, tall they must have gone, he had then thought, unusually close to the surface. Murton's dwelling, it now seemed, must have been built directly over this underground hollow,

and when, for some unknown reason, the roof of the mine gave way, the building dropped with it.

If this were so, the tunnels which had entombed the Murtons might also have saved them. Wyburn's mind was now working quickly, and the clearing of the mystery showed him the need of instant action.

Back at the barn he found a heavy shovel, and with this he hastened down the river-bank to the mouth of the tunnel. His hope was that the walls of the house might have shielded the prisoners from the mass of earth and coal that had come down after them, and that the timbering of the tunnel might have fallen in such a way as still to have left them an air channel. The tunnel made, at least, the best means of reaching them.

The mouth was half-filled with fallen earth, through which Wyburn cleared his way, and went on into the open space beyond. The litter of a disused mine lay all about, and the faint light that had filtered in from the mouth gradually gave way to complete darkness, in which he groped uncertainly. Somewhere water was running, and it occurred to him that the snow-fed brook back of the house might have had something to do, by way of an underground leakage, with the unsettling of the mine. He stumbled on through the dark, not knowing into what hidden mystery he might be going. Fifty feet further, the way was blocked.

For two hard hours he worked against an unseen obstacle of earth and rock, keeping close to the timbered wall. The sounds of his shovel, as he lifted its scanty pickings, fell strangely in the narrow darkness and seemed to mock him. Before and above him was a mass of fallen waste that threatened to engulf him at any moment, as it had engulfed the Murtons. The air grew heavy, and at spells he crept back for breath. Two hours of effort brought no result. The task seemed impossible. Why should he longer continue it? Very likely it was already too late to save Tom and his little girl, and he

was in instant peril of his own life. It was too hard a task!

There came, from what seemed to be the inmost depths of the earth, a slow and threatening creaking. He turned to go. Then he paused, and for several moments thought it out. This thing that he had set out to do—if it might be done, he would like to do it: he would try again. And he went back to his task.

With a few more strokes the shovel broke through, and Wyburn felt a welcome rush of new air. The loosened stone and earth rolled to his feet, leaving an opening of a man's size, and through this he crept on hands and knees into a small passage that appeared to run along the side and bottom of the main tunnel. If this bent far enough he might yet reach the Murtons. But it was still densely dark, and he could not see, or even guess, how far the open space extended. It seemed, however, that he had come a long way from the mouth of the mine: surely as far as the site of the fated house. He called, and his voice echoed weirdly.

There was no answer. He had hardly dared hope there would be. But again he called.

And then, from perhaps thirty feet away, came a faint, thin cry, the voice of a man far-spent. The Murtons were just beyond him!

How he found them, pinned down beneath the timbers of the house; how, with desperate struggle, he freed them; and how he then got them out of the tunnel, Wyburn has never been able at all clearly to tell. There were three—Tom, and his little girl, and one other—and they were limp and lifeless in his arms as he carried them away.

Three times out through the tunnel, by the same groping way he had come, Wyburn now went with his helpless burdens, and twice back again. It had been a work of many hours, and at the last his strength failed him. One clear sense—that he must go on—remained, and under its impulse he brought the three out from the tunnel into the open air and carried them, one by one, up the bank. He hardly noticed that he was still moving in the dark, nor real-

ized that while he had been working in the tunnel the day had gone. At the brow of the hill, to which he climbed with pain, he laid down the three still unmoving forms, and then dropped beside them, exhausted.

When he came to himself, someone was bending over him, and fearfully he asked:

"Where are they?"

It was Reddy Kilmer's voice that answered. "Ned Carter has taken them away. He's coming back for you presently. They must have been pretty far gone, John, but they came to after a bit, and seem to be alright now. Ned and I got here just in time. What about yourself?"

"I'm tired, very tired," said Wyburn

slowly. "But I wonder, Reddy, if I've earned the right now—"

"Earned? I say, John, this is the biggest day's earning you ever did in your life. You need never again be troubled about not being fit or worthy, for now you've proved it. And you've earned something else, too. She as much as told me so, just now."

"She told you?" said Wyburn wonderingly. "Who do you mean?"

"Why—I say, you stupid hero, don't you know who it was you took out of that death-trap?"

"Tom and Betty, I suppose. There was another, too, but I couldn't see who it was."

"It was May Gunton?"

The Political Star of Senator Dandurand

Editor's Note.—In this character sketch of a well-known Canadiana, we are brought into intimate touch with a citizen of the Province of Quebec, of French extraction, whose charm of personality and whose achievements in many lines makes an interesting story. It must be the envy of many Anglo-Canadians how our French-Canadian fellows master the intricacies of two languages and appear so easily at home in either tongue. The political field, and especially the platform, seem to have a special charm for young men of Lower Canada, and their rise into political prominence has added to the lustre of our national existence.

By H. Linton Eccles

Somewhere or other away back in classical history, or what passes for history, there was a young gentleman who, we are told, hitched his fortunes to a star and so became immortal. Whether the young gentleman in question performed this feat in an actual or a figurative sense is not vouchsafed to us. His lasting notoriety is due to the fact that he supplied posterity with an excellent simile for pointing to our young men the gospel of getting on. Nothing in that genial old bluffer Samuel Smiles's voluminous output has anything on this classical metaphor. You tell your young enthusiasts to hitch his fortunes to law, to medicine, to politics, to journalism, or some other such obsession, and to stay hitched until he is a full-fledged lawyer, doctor, politician, or until he can cover any assignment on the city editor's diary without being seriously scooped more than once in six months—and you at least have reckoned for righteousness in the practical application of the metaphor. Whether your young man will give the stars, or any of them, or you, any credit is another matter.

I have been unable to discover who gave the astral tip to the gentleman whom we now recognize officially as the Honorable Raoul Dandurand, and refer to popularly as just Senator Dandurand. It may be that he himself cannot recall who it was. Anyhow, that is not

essential what is, is that Raoul Dandurand hitched and stayed hitched. It was some years after Wilfred Laurier made the same weighty decision, but the two have been team-mates long since.

Like many another young man who starts out in the serious business of life to show the gray-headed lawyers how the law should be administered, and how incidentally one side's lawyers should fool the other side's lawyers, Mr. Dandurand got tired of the routine end of the profession, the mere machinery of manipulating laws, and broke in where the laws are made, or are supposed to be made. That was when he and his star got hitched for good, and although he has had to do with the law since, and has even written books about the law, the legal business must be considered as having been a side line with him throughout the progress part of his career.

Mr. Dandurand really improved upon this aphorism from classical days, for he was not content to tie up with a lone star. He had more than one string on the heavens, his astronomical connections concerning nothing less than a small constellation. His pole-star, or whatever it is called in this branch of science, was politics, but he had a firm line besides on real estate, on the stock exchange, as well as his aforementioned legal connections. Add to this the talented

Someone asked Dr. Beecher, when an old man, how he was getting along. "Oh, I am doing a thousand times better than I used to, because I have made up my mind to let God manage his own universe," he replied.

If there is a pathetic sight in the universe it is that of a narrow, ignorant, vulgar man presiding over a great pile of money which he has scraped together without any grand life-purpose or ulterior aim but that of animal enjoyment.

A man may build a palace, but he can never make it a home alone. The spirituality and love of a woman alone can accomplish this.

If money is so slippery that you can hardly keep hold of it when you are watching it all the time, how can you expect to get some enormous return for money which you invest in some far-away scheme, which you will probably never see and which is absolutely beyond your control?

DR. O. S. MARRDEN.

assistance of a matrimonial alliance, and you account for much of the success that attends the second leader of the Opposition in the Senate.

Mrs. Dandurand is a considerable social figure among French-Canadians, and one of those ladies of executive genius who push a society for the propagation of this, that, or the other public purpose into the foreground of the public's rather short memory. This effish young man in the early fifties certainly can thank his lucky stars for the benignance with which they have shone upon his career.

The noticeable thing about the Senator's career, too, is that he reached prominence not by the platformery but by the stage management of politics. He certainly must be given full credit for reaching a place of conspicuousness in the country's life without having to pay acknowledgment to any particular help from the crowd. He has risen on no confusions of flag-waving, he has not had the advantage or otherwise of standing on a public platform with the limelight centered deadeningly on him and his thoughts centered on the parcel of manuscript in his pocket written round a series of passionate appeals to the patriotic feelings of the nation. If he had been less diplomatic in the handling of his strong pro-French-Canadian sympathies—which is not saying a syllable against his sincerity—he might have been placed in circumstances where unpopularity would have been showered unpleasantly upon his head. But he has worked quietly and systematically, as in the case of his reciprocity with old France, towards the aims which he holds good, and the stamp of approval on his working is seen in the fact that the three-cornered relations between French—and English-speaking Canadians between Canada and France, and between Britain and France are not worse but better for the part he has played in them.

KNOWS OLD FRANCE INTIMATELY.

Senator Dandurand is one of the few French-Canadians who really know old France. A notable instance of his efforts to improve relations between

Canada and France was his co-negotiating with his Hon. L. P. Brodeur, ex-Minister of Marine and Fisheries, in 1900, of the trade agreement with the French Republic. He introduced on behalf of Canada the preference on French wines and liquors, in exchange for which France got cheaper Canadian flour and lumber. The treaty was much to the liking of the French Government, which decorated the Dominion Senator with the Legion of Honor.

His interest in France has been marked in numerous other directions. He worked hard to promote an entente between that country and Canada, and he has helped by his voice and his purse various French immigrant societies in Canada. Naturally his acquaintance with other countries has led him to follow and encourage the movement towards international peace, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier depicted him as Canada's representative to the Hague Peace Conference. He is a member of the International Peace and Arbitration Society, of whose principles he has been a consistent advocate.

In 1909 Senator Dandurand, with the Hon. L. P. Brodeur, represented Canada at the unveiling of the monument to Moncalm. Standing at a ceremony which was associated with the capture of Quebec by the British, Senator Dandurand made a notable speech in which he enlarged on the cordial relations between England and the descendants of the French in Canada. This was in keeping with his position afterwards as an executive officer of the *Franco-Amérique*, an organization for encouraging closer relations between France, Canada, and the United States.

A GENEALOGICAL TRADITION.

Senator Dandurand's father was one Édipe Dandurand, who left a dry-goods business on a small scale in St. John's County to found another on a rather larger scale in Victoria Square, Montreal, which was not, however, the high-priced rental location it is to-day. It was a move that paid, in good coin, but nothing that we should consider handsome. He did not leave much more than a competence to his im-



SENATOR RAOUL DANDURAND.

diste descendants. Something in the appearance and character of his son, the Montreal financier and senator, makes you guess whether there is any North British blood in him. He looks the part of a grandson of a Scottish settler in Canada more than that of a man who might have rallied to Montesquieu to resist the English redcoats. There is some foundation for the fancy. The maiden name of the Senator's mother was Roi, which is said to have been a corruption of the Scottish Roy. Even the good French origin of the Dandurand family name is queried, for it seems that a Scottish cognomen is on the registers that might have fathered it. A certain Daniel Durand was known to local fame as Dan. Durand, and in common usage the two names became one. But that does not take us further than the bounds of tradition any more than does the fancied parallel trait in the character of Senator Dandurand to the persistence which is said to be the national characteristic of the Scot.

It is worth noticing here, before leaving the subject of the Hon. Raoul's antecedents, that he had two ancestors in the Rebellion of 1837—De Lorimier and Degrette—and their division of the family has been remarked for the ardently reform temperament of its members.

When the senator-to-be was a lad in knickerbockers he developed fluency of speech, and he had the good sense to become fluent in both French and English. His father, impressed by his aptitude, sent him to Montreal College, and later to Laval University law school, where he graduated R.C.L. From his early manhood he has been keenly alive in the political game, and he is remembered as a budding speech-maker as far back as his seventeenth and eighteenth years. At that time the only Liberal club in Montreal was the Club National. It served the purpose of a base of supply for sending out speakers into the neighboring ridings. Also, of course, it was a training school for amateur debaters, and among such members as the afterwards Honourables L. P. Brodeur, Rodolphe Lemieux, and

Wilfrid Laurier, and Lomer Gouin, young Raoul Dandurand found models after which he could fashion his own forensic capacities.

A PRACTICAL MAN.

But, with all his liking for debate and the more popular opportunities that platform performance gives of making a fair presentation before one's fellow men, it was as a campaigner, as a manipulator of the scenes behind the debating stage, that Dandurand made his mark. In this very considerable and apparently very necessary department of politics he learnt quickly and well, until few men, even in Quebec, could show themselves his superiors in handling the machinery of a political campaign.

In 1896 he was the master manager of the Quebec onslaught, for Sir Wilfrid Laurier. He covered the province, from south to north, from east to west, in the Liberal interest, making many speeches and providing material for many more speeches that others made. Certainly the enthusiasm of the French-Canadians, which was the most distinguishing feature of Sir Wilfrid's coming into power, was to be put down largely to the credit of Mr. Dandurand, whose influence right up to now counts much in holding Quebec true to the Laurier traditions.

Canadians of retentive memory will recollect that Mr. Laurier then had notions of reforming the Upper House, and the method he tried to follow was that of sending up there a legion of men of mental calibre, men of standing on the public platform or of achievement in commercial life. The Senate of the day was overwhelmingly Conservative, and there was room in its organism for new blood as well as younger muscle. Among Laurier's first nominees was Mr. Dandurand, who, at thirty-seven, was entitled to be regarded as a senatorial stripping among gray-heads. But fifteen years of deck-polishing in the Upper House have made Senator Dandurand a gray-head himself, though his actual gray hairs are yet few.

The Senator, following his leader, may not have now so enthusiastically bent to reform the Gilded Chamber, but he must be given credit for trying hard, along the lines he believes to be most effective, to make the Senate of some use and some weight in considering the affairs of the nation. He has stood out for intelligent discussion, and if need be amendment and revision, of the legislative efforts handed up by the Commons.

During the days when he was a practising barrister first and a politician afterwards, Mr. Dandurand wrote, in association with Mr. Charles Lanctot, Deputy Provincial Attorney-General, two legal books that achieved some fame—a "Treatise on Criminal Law" and a "Manual for Justices of the Peace." He also studied extensively the ramifications of law as it affects corporations, and his authority is regarded as valuable on the various large concourses in which he is interested, although it is years since he gave up the law as his professional occupation.

Probably Senator Dandurand's most heroic role was performed in his capacity of director of the Montreal City and District Savings Bank, when, some months ago, the famous "run" on the bank occurred and four million dollars were withdrawn. As everybody knows, the City and District circus-navigated the crisis, but only a few men on the street know just how. The senator happens to be a big man with the Bank of Montreal, and it was borrowed Bank of Montreal bills that paid the panic-stricken City and District depositors when they rushed the harassed tellers. In case these stacks of notes were not high enough—for as the anxious moments of the "run" passed nobody knew when or if there would come any letting-up of speed—Senator Dandurand had called up a big pile of gold. A number of the scared depositors, one or two of whose accounts ran well into four figures, were ostentatiously handed gold in payment of their balances. The coin was good, but it was heavy. And there seemed such a mountain of it on hand. After all, what was the use of taking it away—a proceeding that, any-

how, was physically impossible in several cases. A few timid ones were found to take the gold, but the majority returned it to the bank's cellars. The news of the banks' gold mountain reserve spread over the most affected portions of the city, confidence was restored, and the panic was soon a thing forgotten.

The Senator has at least two other company directorships that take up a good deal of his time. He is on the board of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway and that of the Seaford Assurance Company. The foundation of his fortune, which is estimated on the street as on or around the half-million mark, he owes principally to real estate, for he has made many timely and some lucky investments in land.

Ten years ago, when most of the present townsite merchants were cube at or not in the game, Senator Dandurand and his partner, Mr. Louis Boyer, placed on the market two townsites, Rosemount and Westmount Plateau, that proved profitable booms. Rosemount is now an extensive middle-class section of Montreal, while the Westmount-Beyond townsite formed the nucleus of what is now the town of Notre Dame de Grèce. The two partners are said to have cleared about fifty thousand dollars on the two townsites—which was pretty good trading a decade ago, when deals were not so spectacular as they are now.

The extent to which a man's fortunes, both social and political, may be helped by his marrying is exemplified in the case of Senator Dandurand. He married early in life Josephine, second daughter of the late Premier Marchand of Quebec. Before she stepped out of active public life she was a busy member of the Local Council of Women. She was also an authoress of note, contributing literary sketches and poems to the now defunct woman's periodical, the "Journal de Francoise." A volume of poems which she afterwards published led to her being crowned laureate by the Royal Society, and later, in 1898, she was appointed "Officier d'Academie," the first Canadian woman to receive this honor.



The summer house at Green Head, where Mr. E. G. Nelson was living when he completed "My Own Canadian Home."

"My Own Canadian Home"

Editor's Note.—The following story of Edwin Gregson Nelson, born in St. John, N.B., in 1849, and the author of this well-known Canadian patriotic song, as told by the Rev. H. A. Cody, will be especially welcome to all readers of Maclean's Magazine. The author of the *Frontiersman*, and the *Long Patrol*, is already familiar to Canadian readers.

By H. A. Cody

Author of "The Frontiersman," "The Long Patrol," etc.

A MAN once asked Mahomet what was the best monument he could erect to the memory of his friend, and there came the terse reply "Dig a well." The meaning is most apparent. A monument of stone would be of little practical value, and ere long would crumble into dust, but the well would endure, giving strength and joy to millions.

A true poem is like a well dug in the midst of a weary land. It is a perpetual fountain of delight and inspiration. Kingdoms, governments, and systems

pass away, but a poem enshrined in the hearts of countless men, women, and children lives throughout the ages.

"Its echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever."

Too often in a material age the importance and influence of a poem is overlooked. Sentiment plays a larger part in our lives than at times we are ready to admit. It is a simple as well as an instructive task to trace the history of certain well known poems which

have exerted an important influence upon various generations.

Apart from helpful hymns there have been written at certain critical periods poems which have stirred nations and moulded the thoughts of the age. But too often while the songs live and become familiar household words the writers who carved the monuments have in many cases been forgotten. People drink of the water, and are refreshed but know little about the source from which the streamlet flows.

This is only too true in connection with a distinctly Canadian song, well known, and which thousands of children sing on National occasions. "My Own Canadian Home," which is now sung next to the National Anthem, was written by a man of whom the world knows very little. It was composed under somewhat peculiar circumstances which should be of interest to the many who sing it and love the words of that stirring song. This article, therefore, is an attempt to lift the veil of oblivion which has rested too long upon the author of "My Own Canadian Home," and to set forth a few facts concerning his life, and the history of his best known production.

Edwin Gregson Nelson was born in St. John in 1849. His father, Valentine Henry Nelson, was a Scotchman by birth, and kept a bookstore in the city on the north side of King street where Messrs. Manchester, Robertson and Allison now carry on their big business. He was a man of considerable talent, and devoted his spare time to the writing of poetry. His only published book of which we have any record was "The New Brunswick Minstrel," containing not only a number of his own poems but selections from other authors as well. As was the custom in those days, he lived over his store, and here his only son, Edwin, was born. Thus from his early days the future author was brought into direct contact with books and magazines, and it was only natural that he should become a reader and booklover, and follow in the footsteps of his father. His thoughts turned to writing, and during the period when he was an assistant to another booksell-



Mr. E. G. Nelson, author of "My Own Canadian Home."

er in the city he produced a number of articles both prose and poetry, which were for the most part published in the *Stewart's Literary Quarterly Magazine*, a periodical issued in his native city. He had very little leisure in which to write, as he had to remain in the shop until a late hour in the evening. Most of his literary work was done at meal time, and accordingly he had little opportunity for careful revision. "He wrote," says the editor of the *Quarterly*, "on little bits of paper, old envelopes, and newspaper wrappings, with a stubby lead pencil, and his stories came to me half a dozen sheets at a time. He kept his matter well in hand, and really turned out in this manner many sketches and tales which did credit to the *Quarterly*. He was always original and bright, and I used to be asked the name of the author of the things he wrote. Occasionally he sent me some verses, and these often were very good, though he made no pretensions to the title of poet."

At first Mr. Nelson wrote under the name of "Edwin St. John," and several of his stories, such as "A Courtship by

Procy," "Almost a Romance," "Uncle John's Story," and a number of poems entitled "Spring," "Xmas," etc., were thus signed. These early verses show little indication of the imperial spirit which breathes through his later and familiar patriotic poems. His stories were always well conceived, and carefully wrought out. His verses were mostly of a sentimental nature, such as "A Heart Sigh," and "Lines to a Young Lady who declared that she knew not the meaning of love."

Occasionally the note changed as when in "A Pilgrim's Progress," he describes the course of a young man from his first "cooling drink of beer," to "a drink of Yankee rot," and the results which followed. Lines such as these were but natural to one who was such an earnest temperance advocate, for besides belonging to several temperance societies, he wrote a number of articles against the liquor traffic.

In the early seventies following a serious illness, Mr. Nelson moved to Prince Edward Island, and located at Charlottetown. Here he began business as an "Importer and Repairer of Sewing Machines." Just what qualifications he had for this work is hard to tell. But even here he found use for his poetical muse. One of the machines he handled was called the "Wanzer," which won two gold medals at the Centennial Exhibition. He commemorated the victory in "A Legend of Ye Centennial," a poem of several verses, and written in a somewhat humorous strain. But sewing machines evidently were not in Mr. Nelson's line, for after staying a few years at Charlottetown we find him returning to St. John. His farewell to the Island was expressed in the following poem of two verses:

"Oh fair Prince Edward Isle! thou happy land,
With smiling peace and beaming plenty blest,
Sweet his of sunny slopes and pleasant glades,
And bright-eyed maid, whose powers must be confessed.

"Fain would I linger yet awhile to stay,
And thy charms, where I delight to dwell,
But duty calls and beckons me away
To other scenes; dear Island, fare thee well."

Upon his return to St. John Mr. Nelson again entered into the book selling business, this time on his own account the year after the great fire of 1877. His first store was at the head of King street, in what is known as the "Trinity" block. Later he moved to the corners of King and Charlotte streets, where he continued in business up to the time of his death in 1904.

"His shop," wrote a personal friend, "was a favorite place of resort for reading men, as he was probably a better authority on books and authors than any other book dealer in this part of Canada. He would not keep or sell certain publications which he found offensively anti-British. He always gave the preference, so far as he could influence the trade, to British books over those from the United States, and exerted a large and continuous influence in eliminating from Sunday School libraries literature which exalted United States institutions and patriots, and was unfriendly or offensive to loyal British sentiment."

The spirit of Canadian patriotism and imperialism became very strong in Mr. Nelson's heart and mind until it



The home in St. John, N.B., of the author.



The exact cliff at Green Head, where Mr. Nelson completed "My Own Canadian Home." He sat where the cross appears in the picture.

grew into almost a passion. He was continually writing articles for newspapers along this line. He was one of the founders and charter members of the St. John branch of the Imperial Federation League, and a member of the executive of the New Brunswick branch of the British Empire League. He was also a member of the executive of the Canadian League. Little wonder, then, that at length his thoughts should flower into perfection in poems of a purely patriotic nature and form the crowning and monumental work of his life.

The first of these was conceived in a manner of considerable interest. He was travelling one day with several men on a steamer on the St. John River. It was a beautiful summer day, and while sitting on deck his companions began to talk about the wonders of European dwelling especially upon the fair Italian skies. When the conversation ended and his companions had wandered to some other part of the steamer, Mr. Nelson remained behind, and stood looking upon the fair prospect around

him on both sides of the river, and the deep blue of the skies overhead. It was a scene of entrancing beauty, and thrilled the heart of the loyal enthusiast. Drawing an envelope from his pocket he jotted down several lines of the poem which is now so familiar.

"Though other skies may be as bright,
And other lands as fair,
Though charms of other climes invite
My wandering footsteps there,
Yet there is one, the peer of all,
Beneath bright heaven's dome,
Of thee I sing, O happy land,
My own Canadian Home!"

Having done this he replaced the paper in his pocket, and engaged with business he for several weeks forgot about his hasty production on the steamer. Happening to come across it one day he showed it to a friend whom he considered a good critic. The latter was pleased with the words and suggested that he should not only complete the poem but add something of the true Canadian heroic spirit. At this time Mr. Nelson's family was spending the summer at a spot a short distance from St. John, known as "Green Head," the birthplace of Mrs. Nelson. Whenever possible Mr. Nelson would leave the city and his way to his home in the country, and live for a time among the trees, flowers, and birds. Near the house stands an old abandoned lime stone quarry, and on the top of the bare face of rock one hundred and twenty feet in height is a point from which one can obtain a magnificent view of the St. John River for miles up stream, and the surrounding country. This was Mr. Nelson's favorite retreat, and here with pencil in hand he, like Virgil of old, licked his lines into shape, and added the two verses dealing with the heroic spirit as had been suggested to him.

The poem was published in 1887, and set to several times but that of Mr. Morley McLaughlin has proven the favorite. The first time it was sung in public seems to have been in Trinity church school room in St. John. A local paper says that "The opening choruses of 'My Own Canadian Home,' will be long remembered as the first pro-

duction of what is destined to become a Canadian National hymn."

It did not take the poem long to be generally accepted, and everywhere it elicited much favorable comment.

"The poem is already well known," was the remark of a newspaper, "not only on account of the pleasant rhythm of its verse but as well for the strong and noble expression which it gives to Canadian national feeling."

In all parts of Canada, at school gatherings, and at patriotic meetings "My Own Canadian Home" found its way. Its influence began to spread and it became recognized outside of our own country. Of the numerous cases which might be mentioned two must suffice. The poem was accepted by the riflemen of Sussex, England, and was sung on the occasion of the visit of the Canadian team several years ago, the band of the London Scottish regiment playing the accompaniment. A copy of a Demerara paper of September 29th, 1891, contained the words of "My Own Canadian Home" with the announcement that "E. G. Nelson's song to the music of Morley MacLaughlin would be played that afternoon in the Promenade Gardens by the volunteer militia band." Thus in four years the poem had not only won the hearts of Canadians but those of other lands as well.

If imitation is the sincerest flattery, so is plagiarism, and for downright impudence in this respect a Colorado paper of August 3rd, 1892 carries off the palm. It deliberately used several of the verses of Mr. Nelson's song, merely substituting Colorado for Canadian.

Not only in the writing of "My Own Canadian Home" has Mr. Nelson performed a distinct service, but he has written others which are also widely sung. Of these "Up with the Union Jack," was composed in answer to the blatant cry that "the British flag would soon be hauled down, and that another would rise in its stead." "Raise the flag" was written at the request of Colonel George T. Denison, a great personal friend of Mr. Nelson. The former was to present a flag to a certain school in Ontario, and needed a suitable song

for the occasion. "Raise the Flag" was accordingly composed, and is now in almost every collection of Canadian National songs. Another of his songs, "Canada, Land of the Free," has also had a wide circulation. It was first sung at the Centennial school in St. John, and on that occasion Mr. Nelson gave an address on patriotism.

For these three songs Mr. Nelson himself wrote the music, for he was a musician of no mean order. From his mother, a highly educated woman, he inherited this talent. He sang well, and could play upon almost any musical instrument.

It was a cause of much satisfaction to Mr. Nelson to know that he had assisted in some degree in arousing and strengthening the patriotic spirit in his own loved land. Numerous were the letters he received from far and near, from friends and strangers, testifying to the help and inspiration his poems had been. He had not written for money, and "though," as one said, "he secured copyrights, he gave permission to publishers of school readers, song collections, and other publications circulated among Canadian people to use them without charge. He regarded this as a contribution he ought to make toward the promotion of a Canadian and Imperial spirit throughout the land."

Thus lived Edwin Gregson Nelson, a quiet humble man, who sought not for popular applause, or the approval of the great. He was content to perform his task and let the work tell. His own feelings were well expressed in verse several years ago when asked what he would be in life. He replied:

"What would I be? An honest man,
Of spotless fame, though humble name;
My aim to make no best I care,
My fight to strive with purer fare."

"What would I be? A trusty friend,
With heart sincere, of flattery clear,
More willing far to give than lend,
And prompt a fainting heart to cheer."

"What would I be? A friend of man—
From king or queen, to poor and mean—
And better this world where now I am,
Better than tho' I had not been."

The Print of the French Heel

Editor's Note.—The first instalment of this clever mystery story appeared in the July number. The conclusion will follow in the September number.

By Robert E. Pinkerton

CHAPTER III—Continued.

Mr. Burt presided over the table with the ease and geniality that would have marked a similar dinner in his former home in Chicago. Only once did he apologize.

"I am sorry that I cannot offer you some wine," he said, "but the canoe in which two cases were coming up last summer was wrecked, and we have been without it for a year."

Not once, in word or feature, in his eyes or in the tone of his voice, did Mr. Burt betray the feeling he had so frankly stated he held for his guest.

In compliance with his determination, Lawrence did not tell how it happened that he was in the country.

Their talk was from the first of their *alma mater*, for early in the dinner Lawrence had spoken of the fact that they were from the same college.

Mr. Burt's affability and geniality increased when he learned this, and he talked of his college days for an hour or more.

When the cigarettes were lighted there was a pause in the conversation. Finally Lawrence burst forth impetuously:

"I may be treading on forbidden ground, Mr. Burt, but I cannot down my curiosity. I can account for the books, the bath-tub, the electric lights, the pictures, all this," and he indicated the table, "but the hardwood floors are a mystery that I cannot fathom."

Mr. Burt laughed.

"They were a mystery to me, too, until I discovered the answer. When I built this cabin there was a grove of

oak-trees on a point a mile down the lake.

"I could not imagine how they got there, but I took them anyhow. Only last year I learned that late in the seventeenth century there was a Hudson Bay Company post on that point, and that the factor, an Englishman, because of a love for the tree of his native land, had sent for a gallon of acorns and planted them."

"They did not fare very well, but the grove was two hundred years old when I came, and I managed to get enough timber for the floors. What is your explanation of the rest?"

"I did not see how you could have hauled in the lumber," replied Lawrence, "but I did see how it was possible to transport the rest by canoe. But it must have been a stupendous undertaking."

"Yes, and it required three years to get all this in and into shape," said Mr. Burt. "The piano, bath-tub, dynamo, water-wheel machinery, furnace, cooking-range and several other things were, of course, made to order so that they could be taken apart and transported in pieces weighing no more than one hundred pounds."

"Everything was assembled in England and shipped to Fort Severn, on Hudson Bay, at the mouth of Severn River. From Fort Severn to this place is almost three hundred miles by canoe, with many portages. In all there are one hundred and sixty-four canoe-loads in the house and its furnishings. Indians spent three summers getting it in."

The conversation turned to the far

north country, and a new bond was formed by the love of both for the wilderness, for the north, for the canoe and the rifle.

Mr. Burt told how he got the big moose head in the library down north of Cat Lake, and the record caribou antlers northwest toward the Nelson River.

For the first time the girl in the canoe was mentioned when he said that his daughter was responsible for the big bear rug in the living-room, having killed the animal when canoeing alone up the river.

So interested was his host, and so great was Lawrence's interest in the things of the forest, it was after midnight before he took his leave and went to his own room across the hall.

At six o'clock the next morning he was called by the valet.

"Your canoe is ready, and your outfit packed, sir," he said. "Your breakfast will be brought to you here. Afterward Mr. Burt will see you for a moment in the library."

Lawrence quickly dressed, and ate the breakfast the valet brought him.

He found Mr. Burt standing by the window in the library. He was dressed in woolen clothing, the *botte sautoise* on his feet, his clothing more in keeping with the sun of his face and neck than had been the evening clothes of the night before.

As Lawrence saw him standing there, looking out over the lake, his first impulse was to explain his relations with his father, convince his host that he had not come on the errand he believed.

As he was about to begin, Mr. Burt turned.

His courtesy and good nature had disappeared with his evening clothes, and only hatred was in the eyes behind the glasses.

"Young man," he said, "you are the third sent by your father to this house. As you undoubtedly know, the others never returned. They left here safely, fully equipped, but I have learned, never reached the outside.

"In view of their failure, I wonder that even your father should send you on so dangerous an errand. The others

delivered written messages. Yours, undoubtedly, was to be verbal. There is no need for you to give it. I know it."

"I might add that I have to thank you for a pleasant evening. I was glad of this first opportunity in years to talk with one of my own kind, one from my own college. My offer of a truce may appear to be inconsistent with my true feeling, but I think you can understand."

Lawrence, moved by a note of loneliness which was the first indication of weakness on the part of his host, felt an irresistible desire to tell his true story.

He liked this gray-haired exile, and the memory of a tumbled mass of brown hair beneath a gray felt hat, a lithe, strong, young figure swaying in the rhythmic stroke of the expert paddler, all but forced him to speak. But Mr. Burt went on:

"You are to leave this morning. You will have supplies sufficient to reach the Canadian Pacific. This is the second day of June, and you should reach there the last of the month, with good luck."

"Were it not that I know your father so well, and were it not that I believe no good can come from such stock, I would be tempted to be less harsh with you, for, frankly, you surprised me last night."

"I would believe that the fact that my daughter saved your life would lead you to report that you return empty-handed. As it is, I expect nothing and ask nothing of you. Your canoe is ready."

Mr. Burt opened the door, and, dazed, Lawrence went out.

The vehemence of his host's denunciation had not affected him, and the knowledge that he owed his life to his lady of the French heels momentarily robbed him of speech, and he stood motionless in the hall.

Burt, about to close the door, and mistaking the reason for Willson's remaining, said:

"Perhaps you have heard how the Hudson Bay Company sent those who had incurred its disfavor out on the long traverse?"

"You know that, under the circumstances, I would be justified in doing the

same with you. You will notice that I am sending you away—but fully equipped."

He abruptly shut the door, and Lawrence went down the hall and out onto the verandah.

There the valet waited for him, and led the way down to the beach, where a birch canoe, with a well-filled pack-sack in the bow, and a rifle leaning against a thwart, rested half out of the water.

"The mouth of the river by which you came is five miles down the west shore," he said and turned up the bank.

Lawrence did not realize at the time that the man had omitted the "sir."

He was occupied with the thought that the direction he was to travel was the same as that taken the preceding morning by the girl in the canoe.

An hour and a half later Lawrence reached the mouth of the river.

He found a waterfall there and a portage on the east side. He went across first with the pack-sack.

Half-way over, when at the top of the end of a ridge, he found that the trail was hard packed.

The place seemed vaguely familiar, and he set down the pack. Before him, in the now hardened clay, was the print of the French heel that had been the last thing he remembered before waking in Mr. Burt's house!

"This is where she found me," he thought, looking at the little hole in the ground, now slightly distorted by the drying earth. "I wonder how she got me over to the cabin."

All that day and the next Lawrence poled and paddled and portaged up the river.

The third day was the same, and late in the afternoon of the fourth day, when his canoe was given a sudden twist by the current as he was poling up through a stretch of rapids, the bow was thrown heavily against a jagged rock and suffered a bad tear in the bark.

He was just above an island in the middle of the river and drifted quickly to the upstream point. Landing, he examined the break and then went up the bank to find some spruce pitch with which to mend the hole.

Lighting a small fire to dry poplar twigs, which burned without smoke and gave a hot blaze, he mended the pitch. While applying it to the patch over the tear he glanced up to see an Indian, alone in a birch canoe, poling up the stream along the west bank.

It was the half-breed he had seen at the Burt cabin. The native saw him but gave no sign and continued on up the stream.

His canoe mended, Lawrence went on until sunset, when he stopped and made camp for the night.

After the first two days of the journey his strength had fully returned, and he traveled all of the long days.

The next morning he was up at daylight, which, in that latitude and at that time of the year, came early.

Opening the pack-sack to get the materials for his breakfast, he found that all the food was gone. At first he thought nothing else had been disturbed, until he searched for the box of cartridges and found they, too, were missing. For a moment Lawrence was dazed.

Except that he had a canoe and a blanket, his condition was little better than when his own canoe had been wrecked and Harry lost.

His first thought was to return at once to Burt's. Then he remembered the Indian who had passed him at the island, and, as a shock, came the last words of Franklin Burt:

"You will notice that I am sending you away—but fully equipped."

Burt had emphasized "sending you away."

"He was clearing his own skirts in case his actions should become known," thought Lawrence. "He's a pleasant sort of murderer. There is no use in returning to his place."

"He meant to kill me, to prevent my getting to the outside, but he didn't want me smeared around his place. That Indian is probably down-stream waiting to see what I do."

"I could make Burt's in a long day, down-stream, but that is useless. It's at least fifty miles, with the long portage, to Cat Lake, and then, after crossing that, I will have a good run down

Cut Lake River to St. Joseph Lake and Onaburg house.

"But it will take me five long days, and maybe eight or ten, and there's nothing to eat between here and there. That's the only way, and there is no use delaying."

Lawrence immediately set his canoe into the water and poled on up-stream.

He smiled grimly when he made the first portage, for only one trip, with his blanket and the canoe, was necessary. For two hours he poled steadily.

Turning a sharp bend in the river, and working over to the west bank to avoid some bad rocks, he almost ran the bow of the canoe on a pack-sack which was washing gently in the shallow water near the bank. Pulling it out, he pushed in to shore and opened his find.

In it were a tea-pail, a small frying-pan, raisins, ten pounds of flour, three pounds of bacon and baking-powder.

"I guess that fools old Bart, unless he ordered the half-breed to keep on my trail and see that I die," he mused. "But how did this pack-sack happen to be here? It hasn't been in the water long, and it is not one of the sacks Jerry and I lost. But I'm not asking any questions. It'll see me through to Onaburg house."

Spreading the contents of the pack-sack on the bottom of the canoe to dry, Lawrence pushed out and started up-stream. He poled steadily for two hours and turned a bend into the foot of the rapids in which he and Jerry had been upset.

The river made another and sharper bend just beyond, and around this he knew he could find good going on the beach and carry around the worst of the rapids.

But fast water lay between that point and himself, and every energy was devoted to the pole.

Standing sidewise in the canoe and toiling in the worst of the current, Lawrence was so startled that he almost dropped the pole when he heard a cheery "B'joo" at his back.

Turning, he saw, not more than fifteen feet away, a girl sitting on a rock in the middle of the stream.

CHAPTER IV.

A MIDNIGHT BATTLE.

As Lawrence stared, hardly believing what he saw, the current caught the bow of his canoe and swept it back down the stream.

"You are not going to leave me when I have waited so long?" she said laughingly, and Lawrence snubbed the canoe, quickly turned its head again up stream and over toward the rock on which the girl was sitting.

The water boiled and foamed below the rock, but the current was not so swift, and, in three minutes, the girl had grasped the bow and pulled the canoe alongside.

"Thank you," she said as she stepped in and picked up a paddle. Settling to her knees, Indian fashion, her feet, thrust out behind, touched the bacon.

"You will have to take that meat away," she said. "I can't stand the sight of food. I haven't had a bite since yesterday morning when we upset."

"What!" exclaimed Lawrence. "Nothing to eat for more than a day? We'll go ashore and fix up something. You must be nearly starved. As a matter of fact, I haven't had anything to eat since last night."

"Some one stole all my grub and ammunition last night, and I found this pack-sack in some shallows a couple of hours ago. I thought I would go on until noon before I brokefasted. How did you get onto that rock?" he asked as they landed.

"You know yourself what the rapids above are," she said. "I saw your canoe lodged against a rock. Ashawa, the old Indian who was with me, and I portaged and set in just above where the worst begins."

"As we pushed off he caught his paddle between two rocks and broke it square off. Before I could turn her up-stream the canoe was swept back and into the rapids, sidewise. I haven't seen poor Ashawa since. His head must have hit a rock."

"I went through, how I don't remember much, and landed up against

that rock. I struck awfully hard, but managed to hang on and crawl up on top. I have been there ever since."

"I would have tried to swim to shore, but I was bruised when I hit the rock and did not feel able."

"You plucky little thing!" exclaimed Lawrence as he pushed the canoe to the bank.

"Here, lie down on this blanket and get warm. You look as though you were chilled through. I'll get the quickest meal you ever saw."

He tucked the blanket around her and started a fire.

Cutting a couple of slices of bacon, he put them into the frying-pan and set it over the fire.

Then he filled the tea-pail at the river and hung it in the blaze.

After getting more wood, he mixed flour, baking-powder and salt, poured in the grease fried out of the bacon, added water, and turned the mixture into the frying-pan.

Thirty-five minutes after he had started the fire he set a big loaf of bread on a warm rock near the coals and sliced more of the bacon.

"You brown a bannock beautifully," said the girl, who had been watching him, although pretending to doze when he looked at her.

"Thank you," said Lawrence. "I hope it is as good as it looks. The tea is ready, and as soon as I have fried the bacon our feast will be ready."

And there, in the midst of the greatest, and least inhabited wilderness in the world, four hundred miles from civilization, the young man and the young woman sat down to a meal of baking-powder bread, bacon and tea.

Raised in cities, but lovers of the woods, both of that bigness and broadness, directness and simplicity which the woods instil in those who love them, it was the most natural thing in the world that, boylike and girllike, they should sit and laugh and make merry over their meal, forgetful of the strangeness of their meeting, death just averted and even possible future perils.

"We have enough food to last until we reach your home," said Lawrence as they finished and the necessity of de-

ciding what should be done confronted them. "It must be more than a hundred miles."

"I'm ready," said the girl as she got stiffly to her feet. "But we will have to hurry to make it by to-morrow night. I have made this trip twice, and it generally takes two days from here."

"Where do you go, and where, if I may ask, were you going when this happened?" asked Lawrence, as he set the canoe into the water and held it while the girl took her place in the bow.

"Ashawa's brother, who has been trapping over east of Cut Lake this last season has a sick child, and Ashawa and I were going to his camp. I'm sort of a doctor for the Indians around here," she said laughingly, "and they always send for me."

"And you go out alone with them?"

"No, only with Ashawa. Father and I would trust him anywhere. But don't let's talk about it," and she shook two big tears from her cheeks. "Ashawa, if he was an Indian, was like an old uncle to me, and I don't know what I'll do without him."

She turned her face ahead, and Lawrence did not see the tears that ran down her cheeks and fell into her lap.

They swung out into the stream, each paddling strongly and swiftly.

For an hour little was said.

They passed Lawrence's camp of the night before, the island where he had seen the Indian, through rapids and smooth water, across a lake and into the river again.

If Lawrence had not hesitated to turn again to the house of the man who had tried, for some unknown reason, to kill him, he did hesitate to broach the subject to that man's daughter.

As he watched her shoulders and back plying the long, quick stroke of the expert, keeping to the pace despite the pain which she must feel in her bruised legs, as he thought of her courage and cheerfulness in the face of the death of her friend, and of her own peril, he had a feeling that this daughter of the forest knew nothing of Bart's efforts to have him killed, or of the reasons for the exile of her father and

herself in the desolate northland.

He did not stop to think that his return with Burt's rescued daughter might result in the father permitting him to leave the country unmolested. He knew the only thing to do was to get the girl safely back.

In any event, that would only square himself with her, for she had saved his life less than ten days before.

They did not land until sunset. Then, at a point where the beach widened and ran back to a perpendicular bank, Lawrence turned the canoe in.

As the craft gently grounded, nose upstream, the girl made an ineffectual effort to rise. Lawrence saw the movement and the pain in her eyes.

"Wait and I'll help you," he cried, stepping out into the water and hurrying to the bow. Grasping her elbows he lifted her to her feet and then to the beach.

"I'm all right now," she said, with a very little smile. "I'm just sore and stiff, and—look out—the canoe!" and Lawrence sprang to catch the boat as the current caught it.

"Canoes are our hoodoos," he laughed, in an attempt to cover the agitation which had seized him upon his nearness to the girl, and which had almost resulted in their craft being swept off down-stream.

"We'll fix it so that it can't get away," and he carried it to the overhanging rocks of the bank.

"You sit down while I get wood and cook supper," Lawrence said, fixing the blanket so that the girl might rest against a rock. "You must be very tired."

"Oh, I've stood less more than this, but I never went a whole day without food, sitting on a rock in the middle of white water," she laughed.

"I really am ashamed of myself because I don't help make camp, but I guess I am tired."

"Luckily it's cold, and there will be no mosquitoes after dark," said Lawrence as he started a fire. "I suppose you are accustomed to them, having lived here so long."

"Did father tell you how long we had been here?" asked the girl.

"No," he said, looking up quickly to determine just what the girl meant by the question, "but, from things he said, I imagined it must be five or six years."

"Do you like it, up here so many hundred miles from any one? I dare say there is not a white woman within four hundred miles of your house."

"I love it here, and, with father, I never got lonesome. Then, I would love it any way, for father must live in a place like this to keep well. I would go anywhere with him if it were to benefit his health."

"Eh! Yes, of course. You seem to be thoroughly of the woods wonder, and there are few girls who would like it, who would become so expert as you."

"In fact, I feel that it is due to your love for the woods and the water that I am alive. I am sorry I did not see you to thank you before you left."

"I did not save you," quickly disclaimed the girl. "I just happened to paddle over to the mouth of the river for some pike fishing and found you on the lake portage. Ashawa was with me, fishing near the lake, and I ran to get him. He carried you to the canoe and paddled you home."

"Nevertheless I think I owe it to you, and I'll never be able to tell how grateful I am."

"But what did you do for me today?"

"Oh, I only paid back a little of what I owe."

"Oh, ho! And my life is of so little value that it has to be saved a number of times to compensate for the rescue of your own precious self?"

"You know that is not what I mean," Lawrence hastened to say. "I—I—how did you and your father learn my name?"

"You told us, of course," laughed the girl. "All the way across the lake you kept repeating your name and your father's."

This story will be continued in the September issue of this magazine.—Editor.

Fitting the Job to the Man

Editor's Note.—The appearance of business articles in each issue of the Maclean's Magazine has been one of its strong features. Ideas that have often been suggested to both employer and employee have been handled on previous occasions in a frank and free manner that has ably assisted business men in the solution of their practical difficulties. In this article the somewhat novel suggestion is made, as the title implies. There is no doubt that much waste and useless worry would be avoided by employers and by men themselves if they could be placed into the employments for which environment and natural ability have been fitted them. It was Frank A. Menzies who said that "You cannot get out of a man what God Almighty didn't put into him. You must suit the man to the job; not the job to man."

By Edward Jamieson

WHAT'S the matter with the lazy man?

Is it a microbe or an inheritance or a product of degenerating conditions or pure cussedness which causes his disinclination for work?

The problem of efficiency has been receiving a good deal of attention from employers of labor in recent years with a corresponding benefit, where inquiry has been intelligently applied, to their various establishments. Motion study and the routine of work have been made features of rearrangement in industrial plants and offices innumerable. And yet, it seems, little has been done to inquire into a means of promoting the immediate efficiency of the most expensive of all raw material, the human qualities of the workers. One of the most difficult things to deal with in any organization employing labor is the tendency of a certain percentage—and that usually a large one—of the workmen not only to "take things easy" but also to positively shirk all the work they can without bringing upon themselves unpleasant consequences.

While spending half a day in a large factory the other day the writer took occasion to watch a group of thirty men who were engaged in the same kind of what might be called semi-

skilled labor. They all worked well when they thought the foreman or anyone else in authority was watching but at other times what happened? Perhaps five of the thirty kept going at the same rate. Fifteen or twenty more kept on at a lesser, though what might be called a fair speed but the other four or five either stopped altogether or seemed to do as little as possible and still keep moving.

You will likely say that factory is badly organized. Perhaps it is, though it is under the direction of one of the so-called efficiency engineers who have become so familiar in Canada during the past few years. These men, however, were working at a process which it is difficult to handle under a piece-work system and where the plans of the expert did not seem to touch the spot. The writer ventures the statement, not carelessly, but only after a good deal of investigation, that such cases are not by any means infrequent in Canadian factories.

Observations of this kind coupled with figures given by the labor departments as to the multitude of men who, apparently from disinclination, spend only a small portion of their time in productive employment or do nothing at all, lead one into interesting con-

ture as to the economic benefit that would accrue, not only to the employers of labor but also to the state as a whole, if these lazy men—the malingers and those who are brazen enough to offer no excuse for their idleness—could be cured. And since idleness, no one doubts, tends to lead directly to a myriad of other vices, one wonders how much better off the world might be, morally, as well as physically and financially, were it possible to get at the cause of this idleness and to introduce a remedy.

The writer has been giving the question a good deal of study for some time and as a result puts forth a theory. No originality is claimed for this. It may have been suggested before, though not to my knowledge. In any event it is worth while thinking about. We will work up to it with a few examples from actual business life.

FINDS HIS WORK ON THE FARM.

A well-to-do farmer in the county of Essex, Ontario, was speaking of one of his men who gave one the impression at once of being more-than-ordinarily capable. "It's a peculiar case," he said, "that man strayed around here one day about two years ago looking for something to eat. I was needing help, something about him caught my fancy and I offered him a steady job. He's been with me ever since and while he knew nothing about farming then he has developed into by far the best man I've ever had. In another year I'm going to start him in one of my other farms on a share basis and I expect he'll marry the daughter of my neighbor over there," pointing across the fields. "The peculiar thing about it," he concluded, "is that on his own confession he was no good at anything before. He had a good place in a Detroit automobile factory and before that was in a foundry in Buffalo but he said he couldn't stick at anything. He'd been tramping two weeks before he struck here, and had bowed away all his money. I don't think he's touched a drop since."

The proprietor of a daily newspaper

in a small city furnished the story of another case pointing to the same conclusion. "See that boy," he inquired, after we had passed through his "local" room where a young man apparently about eighteen was running hurriedly through a batch of proofs at a big table. "Came to me as a printer's devil about five years ago, and I think he was the laziest young galute we ever had. He wouldn't sweep the place clean, he played sick whenever he thought we would stand for it and he loafed half the time in the cellar. I would have shipped him in a minute but that his father is a special friend and wanted the boy to be a printer. One day he brought in a story of a big fight between some foreigners down on the flats the night before which none of the other boys had gotten wise to. It was so well put together and I was so sick of his other work that I thought I'd try him on the news end. He took to it like a pup to a bone and began to bring in good things nobody else had ever thought of looking for. He was on the job late and early and hustled around for news like a new man. It seems to be a case of him striking his job. Six months ago my city man left to go to the west. I put Jim on the desk till I got another man from the city but he filled the place so well I haven't got anybody else. And, as you can see, he's as happy at it as a small boy at a circus."

Still another case, this time that of a woman, works us further along to the theory.

One of the smaller Canadian cities is noted for the excellence of its public library and a good deal of this reputation is due to the energy, efficiency and years of continuous effort exercised by its librarian, now a woman in the forties. "That is surely a case," said a member of the board to a visiting friend after leaving the building, "where the woman fits her job. I can remember her well as a girl for her family is a connection of my own. After she left High School she had six or seven different positions but couldn't wouldn't stay in any of them. About

Fig. 2.

twelve years ago, at her mother's earnest solicitation, we gave her the place as assistant here and it seemed at once as though she had struck her bent. Since that she's made our library what it is."

HAS EVERYTHING A POST.

Many similar examples can be recalled by almost anyone who takes an observing interest in business or public life. We all know indifferent preachers who have become splendid business men, dissatisfied farmers who made a success at salesmanship, inefficient teachers who made their mark as capable executives, and all of whom have been happy in their new employment. These are cases where the individuals have stumbled or happened into employment and environment for which they were physically and mentally suited.

A mighty large percentage of us have gotten into our own employment in the same way and quite a considerable percentage of us, I submit, work either because we have to provide bread and butter and such luxuries as we can in life or because a certain strength of character forces us to work because it is the proper thing to do.

How many of you who read this article are really satisfied with the work you are doing? How many are there who, consciously or unconsciously, do not do their work under greater or less mental protest? How many are there who really get fun out of their work?

Now for the theory. The writer believes thoroughly that if some system could be devised to fit the man to his job, as it were, so that every one, so far as is possible under existing conditions of society and labor, could get fun out of his work there would be no lazy men.

The big question is, naturally, how to get at the remedy—how to size up the man.

Very interesting attempts to solve at least a part of the problem are already being made in at least one industrial plant in Canada. Whether the suggested theory has been considered by those responsible for the establishment of the new department is extremely

Fig. 3.

doubtful. They have gone at the matter as far as possible from a practical standpoint with the sole aim of promoting economic efficiency in their plant. In this establishment—the name of which for various reasons cannot be mentioned—several thousand men are employed in what might be generally termed semi-skilled labor and owing to special local conditions the movements of men, and consequently the applicants for employment, are very numerous.

IN A BIG STEEL PLANT.

The head of the employment department is a college man who has given a good deal of study to sociology, anthropology and several other "ologies" of the same kind. For a time at least, to test the practicability of his suggestions he has been given carte blanche in applying his own ideas. The usual system of "hiring and firing" by the foremen of the other departments has been abolished *hobis hobis* from this plant. From forty to fifty applicants a day are ordinarily put through the workings of the system. What happens?

The man looking for employment is taken individually into the official's office and given a rather ordinary-looking application blank to fill out. Following this a series of questions is put by the department head who has been studying the applicant, from his desk a little behind and to one side, in the meantime. This scrutiny, it may be mentioned, is considered a much more important factor than the filling out of answers to stereotyped questions though both have their purpose.

During the few minutes the man has been in the room he has revealed a good deal more of his character and capabilities than he has any suspicion of. First his walk, then his method of meeting himself and his general appearance, give a good idea of his physical abilities. Then his behavior during the verbal examination goes far to the studied observer in denoting character and mental traits. Are his eyes steady or shifty? Almost certain evidence of honesty or the reverse. Are his verbal answers frank

and straightforward or hesitant and seemingly made for the occasion? Does he keep himself well occupied with the matter in hand or are his eyes and thoughts straying to other things about the room? Is his eyesight good? Is he dressed as becomes his station?

CHARTING THE APPLICANT.

These and a lot of similar factors enter into the examination. Many of these, obviously, must be treated relatively, but they are determined so far as is possible on a scientific basis.

The sole machinery of the department in question is a large indexed filing cabinet. Every employee of the plant is represented in this by at least two cards and some—the recent comers—by three: the signed application blank, a red card bearing the records of the examination made by the head at the time of entering and a blue card prepared for a listing of that employee's record.

It is reported that the men who have been accepted frequently wonder why they have been assigned to a class of work they consider quite out of their line but, as results go to show, their capabilities and temperaments have probably been gauged much more correctly than they were able to do themselves.

The question of how the system is working out is rather a large one but it was answered in a way that leaves no doubt as to the excuse for its existence. "Well," said the man who was largely responsible for its instigation, "I can give you an idea but nothing very definite. We've only been trying it a few months and that time is too short to arrive at any close figures. I can say that it is bound to be a success in a good many respects in a plant of this kind at any rate. The number of changes of employees, roughly speaking, last month was about twenty-five per cent. less than the corresponding month last year when the foremen did the hiring. We've gradually getting a class of staidier men into the plant. A rather interesting feature in this connection," he went on, "is that I've taken on a number of men who were formerly

employed by the company but for various reasons had left or been discharged. I've put these men, in almost every case, at a different class of work and so far, with a glance toward the card file, "all but two have stayed with us."

The idea seems to have had a material value in its application in this plant. Why can it not be applied with advantage in many other lines of business?

SALESMANSHIP IN THE STORE.

Inquiry as to methods in vogue in allocating employees to the various departments has been made in several of the departmental stores. In two or three cases classes of instruction in salesmanship are held for new employees, but in no case is any plan followed corresponding to the one outlined above. The usual plan seems to be to follow the course of least resistance and to allot the new men and women where there are openings regardless of their qualifications. Is there not room for beneficial rearrangement here? Is it any wonder that Sadie Jones, who loves finery and spends half her leisure time talking about clothes should be inattentive and tardy in the book department or that Jennie Robinson, who reads Dickens and Scott and Arnold Bennett with appreciation, should be a disappointment in the cash office? Of course there are hundreds of cases where the Sadie Joneses and Jennie Robinsons force themselves, with more or less mental difficulty, to be efficient and valuable employees. But the probability is that they will never reach the heights nor have the same comfort out of their work that they could have had in other departments.

WHY NOT TEACH IT.

One place above all others where the system might be applied is in our colleges. This fact seems strange at first sight but it is none the less true. Perhaps there is no class of young men who need direction as to what field to enter for their life work more than do the graduates of our colleges granting arts degrees. In a group of twelve men in the senior year at Toronto University

last spring there were three who were perfectly satisfied that they had chosen the proper calling. Four others had some hazy ideas but were likely to take the first favorable offer that came to them and the remaining five had made no decision as to their future activities. This is perhaps easier to understand when we recall that the arts courses make no pretensions as to giving practical aid in the earning of a livelihood. In the technical courses, obviously, the outlook is different. As our Canadian educational system works out, however, if one wishes to make his college course of any practical service he must decide, not on entering the university, but back in his early years at high school, before he has a chance to look at the world or even find himself, what he wants to do in later life. The writer remembers one man in his own class who came to college with the intention of entering the ministry. With new light that idea melted and he gravitated to law, medicine and newspaper work after taking his degree. He ended up as a real estate agent, where apparently.

he is happy and markedly successful. Why not a course of training in the colleges which would equip men to take positions similar to that occupied by the head of that unique employment department in the steel plant?

Is there not an opportunity here, also, for a new business? The phenologists have made a pretence at possessing such directive powers so long as we can remember but the very evident quackery on the part of at least most of their clan has provided against any general faith in their abilities. Is there not a profitable opening, however, for a large number of men and women—perhaps some of them not satisfied and unhappy in other employment—who through close observation and a thorough study of whatever science has to present on the subject would be able to direct other young men and women—and do it more intelligently and in a way more certain of result than the present hit and miss method—to their future activities. This question of fitting the men to his job seems well worth thinking about.

If you consider yourself a worm of the dust you must expect people to trample on you. If you make a door-mat of yourself, people are sure to wipe their feet on you.

* * *

More men fail through ignorance of their strength than through knowledge of their weakness.

* * *

You may succeed when others do not believe in you, but never when you do not believe in yourself.

* * *

The curiosity of him who wishes to see fully for himself how the dark side of life looks is like that of the man who took a torch into a powder mill to see whether it would really blow up or not.

Dr. O. S. Norden.

The Middle Strata

Editor's Note.—A Canadian writer who is attaining prominence in the literary field gives us here a story of the city. It is in these that he has done his best work.

By Ed. Cahn

"No, there is nothing the matter with you, Miss Deering, except that you are becoming rather too self-centered. You need to get out of the rut you are in. Get some fresh impressions."

"Now Doctor! Don't tell me I must go in for society. I hate it you know. Can't you give me a tonic or a pick-me-up of some sort? I am so bored all the time, I know that I need something."

"Medicine is the last thing I will prescribe. It is too bad that you have so much money and so few troubles. Have you ever felt any curiosity to see how the other half lives?"

"I have been slumming, of course, everyone goes."

"I meant the great middle strata, when I said the other half. The submergi tent is fairly well known. You really ought to investigate the middle ranks. It would be interesting. Suppose you think about my prescription which is a mild dose of the middle layer, then take it, and report say a week hence."

"Doctor Brill shoved his prescription pad away and stirred in his chair. By those two movements he invariably signified that the consultation was at an end.

Miss Deering rose. Her pallid face wore its usual bored expression tinged, however, with just the faintest ray of interest which, by the look of her firmly closed lips, was doomed to an early death.

"How extraordinary you are, Doctor Brill. You will drive me to the taking

of those remarkable cures advertised in the papers."

"I think not. I hope that you will not forget that I expect you to let me know how the cure is working, this day week. He bent his serious blue eyes upon her for a compelling instant shook her limp hand heartily, opened the door and the next instant had disappeared with a waiting patient.

Viola Deering stepped into her luxurious automobile and was whirled homeward. At first she was inclined to be annoyed with her man of medicine but his suggestion interested her after all. Suddenly she decided to vary her course a trifle and spent an amusing hour in one of the cheaper department stores, carrying an armful of hunky parcels to the automobile, herself.

Arrived at her home—outside, all pink brick, white enamel wood trim, real old Colonial door and knocker, diamond pane windows and filled inside with order, a somewhat cold taste in decoration and furnishings, but comfortable in every detail, she summoned her housekeeper and gave orders for the week to follow. Then, still carrying her parcels almost jealously, she proceeded to her room.

She packed a small handbag and then arrayed herself in her recent purchases. Making sure that she could depart unobserved Miss Deering picked up her bag and tip-toed out of her own house as quietly as a dismissed domestic.

Two blocks away she boarded a street car and half an hour later was climbing the rickety steps of a boarding house near the centre of the city, whose standing advertisement said that its

board was good and its terms reasonable, and to which Miss Deering knew that the social workers in her club often directed people.

The landlady, a stout woman of forty with a worried, choleric face, looked Miss Deering over appreciatively.

"Yes, I have a vacant room." She said at last.

"Could I see it?"

The landlady seemed to consider, the while she stared at her would-be guest as if to read her past life, future prospects and financial and moral reliability in her face, ringless hands, ready-made suit, three-dollar hat and elegant handbag with silver fittings. Miss Deering had not paid sufficient attention to that detail. It did not harmonize with the rest of her aspect and her coolly superior manner was also much against her, had she known.

"Are you working?" demanded the landlady, pulling a bunch of keys out of her belt and half turning toward the gloomy stairs.

"No. I—that is, I am looking for work."

"Oh. Well, you'll have to pay in advance. Do you want a hall room?"

"I can't say, until I see it."

"It's two flights up."

They climbed the steep stairs. One horrified glance at the tiny cell known as the hall room, its bumpy bed, bureau on three castors, and decrepit wooden chair was enough for Viola. She decided to see a better room and, ten minutes later had paid a week's board, and was in full possession of her new quarters.

She made a tour of the place, disgustedly examining every dusty corner, noting each untidy, unwholesome, unspringing detail. She wondered how many hundreds of people had slept in the old-fashioned black walnut bed and if the bedding had ever been renovated, and contrasted the room with the poorest one she supplied her servants, and smiled.

That evening, she waited until she thought meet of her fellow boarders would be assembled in the basement dining room and then descended. There

was a little hush as she entered. Every pair of eyes was frankly fixed upon her.

It was disconcerting to be kept standing there in the middle of a huddle of not immoderate tables. A few faint rays of the wan daylight struggled through the windows, which looked onto the bottom of a light well. The unshaded gasjets flared and smoked, the stale air reeked with oily food smells.

No one spoke to her and at last she decided to seat herself. She was drawing out a chair at the nearest table when a pert voice said "That seat's taken!"

Miss Deering drew back, and there was a titter. Just then, Lena, the waitress, kicked open the kitchen door and entered, her tray laden with little round stoneware bowls of cabbage soup. She set them down and pulled out a chair at a vacant table in a corner. "You kin set here," she said, and smiled.

The new guest felt warmed by it and took her seat with a feeling of genuine gratitude.

"Cabbage or tomat—o soup?" inquired Lena, wiping a spoon on her apron.

"Tomato, please."

"What's yer name? Everyhuddy'll be askin' me."

"Oh, Miss Deering. Do you introduce people?"

"Law no! Don't wait for that, here. W'y they just come up an' talk an' you do the same. Cabbage did you say?"

"Tomato."

"All right."

The room was again abuzz with talk. No one paid the least attention to the newcomer. The guests plied knives and forks and tongues industriously. They varied from a fine faced old gentleman of over eighty to a fluffy haired blonde child of seventeen who was somebody's triplet during the day and another somebody's "steady company" every evening.

In spite of the fact that adversity had conspired the old gentleman to live in Mrs. Black's boarding house for over ten years he still possessed the courtesy

of another age and he smiled and nodded to those who spoke to him, with the air of a grand duke.

There was a smart appearing woman of about Miss Deering's age who sat next to the old man. She complained a little of the fatigue of the day. Miss Deering observed that her eyes were heavy, her hand trembled as she lifted her teacup and she seemed to be forcing herself to eat. "The woman is tired to the point of utter exhaustion," thought Viola.

"I hope you will be able to get some sleep tonight," said the old gentleman.

"No chance. I've got to work."

"You are not going back to the store?"

"Yes. Stocktaking."

"Already!" cried two voices at once from the next table.

"We don't begin until next week. Gee! How I hate it. You look awful tired, Miss Glass. When are you going to get a rest?"

"When I die, I hope." A laugh greeted this.

"You should get married, Miss Glass," remarked a loudly dressed young man with red hair who was bolting his food at an alarming rate.

"That's what everybody tells me. But I don't see much hope for me with all these pretty girls here. Besides, who ever heard of an old maid getting married?"

"Cheer up, there's hope yet." This was from a pop-eyed dried-up looking woman who presided at what Lena called "the family table," for it was sacred to the Burns family. Father, mild and colorless; mother, the speaker; daughter, Hilda, who was learning French and corresponding with a divinity student; sister Dodo, a student of music; Bob and Leslie, schoolboys, aged twelve and fourteen, and like all other boys.

The family dutifully applauded mother. The rest laughed only faintly, so Miss Deering concluded that Miss Glass was rather better liked than Mrs. Burns.

Mrs. Carpenter at a far table, raised her voice a trifle. "Miss Deems has got a 'kiss.'" There was a ripple and gen-

eral attention. "Miss Deems is English and says 'kiss' for case; she's a nurse," explained Lena to Miss Deering whilst she removed the soup plate.

"At last!" said Mrs. Burns.

"Yes. At the King Hal Hotel. She was to give the man hot applications right away, the doctor said."

"Fancy! Oh?"

"Oh his wife is there, so it is all right."

"Of course. Well, it's a good thing for Miss Deems. She has been idle so long. I hope the man stays sick a month," said Miss Glass.

"Mercy on us, Miss Glass, you don't wish him any ill fortune or anything, do you?" cried Mr. Carpenter.

"If some one has bad luck it means good luck for somebody else. Life's a

see-saw."

"What she meant was, Jim, that she hoped the man would fancy he was ill."

"Not exactly, Mrs. Carpenter, fancying and being, are usually the same. Men are such babies anyhow."

Miss Glass got up and pushed her chair back in place.

"There's another nawsty one!" exclaimed Mr. Struthers, the blonde Englishman who was writing a book.

Miss Deering watched Miss Glass' superb figure cut of sight, wondering meanwhile if she could possibly be as near collapse as she looked.

A large black haired woman came in.

"Hello, everybody," she said broadly.

"Good evening, Mrs. Mack," said the family primly. The old gentleman nodded gravely, the red haired young man put out his hand and wrenched a chair out. "Hello, Carrie," said he.

"How is the whole vile world?"

"Great! I feel fine; tired as a dog; going motoring with my friends to-night—away out in the country; going to dig up a lantern 'an' see if I can't locate some flowers. What we got for dinner? My, but I'm hungry. Hello Donnie! How's Donnie! Heard you come in last night, you scawag. Bet it was three o'clock if it was a second."

"Aw now, Mrs. Mack!"

"Well, it was. I know, because that kid across the alley always starts to yell



"Yes, the best work! Oh, I am so happy!"

about one and it had been at it for a couple of hours."

"Um hum, it was a quarter after three," said Mr. Samuels. "I was up and looked at my watch."

"How did you know that I was there?"

"Seen your light, of course, you must."

"Now I've got you! I didn't have a match and couldn't light the gas. I went to bed in the dark!"

"Say, Miss Welsh, I saw you out last night," called Donnie to the little typist.

"Did yeh?"

"Yes. Gee, you was all lit up in pink. Who was the fella you was with?"

"Friend of mine."

"You want to be careful of him. I knew a fella once that looked just like him—he was a porch-climber."

"Oh, you!"

Most of these sallies were greeted with general laughter. Miss Deering noticed that conversation did not impede the speed with which they all ate, and that none of them seemed to be anxious to linger. Everyone looked tired but still nervously alert. Some were planning the evening's entertainment. Nearly all talked of the theatres and ball games; those who were in funds did not mention money, those who were not, bewailed its absence aloud.

As Miss Deering began on the roast, the family rose as one man and departed. Dodo and the boys stalked out, eyes straight ahead. Hilda and her mother nodded right and left, graciously. Mr. Burns picked his teeth and slouched in the rear, bowed. Miss Deering pitied him, she at least was not bored, but she knew very well she would have indignation after this greasy meal.

After the Burns' had disappeared the room became noisier. Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter were laughing hilariously at a joke being told *sotto voce* by Mr. Ewing, the confirmed bachelor who was reported, Lena said, to have lots of money but was awfully queer. Mrs. Mack was making shameless love to Donnie, the handsome but dissipated young salesman, while the red-haired

young man leaned back in his chair and regarded them with amused, half-shut eyes.

Donnie was not at all deceived by Mrs. Mack's presence of the maternal. He teased her by pretending to look upon her as a son looks to a mother, and his impudence was almost shocking. Viola watched the little farce, and felt contempt, then amusement, and then suddenly she understood and while she bit her lip to keep from laughing at the funny side, her cold heart ached for Mrs. Mack.

The landlady hustled in and sat down opposite her new guest. The most of the boarders ignored her as completely as she ignored them. Miss Deering she favored with a nod. "Well," she said frostily to the room at large, "the Burns' are going to leave me."

"Really?" cried Miss Welsh and her chum added, "I thought they were fixtures here."

"Nothing is a fixture in this world. Lena, this soup is too salty. It's the queerest thing how that took with over-salt everything. Yes, they are going."

"Where to?" Mrs. Mack took her hand off Donnie's arm and turned around.

"Oh, they are going to live in somebody's house while the somebody is away."

"I shouldn't like it, myself."

"No."

"I would, if it were a nice house."

Donnie and the red-haired young man took their leave, and the bald Englishman followed. Mrs. Mack's air of gravity fell from her like a garment. She attacked the remainder of her dinner and did not look up again. The old man stalked stiffly out of the room, his cane held before him, for the hall was dark.

There was a clatter on the stairs, three sporty looking young men and three slender, overdressed girls came in and seated themselves noisily.

There was a faint rustling at the door. An old, white-haired woman in a very dirty white waist and a very dirty black satin skirt came slowly in, catching at the edges of the tables as

she passed. She wore an uncertain smile as if she pined, half laughingly, for indulgence. She was almost blind.

The landlady watched her safely into her chair and then turned away. Everyone looked at her but no one took the trouble to speak, for she was a little deaf and her old brain did not work quickly. One was apt to have to repeat an inane remark several times, so what was the use? It is easier to let old people alone.

Miss Deering waited in vain for a finger bowl, then, remembering that the others had concluded without, she excused herself and went upstairs.

There were lights under a few doors. Someone was worrying a disjointed tune out of a mandolin, Donnie's fine bass voice was singing the latest rag-time hit, and as Viola reached her door the flat notes of a tuneless piano in the parlor tinkled upward. She was fond of music, but she hated noise, so she shut her door with a bang, something she had not done in as long as she could remember. "Heavens! How soon one becomes middle class!" Her room was stuffy, a peculiar odor, half kerosene and half carbolic acid, pervaded everything. She lit the gas and her aristocratic nostrils trembled with disgust. She was sorely tempted to return to her own cheerful library but decided against it.

She had nothing to read, and there was nothing interesting or even restful in her room. Somewhere a child was crying weakly. It disturbed Miss Deering so that at last she was forced to don her street things and venture forth.

There was no where in particular to go. The stores were closed, the churches dark, and there was no park within walking distance. She wondered how people who had to live in Mrs. Mack's boarding house the year around, managed to keep from going mad every evening. For the first time she realized how lonely life can be, and turned her steps into a quiet street, pondering as she walked.

Two girls passed her arm in arm. She recognized Miss Welsh as one of



"Making sure that she could depart unobserved, Miss Deering picked up her bag and tipped out."

them for she was speaking. "I just sung out, 'that chair's taken.' I wasn't going to have any old mind with a face like a quince, seated at my table."

"I don't blame you. An old maid is no good to herself or anybody else. They are all as selfish as they can be." Miss Deering realized that she was the subject of their conversation and too, that for the most part, she was no good to herself or to anyone else. She turned this new idea over and over, could it be that the old self she had discarded that day was the unnatural one and this other, dressed in ugly garments and thrilling through and through with pity for the old blind woman, and foolish, overworked, heart starved Mrs. Mack was her better self?

At last she noticed that it was nearly ten o'clock. She had wandered a long way away from the boarding house and was very tired. There was a lunch room at hand, in fact, it was the clock in its window that had startled her.

White enamel letters below the name announced that ladies were served. Why not go in for a cup of coffee?

Miss Deering hesitated only a second then opened the door and went in. There was a long counter, three young Greeks presided behind it and a row of rather shabby young men perched variously on stools before it. Several wore their hats.

At the rear of the room were some small tables and two women were seated at one of them. Their presence was all that saved Viola Deering from mounting a stool at the counter.

She ordered coffee and crullers, genuinely tired from physical exertion for the first time in years. The coffee came in an enormous china cup that resembled a hollow cobbler stone. The waiter had put milk into it unbidden, as a matter of course. Viola helped herself to a spoonful of course sugar and thought it all amazingly good.

She looked around her with the liveliest interest. To be sure, there was dirt in the corners but on the surface, things were surprisingly clean, and the prices on the flyspecked bill-of-fare, incredibly cheap.

A young man came in, swung himself to a stool, threw his hat onto a peg and gave his order all in a breathless moment.

"Adam and Eve on a raft!" yelled the waiter to the cook behind the swing doors. "Stack o' wheats!" shrieked another. Miss Deering wondered just what these things would be but she forgot to watch to see, in her interest in another newcomer.

He was a young man, very shabbily dressed, he walked slowly and in every line of his face was the unmistakable sign of consumption. He took a stool and listlessly drank a cup of coffee and ate some pancakes. It was noticeable that he did not twine his legs around the stool in the hearty manner of the others.

"How you feelin', Bill?" inquired one of the waiters.

"Fine, I don't think. The doc says I ought to light out for Colorado before the con gets me."

"Going?"

"Who, me? Oh, my yes! In my private car." He paid for his meal and with a gasping, "So long," went out.

The men on the stools looked after him, some indifferently, but most with pity. The Greeks shook their heads at each other. Then, one more emphatic than the others, observed that it was a blanked shame about Bill. "Here he works like a son-of-a-gun since he was so high. Father, he is dead; mother sick; five, six kids, all girls. Bill has to buy them shoes, send 'em to school, and do everything, it's all up to him. He gets sick, but he's got to work or they all starve, naturally he gets worse. Now look at him. It's a damn shame. Things are not even in this life. Look at those rich fellows that roll in money, and then look at Bill."

"Why don't he make the kids get jobs," asked a messenger-boy practically.

"Him! Them girls is to be ladies—only!"

The messenger-boy made a grimace and demanded custard pie.

Miss Deering finished her coffee and beckoned the sympathetic Greek. "Sit down," she said, "I want you to tell me all about that young man with consumption. Do you know his name and where he lives?"

The Greek, after a prolonged stare, gave her all the information she asked. She made a few notes on a scrap of soiled wrapping paper, with the Greek's stubby pencil, and then she paid for her coffee and left.

"Who's your friend?" asked one of the others as Viola opened the door.

"Her? I dunno. One of them ugly old maid angels, maybe."

Verily, the middle strata was frankness and carelessness itself!

"Old maid." How sour she must look, that everybody knew it. But about Bill, should she follow the sensible rule and thoroughly investigate his case, or, should she carry out the plan born in a moment?

In a stationary store she purchased writing materials, from her coat pocket

came her check-book and under the coldly incurious eye of the saleswoman Miss Deering wrote a check and a note which said: "Accept this in payment of a debt which you know nothing about. I expect you to leave for Colorado within three days."

"Very cordially yours,

"Viola Deering."

P.S.—I have instructed my bankers to give you no information about myself."

Miss Deering wrote a brief letter to her bankers making good her postscript, posted both letters and took a car to Mrs. Black's boarding house. It was after eleven o'clock when she opened the door.

All was quiet, the gas in the hall was turned low, the faded red carpet looked warm and mellow, the old walls, in their dim, dingy paper seemed to be brooding upon all their ears had heard in all the countless days of their long lives. Somewhere a board creaked, and the sounds from the city penetrated faintly.

Viola ran up the stairs as lightly as a girl. Mrs. Black was coming down and they met upon the landing. Miss Deering's face was bright with a smile, and the landlady, surprised out of herself, returned it. "You look happy, Miss Deering, have you found work so soon?"

"Yes! The best work! Oh I am so happy."

Mrs. Black smiled again. "I am glad. Goodnight and sweet dreams."

Viola undressed in a glow, humming a tune. She could have danced, she

felt so happy. Once in bed, she painted the darkness with her rosy plans.

"I'm not going to be an old maid. I'll be a bachelor girl. I'll stay here a week and do all I can, then I'll report to Doctor Brill. To think that I was ever bored. Oh, it's great to have money to use. I wish I had known long ago how fine it is to help people in the middle strata. Won't Bill be surprised?"

"Tomorrow I will make friends with the old gentleman and the poor, half blind old lady. I'll do something for them without their knowing it. Miss Glass is going to get a rest if I have to buy her store and dismiss her from her place."

Yes, I'll stop being a sour old maid with a sour face and a bored soul. I'm going to get busy, and slangy and alive! I have been shirking out of my job which is, I verily believe, playing deputy Providence. I'm going to need a card index to keep track of my people. Hum, hum, I'm so deliciously tired. How I shall sleep. I wonder what we will have for breakfast, I'm almost hungry.

"Doctor Brill knew what I needed. . . . He is a wizard. . . .

I must endow a cot in his hospital. . . .

poor Bill . . . six little girls . . .

he wants them to be ladies . . .

what will he think . . . when he gets my note? . . . He had beautiful eyes . . . I noticed . . .

Not an old maid . . . face like a quince. . . . a big bachelor girl brother to . . . the . . .

middle strata."

Miss Deering was asleep.



His Wife

Editor's Note.—According to Adam Smith, the essence of what we are pleased to call our common-sense marriages of to-day positively forbids that a person marry beneath him in social position, and advises that mutual esteem be founded on a substantial bank account. Those who believe in "love-driven mates," in noble and steadfast womanhood, will appreciate the author's divergence from the popular ideal.

By Temple Bailey

AS Mortimer came up from the links to the porch of the country club, he was conscious of the constrained attitude of the men who greeted him. The fight was on, and, with his jaw set, he dropped into a chair, determined to win out.

Then arrived Dicky Deliver: "Say, all of you, Maude and I want you at Granite Cliff for the weekend."

There was a murmur of delighted acceptance.

"It will be a sort of house-warming for you and Janet," Dicky assured Mortimer. And silence fell on the group.

From a wicker chair in the west corner came the first negative.

"By Jove, Dicky, I forgot! We're a dinner on."

The others found equally plausible excuses.

Dicky stared at them blankly. "Oh, I say, look here, you can't all be tied up, not this time of year."

They were, they persisted, and—it would be impossible.

Mortimer's keen eyes accused them. "Not one of you has an engagement you can't break." He turned to Dicky. "The trouble," he said, "is Janet."

In the stiff silence which followed he seemed to gather himself together.

"We might as well have it out," he said at last. "You fellows don't like my marriage, and you want me to take my punishment. Dicky's been away for a year, or perhaps he wouldn't be so harsh—"

The boy flared at that. "I'm not a

cad, and—and I've seen your wife, Justin."

Mortimer's glance flashed upon him radiantly. Then to the frigid group: "Perhaps if you knew the whole story— You must do me the justice to listen while I tell it. After that, if you want to make miserable the woman who saved me from death—from worse than death—"

He had their interest now. Even Herrick, the arbiter of social destinies, bent attentive eyes upon him.

"Not that your scorn could touch her," Mortimer flamed. "You can't hurt her. But she would grieve if she knew that my marriage to her had cut me out of your friendship. I want to save her that. Otherwise, she needs nothing that you can give her."

"That's right," was Dicky's confirmation. "If you fellows haven't seen her, you've got something coming to you."

"Go ahead, Justin," said Herrick, and motioned to a hovering waiter.

Mortimer sat on the porch mat and looked out into the purple October twilight and talked to them. They could see only the vague outline of his big figure, his long, lax equipment of beauty and strength.

"You know my boyhood," he began, "and most of you knew my father. A great man, with one great fault. And you know, too, that I inherited that fault. You remember my mother, and how little she was able to understand either of us. She had the ideals of the women of her upbringing; she was a

sweet saint, ready for Paradise, but with no knowledge of the light of the two natures which are within men.

"I was twenty-one before I knew that I was controlled by a master stronger than myself. I didn't admit it even then, but there were times when all my strength of will could not hold me steady.

"I think most of the men of my set understood where I was drifting. Dicky here"—his hand went out affectionately towards the boy—"used to urge me to go away—anywhere. Once he begged me to marry, but I don't think he dared suggest it a second time. I wasn't going to let any girl that I knew undertake the discouraging task of reform. Yet I liked the companionship of women, and they danced with me, flirted with me; but not one of them held out a helping hand."

He drew a long breath. "That is why Janet means so much to me. I wish I could make you see her as she looked that first day. I had left a city full of slim-hipped, hobble-skirted rouged and powdered, with pearls in their ears, and with chains swinging to their knees, a race of civilized barbarians, to whom religion meant little, to whom money and social position meant everything, to whom motherhood was only a name, and wifehood a temporary state.

"And upon the shores of a sapphire lake I came upon a girl, wide-shouldered, deep-eyed, hanging clothes on a line in a May day wind, which blew a drift of apple-blossoms over her from the trees beyond. She had on an old green gingham gown, with the sleeves turned up, and the collar turned in to show her white neck.

"My quest for accommodations had taken me through the country. My doctor had sent me away from the city—away from my temptation. But not until I came upon the girl in the apple orchard had I cared to stop.

"I asked if they had rooms, and was told competently that they had. We went upstairs to look at them. There was a rug-carpet, woven blue and white; the bed was an old four-posted cherry

one, with knitted trimming on the counterpane. Between the snowy muslin curtains was a glimpse of the blossoming world below.

"The girl who showed me the room, the girl who had hung the clothes on the line, the girl, who made terms with dignity and with perfect unconsciousness, was—Janet.

"Her mother was out, and my request for lunch was met somewhat seriously. Could I eat on the kitchen table? I could, and I had strawberries and cream, raisin cake, a ball of white Dutch cheese, and a little jar of currants put up in honey.

"Janet left me to eat alone, and went on with her washing. I could see her with her elbows deep in the suds, the apple-blossoms drifting over her—a shower of fragrant snow.

"In the mid-afternoon, three children came home from school, and at night the mother. She was a second edition of Janet. Age had not touched her, except to give her a deeper bloom and perhaps a heavier step. Schoolwomen, both of them, they asked grace before meat, and counted only those things worth while which made life better and worthier.

"I settled down there to read and grow stronger.

"But I found things to do. On Tuesday Janet ironed, and brought her board out under the trees. So I read to her, and found her possessed of a simple philosophy. On Wednesday she mended, and I placed her heaped-up basket beside my chair. We talked of many things, and I found her a thinker.

"On Thursday she baked, and I stoned raisins for her. On Friday she swept and cleaned, and I was turned out, and discovered that the time hung heavy on my hands. On Saturday the mother had a half-holiday; so I insisted on a picnic, and took them all for a drive to the lake, and we had our supper there.

"It was in those days that my first feeling of reverence for woman was awakened.

"The girls that I had met were a protected class, and we men had con-

spired to keep them so. I had taken my feeling for their undoubted innocence for reverence; but now I was to learn that I had always thought of them, subconsciously, as an inferior sex—the masculine in me had refused to make concessions to them.

"But here was a woman who ruled a little kingdom. For I soon found that Janet was queen of her small circle. Her mother was the widow of a Scotch clergyman. They had come to America in Janet's childhood, and when the father died the two women set themselves to do what was in their hand. The girl might have taught in the district school, but there was more money in their primitive laundry work, and they had no pride greater than their pride of independence.

"A younger brother was working his way, with their help, through college. Janet told me of him, and showed me his picture.

"There are many temptations in town," I warned her, but she shook her head.

"He's a strong laddie," she said. "I learned thus indirectly to know her contempt for weakness. Can you imagine my humiliation, therefore, when, one night, she found me, very late, curled up under the old apple-tree, dazed and incoherent? I had gone to town that day, ostensibly on business, but secretly mad for that which had been withheld for weeks.

"She got me into the house quietly; and the next morning was mending day. I took my book to a far corner of the orchard—I was ashamed to claim her society after such a revelation; but presently I saw her coming towards me, with her basket held high, swinging along with step as light as Diana's under a hunting moon.

"She sat down beside me and talked first of her work; but she was very straightforward, and at last came to the subject that was in both of our minds.

"How did it happen?" she asked.

"How did I tell her the truth. 'I went for it.'"

"She laid down her work and looked at me. 'It's your master?'"

"I'm afraid, yes."

"I saw the color flame into her cheeks. It seemed to me that she trembled, but I was not sure, for she had herself slowly.

"Then it is something to fight?"

"I nodded.

"And you came up here to do it?"

"Yes."

"She seemed to stiffen suddenly; but when I looked into her eyes they were deep wells of tears. Yet her voice was unshaken and her hand was firm as she leaned forward and laid it on mine.

"You are not going to town again," she said, "for—let's set the time—six months? Shall it be six months, Mr. Mortimer?"

"If she had said six years, I should have consented. It seemed to me that she radiated strength. I felt that my future was bailed upon a rock.

"We said no more after that; but in the days that followed, I found that she drew me towards things which kept my hands and head busy. I helped her in a garden; she had the children bring me their lesson problems; she took long walks with me along the rough shore at the hotel, upon the cliffs."

"The stars were out now, and a little crescent moon. From a distant wing of the house came the tinkle of glass and the murmur of voices. Dinner was being served to belated golfers and to the first early evening arrivals.

"There was another thing, the quiet voice went on. 'It's not easy to tell; but I want you to know her. Whenever there was a quiet time of work, she brought a little worn book and had me read marked passages aloud—verses like this: 'The rock of my strength and my refuge is in God,' and, 'Lead me to the rock which is higher than I.'"

"I cannot say that she walked in me a conscious religious response, but she led me gradually toward an ideal. I began to see in her something that I had never before recognized in any woman. I had no thought of love. It was until four months had passed that I knew what Janet meant to me.

"In these months there had been contests of will, when I had set my face steadily towards town, and she, so steadily, had set here against it. And

every time she won. I think it was on her a little, for the color went out of her cheeks, and there were shadows under her eyes. Her mother insisted that she must have rest—a trip to an aunt's in a nearby town. But Janet would not go, and I knew why she would not. "Are you waiting for six months to pass before you will leave?" I asked her one morning, as I followed her into the orchard. There were apples on the trees.

"Oh, no," was her guarded reply. Then, because she could not lie, she stopped and looked at me, and said quickly, "Do you think it would be safe?"

"Of course," I bragged. "It has been four months—and I could stay here. Anyhow, it will be a test. Let's try it."

"But if things should go wrong?" she cried. "I think I should know it—I believe I should know—"

"She picked her little trunk after that, and I took her to the station. "Dear Janet," I told her, at the last, "you have been a tower of strength to me."

"As I drove home in the early twilight, the spirit of sweetness and steadfastness was upon me, and it lasted a week. Then came a season of rains. The orchard was a sodden swamp. The wind howled in the caves and made my room a haunted corner. There was no haven but the kitchen, and even that place of cheer failed for comforting: for it was there that I most missed Janet.

"And then the whisper of evil came to me. A devil stood all day at my elbow and urged, "Go to town—it's there."

"I tried to fortify myself with her weapons—the little worn testament, hard work, exercise—but all had lost their power.

"Once I thought I would go to her, but something held me back. "Surely, you are not a weakling," whispered my tormentor, "that you should put your burdens on a woman's shoulders!"

"It was on a rainy Monday afternoon that I went to town. I stayed four days, and was then drawn irresistibly back. I knew I was not worthy to stand upon the threshold of that homely cottage,

but through the blur of my consciousness was the thought of the One Woman. I must get to her or die.

"Yet it was not physical death that I feared, but the death of that which she had waked in me. I did not want to go back to the sordidness of my old life. It was as if I had had a glimpse of heaven when I had known—hell."

"There was a long pause before he went on. The shuffling of insects seemed to emphasize the stillness. Lights twinkled along the line of the curving roadway. Now and then an automobile crept up to the steps, discharged its laughing load, and went on. Women in light gowns, men in evening clothes, were illumined for a moment by the swinging lantern above the entrance, and then disappeared in the shadows.

"It was dark and stormy when I arrived at the station. I plodded heavily along the muddy road, my steps uncertain, my head bursting. The wind beat upon me, and the rain soaked me, but I did not care. I began to sing loudly, and, singing, staggering, must have followed the wrong road, for I found myself presently on the shore of the lake. It was a rocky shore, and I had come out on the edge of a cliff—not a high one, but with a steep descent that made my position, in my unsteady state, a dangerous one.

"God knows what thoughts go through a man's brain at such a time, but suddenly I was consumed by a desire to quench the burning fire of my torment in the cool waters of the lake. I exulted in the thought of purification. I should come out fit to meet Janet!"

"The surf was boiling hottest me, and the needle-points of the rocks showed above it. But my recklessness took no heed of danger. I sang wild snatches of a song—it was a silly thing—a remnant from some music hall—sung the night before by a line of show girls.

"I had stripped off my coat, and was untying my shoes when, suddenly borne on the wings of the wind, I heard an answering note.

"As I stood spellbound, I saw, far in the distance, a scurrying light following the irregular line of the cliff. I called, and the answer rang out: 'I'm coming!'"

I plunged forward and fell at her feet.

"When I opened my eyes she bent above me. She wore her old gingham gown, and it was drenched and torn. Her hair was wind-blown. But her eyes—and the light in her hands—I can't think about it—I can't tell it. But I knew then what she meant to me—what she will always mean to me.

"It has been a year since then. What I am, I am by the grace of God, working through a wise and steadfast woman.

"There are people who will say that she married me for my money. But she knows and I know that we are fore-ordained mates. My need of her strength, and her need of my love—those are our reasons."

He stood up as he finished.

"My world, if I must lose it, will be well felt for her. It is for you to say —"

Before they could answer, there came the purr of an electric motor, and a big car loomed through the shadows. A

footman jumped down and opened the door.

A woman ascended the steps, and stood for a moment under the lamp, a gracious figure in shining white, her dark hair banded with silver, a rose-red cloak half slipping from her shoulders.

As Mortimer stepped down to meet her, her hand went out to him. "Just—tin," she said, "am I very late for dinner, dear?"

They were on their feet in a moment, the men who had judged her, hats off, heels clicking, and as she smiled at them, with parted lips, they had a vision of her as her husband had seen her on that night of the storm—in her wet green gingham, with her light held high.

And it was Herrick, arbiter of social destinies, who was the first to speak.

"Wake up, old man," he said to Mortimer, who stood proud but uncertain beside her—"wake up and present us. We want to meet—your wife!"

ANTICIPATION

Woven of rainbows art thou,
Fragile and shining and fair,
Texture of all that is rare,
Woven of rainbows art thou.

Tempting, enticing art thou,
Promise of exquisite bliss,
Fading at man's lightest kiss,
Tempting, enticing art thou.

Cruel and changeful art thou,
Thralling all men by thy gleam,
Only to vanish a dream,
Cruel and changeful art thou.

—Leslie Grant Scott.

A Woman Doctor Whose Hobby is the Feeble-Minded

Editor's Note.—In reviewing a life sketch of this talented writer and medical woman, the mind naturally turns to that Biblical reference to the foolish man who fees to go out because a lion is in the street. The indomitable courage and persistent cheerfulness of Dr. MacMurphy has driven from her path all difficulty and opposition. Such a life will be an inspiration to every reader of MacLean's.

By Arthur Conrad

ABOUT fifteen years ago the English mistress in one of Toronto's collegiate institutes took it into her head that she would like to do something out of the ordinary. For more than a dozen years she had been teaching school, day in and day out, month in and month out, year in and year out, and the process was becoming monotonous. She was an active little lady, bright, capable and afraid of nothing, not even the frown of a disapproving male. Her reading, and she had read a great deal of informative literature, appraised her that the opportunities opening up before women in the study and practice of medicine were becoming more and more and more numerous and that the civilised world needed female practitioners for certain special kinds of work.

So in her spare time this English mistress read up texts, attended lectures and applied herself with the utmost devotion to the pursuit of medical lore. Long years of teaching made her an apt pupil. Moreover, she was whole-hearted and nothing interposed between her and the achievement of her purpose. She made wonderful progress, all things considered, and eventually passed her final examinations and was empowered by the law of the land to write M. D. after her name, hang out an illuminated sign from her front door and collect fees for

attendance on the sick and infirm.

From that day to this the name of Helen MacMurphy, M. D., has never been long out of the press. It is probably a more familiar name to readers of newspapers than that of almost any other Canadian woman. For Dr. MacMurphy has been doing things ever since she graduated in medicine. She belongs to that class of person who is never happy unless he or she is actively engaged in advancing some dearly loved cause. Because those objects, which this woman doctor has sought to gain, have attracted attention and because she has often had to fight her way against opposing forces to win her end, she has naturally come into a good deal of prominence.

No sooner had she started to practice her unusual profession than an obstacle loomed up. To complete her experience she applied for a position on the resident staff of the Toronto General Hospital. No woman doctor had ever had the temerity to do such a thing before, or if any had, her request had been so peremptorily refused as to leave no doubt that the male interns did not want any lady conductors. But Dr. MacMurphy was not deterred by precedent or by the fear of offending anyone. She applied, lobbied vigorously, and her numerous medical friends to work for her and ultimately won her point in the face of much opposition.



HELEN MACMURCHY, M.D.

More recently she engaged in another stiff contest. The movement to appoint a medical inspector in the Toronto public schools called forth a number of aspirants. Many thought that this work could best be handled by a woman physician. This was the view of the city press, which urged the appointment of Dr. MacMurchy. In the end she won a partial victory. She was named assistant inspector with special oversight over the girl pupils but she had not been in office long before

there was a clash of authority and, being unable to conduct her department as she wished, she was glad enough to resign and turn her attention to another kind of work which had meanwhile awakened her interest.

This was the care of the feeble-minded. It is now seven years since Dr. MacMurchy was named by the Ontario Government to take a census of the feeble-minded in the province and begin a study of their condition. Since then, in the intervals of her growing practice, she has devoted more and more time to this important problem. Backed up by the Hon. W. J. Hanna, the provincial secretary, who is a great crony of the little woman doctor, she has become a specialist in feeble-mindedness and probably has reached the point of knowing more about these poor creatures afflicted by it than any one else in Canada. She has made the subject her hobby, has kept it in mind day and night, has read it up, written it up, and talked it up continuously. If reward her zeal has been rewarded, if reward it may be called, by a nice government appointment, to wit, inspector of the work among the feeble-minded in the province.

Though small in body, the Doctor is mentally a giant. She is active, enthusiastic and determined. Her energy is tireless. Withal she is most capable, alike as doctor, lecturer, writer and administrator. One would go far before one would meet a brighter, more intelligent and versatile woman than this ex-schoolmistress, who became a doctor in order to broaden her opportunities.



A Little Journey to Vancouver

Editor's Note.—The regular contributions of the well-known writer, Elbert Hubbard, add to the pleasure of the reader by reason of his sane and plain spoken manner of approaching his subject. This account of his trip to Vancouver will be interesting because of his text—happy and healthy people are those who work. The spirit of the peoples of Western Canada, and especially of this rapidly growing city on the coast impresses the traveller with the brightness and hopefulness of Canadian life.

By Elbert Hubbard

NOT many moons ago I was in a New England town, and when I explained to some friends that I was soon to visit Vancouver a bright young man passed out this one: "Oklahoma is surely prosperous since they opened up the Indian lands to the settlers."

I didn't say anything, because there was nothing to say. But the ignorance of a great many worthy people in the States concerning Western Canada is colossal.

And so if I seemingly deal in bromides in telling about what Western Canada is, I trust I will be pardoned. At the same time, I fully realize the danger one runs of being put in the Amnisk Club when he relates the simple truth about Vancouver.

Vancouver has the two necessities which we were told in the legend that Texas lacked: *i.e., society and water.*

The business part of Vancouver is situated practically on an island—and an island is a body of land surrounded by water.

Vancouver is a distinctly modern city, without shanties, slums, rotting tenements, or traditions. In Vancouver no one says "It can't be done." "We never did it that way before," or, "I wasn't hired for that."

Vancouver voices the song of success.

Vancouver has done a few things that have never been done before, then she has done a few things that have been done before, but done them better.

Vancouver's population is growing at the rate of a little over two thousand people per month. And while its tight little island is limited in size, happily, across the bay in every direction are smiling hills, where the overflow of population finds homes.

These beautiful slopes, covered with natural forests, have streets and residences where five years ago the sound of the woodman's axe was the only thing that broke the stillness.

The waters of the silver bay, so deep in places that the plummet has not sounded its depth, form breathing spots which prevent too great a congestion of population.

Across these waters, on every side you can see motor boats plying backward and forward. Many businessmen, I noticed, instead of patrolling ferries or bridges, have their motor boats, just as we in the East have our automobiles.

Of course, there is no objection to your having both automobiles and motor boats. But to-day the private yacht is within the reach of even the plain people.

Vancouver has the best seaport on the North American Continent—a seaport made without dredging. Here the East and the West meet.

Vancouver is built on high ground, and neither floods nor drought are known in British Columbia.

The city of Vancouver first appears on the map with the completion of the Canadian Pacific in 1888.

It then had a population of five thousand people. It was a saw-mill town, where lumber was shipped by boats and railroad.

Incidentally it was a fishing town. Then it became a railroad town. And when the big iron ships came bringing cargoes, and sailed away for Honolulu, Australia, New Zealand, Japan, laden with Canadian products, Vancouver became a seaport that had to be reckoned with.

In 1886 the population was eighteen thousand; in 1900, twenty-five thousand; in 1908, sixty-six thousand; and between 1908 and 1913 Vancouver has practically doubled its population and increased its wealth by five. At this writing, June, 1913, Vancouver has one hundred and twenty-five thousand inhabitants.

The prosperity of Vancouver is indexed by the prosperity of the C.P.R.; and the C.P.R. is the most prosperous railroad on the North American Continent to-day.

I rode into Vancouver May 20, 1913, on Section One of the Imperial Express. We had thirteen cars on the train; and the Imperial Express, on that particular occasion, ran in five sections, sixty-one coaches in all. Thirty-nine of these were standard sleeping cars, fourteen were tourist cars.

It will be seen from these figures that the people who came had money with which to travel.

To house these people properly, care for them and see that they were distributed according to their own sweet will, was a task that confronted the city of Vancouver and the railroad officials.

Happily, in Vancouver the municipality and the railroads work together.

The C.P.R. owns a first-class hotel in Vancouver, and is now spending an even million dollars in putting an addition on it.

When the C.P.R. began building hotels, say ten years ago, it was with the expectation that these hotels would have to be run at a loss. If they could

be made sustaining, the railroad officials decided that they would be greatly pleased.

However, let it be known that each one of these hotels owned by the C.P.R. from Winnipeg to Vancouver have been sound financial investments. They run practically full, even tight, the year round.

In Vancouver there are a dozen first-class hotels, and unless you telegraph ahead for accommodations, you probably will have to take a cot in the hallway, and be grateful.

The climate of Vancouver is practically that of Southern England. The extremes of temperature are not to be found here. The thermometer has never been known to drop to zero, and roses grow out of doors lush and lusty at Christmastime.

The winds from the west, blowing in laden with the smell of the sea, prevent lassitude and inertia.

It is a place in which to work, to think, to act.

The water supply is abundant; drainage perfect. Vast stretches of ocean beach and great forests unequalled by any to be found anywhere in the world afford opportunities for mixing with Nature.

If one were to name the advantages that Vancouver possesses for the building up of one of the greatest cities in the North American Continent, I would name these: Climate; water shed; proximity to lumber, stone and other building materials; hydro-electric power; harbor facilities; valleys stretching in three directions that afford an easy grade for railroads; opportunity for vegetable gardens and fruit farms unlimited.

In way of things that man has done for Vancouver, let us put the railroads first; for here meet the Canadian Pacific, the Grand Trunk Pacific, connections with the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific—all trans-continental lines.

Then there are five Pacific steamship lines, beside coastwise steamers, and tramp boats without limit—not to

mention a fleet of motor boats unexcelled by any city in the world of similar size.

The population of Vancouver is English, Scotch, Irish, Scandinavian, German and Hollanders. These are the people who possess energy plus, and the virtues for which man has never yet found a substitute—the virtues of Industry, Economy and Integrity.

Happy and Healthy people are those who work.

The same are those who are busy. Vancouver seems to be peopled by the pick of Europe and the East.

Restless, ceaseless, hustling activity prevails in Vancouver. And with it all there is an animation, a good cheer, and an enthusiasm that is contagious.

One big thing that man has done for Vancouver is the inauguration of the Single Tax. Here is an experiment begun in 1901, when fifty per cent. of the tax assessed on improvements was taken off and transferred to vacant property.

In 1906 twenty-five per cent. more was removed. The result is that a premium has been placed on enterprise. The builder is encouraged. Rents are proportionately reduced. The cost of business is lessened, and the land holder is provided a wholesome degree of caution, in view of the fact that unimproved real estate bears the brunt of paying the taxes of the municipality.

The Fols bulletin, issued on May 26th from Washington, D.C., calls attention to the fact that the city of Seattle in 1901 was issuing building permits at the rate of four million, five hundred thousand dollars per year. In that same year Vancouver issued building permits to the extent of seven hundred and thirty-one thousand dollars.

In 1910 Seattle issued building permits to the extent of eight million, four hundred thousand; while in Vancouver in the year 1910 the building permits issued were nineteen million, three hundred eighty-eight thousand.

In 1910 all taxes in Vancouver were

removed from improvements, so that the entire taxation is now borne by ground values.

Building permits issued in Vancouver for 1912 were twenty-one million; and it is estimated that building permits for 1913 in Vancouver will approximate twenty-five million.

Vancouver has hydro-electric power, practically without limit, and this electricity is supplied at a lower possible rate than steam can produce it, no matter what the fuel.

This electricity is brought from the mountains, and there are at least fifteen sources now available that will supply, when needed, over a million horse-power.

In talking with Mr. George Bury, First Vice-President and General Manager of the Canadian Pacific west of Winnipeg, Mr. Bury said to me, "The extent to which Vancouver has grown has been beyond the fondest expectations of any official of our company."

"As an example of our inability to foresee the growth of Vancouver, let me say that three years ago we owned a little piece of real estate, say 150 feet square, in Vancouver, situated where the Union Bank stands. An investor came along and offered us two hundred thousand dollars for the lot. We decided to sell it for the sum named, simply because we had no special use for it ourselves; and if anyone wanted it to improve we wanted them to go ahead and do it, for the good of the city and the good of everybody."

"However, a year after we sold this property we discovered that we needed it for ourselves, and we accordingly opened negotiations to buy it back; and we did buy it back at a cost of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

The Canadian Pacific Railroad station was built in 1905, replacing a structure that cost thirty-five thousand dollars, but which was too small for the purpose desired.

The new building was of pressed brick, and supposed to be strictly modern in every respect. It cost over a hundred thousand dollars. It is now

too small by half, and is to be torn down and replaced with a modern structure costing one million, five hundred thousand dollars.

The net earnings of the Canadian Pacific Railroad for the year ending June 1st, 1913, after paying all expenses, were forty-seven million dollars.

Ten years ago the net earnings of the company were eight million dollars.

There has been a great rise in land values of equal proportion, but this increase does not figure in the profits of the Company.

For the year 1912, the Canadian Pacific expended thirty-two million dollars in double-tracking, new equipment, and betterment of terminals.

The opening of the Panama Canal will give a big impetus to Vancouver shipping. A deal of grain that now goes east by rail will come to Vancouver and be transferred to ships.

The Peace River country, northeast of Vancouver, is a sort of undiscovered empire. Prospectors prophesy that within ten years' time the Peace River country will be producing fifty million bushels of grain a year. The railroads are making active arrangements to build in that direction.

Vancouver Bay, the Frozen River and the tributary waters constitute one of the world's great fishing grounds, the principal product being the Sockeye salmon. These fish come in schools and in such vast quantities that they are caught in endless buckets run by steam and loaded on to barges that hold a hundred tons.

There is a Canadian law which forbids fish being caught for fertilizer purposes, or for any use excepting human food. If the fishermen make a bigger catch than they can take care of they are obliged to post signs, "Free Fish To-day," and give away the catch to anyone who applies.

It is a serious offence to catch fish and throw them away. Thus the necessity will be seen of giving away fish before they are spoiled.

The law has taught the fishermen a

few good stiff lessons along this line; and in one instance that I know of, where several tons of fish spoiled and had to be thrown away, the company had the satisfaction of paying a fine of fifteen hundred dollars.

Here is a conservation of natural resources founded on common sense.

Vancouver has a park system unequalled by any city in the world. This is not so much to the credit of the people as it is the rare good fortune of a gift from the gods.

A visit to Stanley Park, Vancouver, is unforgettable. The park covers an area, say, of, nine hundred acres, stretching out two miles long and from half a mile to a mile wide.

The park is easily accessible from the city, stretching the long way adjoining the city, separating the city from the sea.

Nowhere else in the world that I can recall does a municipality own such a unique, natural forest, and then just remember next to this forest is the sea, where the unforgetting tide comes and goes.

To walk through Stanley Park is a thing to remember long. If there is a primeval forest in the world, this is it.

Trees, of course, live their life and succumb to the law of gravitation just as do men. They fall to arise no more. But there are trees in Stanley Park that are between two and three hundred years old. They tower hundreds of feet in the air.

The luxuriance of the foliage, the plants, the flowers, is eminently tropical. You can not walk through one of these British Columbia forests, nor force your horse through it. Giant ferns come far above your head, and the vines and plants form a mass impenetrable.

The early trappers had a way of felling trees so as to make a continuous thoroughfare where you walked on logs, leaping from one log to another.

This idea has been utilized in Stanley Park, so there are places where you can walk a half mile and not leave the fallen logs.

I heard of an Englishman who walked out to Stanley Park one beautiful summer morning when the sun was just coming up and gliding the trees-tops.

The English people are fond of thrills. Also they are fond of the out-of-doors and most of them like to walk.

This Englishman had heard of the beauty of the early morning, and desiring to be in good company he went alone, carrying, of course, his trusty umbrella—this by prenatal tendency.

And so he followed one of these wonderful Stanley Park trails, walking on the logs. On every side the vines, the flowers, the ferns lifted their dew-drenched forms in the morning air. The birds sang, twittered, made love, and busied themselves at their house-keeping tasks.

Now and again my English friend caught sight of a squirrel, and as he walked and communed with Nature rabbits ran across the road and the whirr of quails could be heard.

Suddenly, the Englishman saw a black form on the other end of the log on which he stood. This black form was moving toward him, rumbling, grunting, unmindful of the presence of man.

The Englishman thought at first it must be a great black pig. But he happened to think he had never seen a hog walking on a log.

He managed to adjust his monicle, and he made out that the stranger was a black bear. What to do—run, or charge the beast? If he ran the bear might run after him. If he jumped off into the ferns he would be hopelessly lost, and the bear might follow him. And without a second thought he lifted up his umbrella, and with a wild *Belaklava* yell started for the bear.

The bear was much more scared than the Englishman, for the beast gave a grunt of alarm and jumped into the greenery, disappearing from sight.

The Englishman came back to the hotel, recounting his experience. He was told that such incidents were common.

Land values in Vancouver have been constantly aviating. Land is limited in quantity. Population is without limit.

Land that is within easy distance of deep water, close to great railroad terminal facilities, with a thriving city where bank clearances are over seven hundred millions per year, of necessity possesses value.

Real estate is active in Vancouver. Vancouver has sixty banks, mostly managed by Scotchmen with Scottish thrift. All are doing a safe business. All are making money.

The Single Tax makes no bid for the land hog. You've got to use your land or sell it.

If you are on the spot and know land values, big money can be made in real estate transactions.

If you trust to the genus boomer and buy by long distances you may get left, for the limit of the land boomer's faith in his project is the credulity of the public.

The land boomer will go as far out into the woods or on the prairies staking out lots as the gullible will follow.

If you are going to invest in Vancouver real estate, go out there and see for yourself how the land lies. Talk with business men, use good common sense, and you can't go very far wrong.

If you are unable to go yourself, then deal with a man who is on the spot, and a man you know is not working both ends against the middle.



The Pull of the Finger

Editor's Note.—A story with a perplexing end, wherein careers in Western Canada are regulated in a peculiar manner. The author is a well-known American writer, whose "Falling in at Simpsy's," and "Captain Pike" may be known to many of our readers.

By Theodore Goodridge Roberts

Author of "Falling in at Simpsy's," "Captain Pike," etc.

ALFRED BECKHAM'S disgrace is an old and discredited story now. In its day it was a black and bitter thing. It estranged kinsmen and friends, broke a heart or two, and would have ruined a less courageous and honest man than young Alfred Beckham.

But it is not my intention to tell that old story, or even to give the revised and true version of it. It is enough for me to say that Beckham went to prison for three years. At this time he was a cashier in the firm of Rudd & Jordan, Bankers and Brokers. Jordan as the world knows, now that he is dead—was the man who should have gone to prison.

While serving his sentence, Alfred Beckham drifted into terms of friendship with a fellow prisoner of the name of Denis Paul. Paul was an older man than Alfred by twenty years, and, to a casual observer, would have seemed to be his opposite in everything. To begin with, Denis Paul admitted that he was guilty of the charge for which he was suffering. He had shot a fellow woodsman with the intention of killing him, but had missed a vital point by an inch or so. He told this to Beckham.

"Must ha' bin the light," he said. "The light wasn't good in the woods that day. Ther ain't a man livin' I wouldn't track down an' shoot for that same reason. Ther ain't no justice in this law that don't let a man protect his own women folk. The pull of the finger—that's the best judge an' jury I knows of!"

He raised his right hand and bent the forefinger of it, as if upon a trigger.

Beckham maintained that Paul should have fought his enemy openly; but the old woodsman only grinned at that.

In the course of time the younger man told his story, and mentioned his suspicions of Jordan. Paul listened with a dangerous glint in his gray eyes.

"I believe ye, lad," he said. "There's no thief about you, nor nothin' dirty. The only medicine for that thar skunk who done the trick on you be the pull of the finger. I'd give 'im a dose of it, some day, if I was you!"

In due course Denis Paul received his liberty and vanished from the knowledge of the prison. Six months later Alfred Beckham was set free.

Beckham was wise enough not to appear among the people whom he had thought to be his friends before his disgrace. He wrote to an uncle, and in reply received five thousand dollars from his mother's estate. Then he changed his name and went West.

The old life was dead, the disgrace was hidden, and only the cruel sting of the injustice remained to him. But as time passed even this sting lost a little of its bitter fire. Poor Alfred Beckham was dead; but Walter Scott was alive and doing, with a future to make in a land that looked only to the future.

Scott—to give him his new name—prospered in the West. His capital, in dollars, was small; but his good educa-



"Brace up, or your partner and my friend Watson will wonder what is the matter with you."

tion, his sound temper, energy, honesty, pleasant manners, and business training all proved to stand for capital. He opened a real estate office in a new town. He invested in land. Conditions were favorable, and his business grew.

He opened another office in a larger town—a city ten years of age—and took up his abode there. His reputa-

tion for square dealing, ability, and good-nature went ahead of him. Every one seemed willing, even anxious, to become his friends.

In the West a man works and plays with the same people; and so it happened that Walter Scott met the girl and entered into partnership with the girl's father. The name of the people

was Scovil. There were only two in the family—the father and daughter.

Captain Scovil had been an officer in the American navy, had retired after a useful career, and had moved to the Canadian West to try to double his modest savings. But he had proved himself a child in business; and when Walter Scott took him into partnership, along with the dwindled savings, their mutual friends complimented Scott on his astonishing good-nature. I am not sure whether it was the helpless captain or the beautiful daughter who inspired Scott to this step. However that may be, he made a success of the partnership.

The captain, like Scott, was the soul of honor; but the captain's honor was of the variety that will make no concessions, brook no delay, shy at no obstacle. Such was his way in business as well as in private life.

His failures in business transactions had often been due to this extreme nicety of conscience. Many a time, fearing that a natural advantage lay upon his side of the deal, he had made another advantage and passed it over to the other side. This, of course, was not business at all. The moment he and Scott joined forces, Scott undertook to protect them both by keeping to himself the authority to conclude all deals. This worked satisfactorily.

Walter Scott admired his partner's abnormal sense of honor, and at the same time he feared it. The captain's creed was that every man must tell the whole truth about himself, whether asked for it or not, particularly if the truth were not entirely pleasant. This, he held, was the safeguard every man owed to the world.

You can imagine that Scott had no desire to make known the truth of his past to the Scovils, or to the world at large. The world certainly, and perhaps the Scovils, would believe only part of his story—would take the word of the law for the truth, instead of Scott's word. So Scott kept his past to himself, worked hard and honestly and day by day felt more hopelessly in love with the captain's daughter.

The girl's name was Jean. Fear that

the captain's abnormal sense of honor would some day blunderingly overthrow this palace of love which he was building often gripped the young man's heart with the most poignant sensations. It would be wiser to tell all, he reflected, in agony; and yet he could not find the courage to risk toppling his dream of happiness to ruin with his own hand. Surely it was more than could be expected, or fairly asked, of any man. Surely he had suffered enough already from the blindness and injustice of life.

One day Scott told the captain of his love for Jean. The elder man took it very quietly and kindly.

"I like you Scott, and I trust you," he said. "I think you have won my girl's heart; but I must ask you not to speak to her just yet. Wait a month—let us say until we have concluded this deal with the big Eastern syndicate. We shall have plenty of time then to talk things over."

They shook hands on this, Scott experienced a feeling of intense relief. The captain was with him; and knew, though he had not asked her in words, that Jean loved him.

The deal of which the captain had spoken was likely to be the biggest thing in land-selling that the partners had as yet undertaken. The land involved was a wooded valley on the eastern slope of the Rockies, measuring some twenty miles in length and from two to seven in width. Scott and his partner were acting in the matter simply as agents. The owners were English people, and the prospective buyers were New York men.

Scott had agreed to go East and meet one of the directors of the syndicate at a hunting-camp in the Adirondacks. There he was to conclude the business and hand over the title-deeds. At the last moment, the captain made known his intention of accompanying Scott.

II.

SCOTT and Scovil arrived at the camp early in the evening, after a drive of twenty miles over half-made roads. The place astonished them. It was a man-

sion built of logs. Half a dozen cabins, for the accommodation of guides and servants, stood about in the clearing, within convenient reach, but at a respectful distance from the main camp.

The woodsman who had guided them in whistled on his fingers in front of the big house. A door opened, and a man in evening clothes, with side-lights and a polished chin, appeared and bowed.

"Come right in, gentlemen, if you please," he said. "Mr. Watson is expecting you."

Mr. Watson, the director of the syndicate, met them in the wide, low hall adorned with moose heads and the pelt of a hobnob and bear. He was a very cordial person. He shook hands heartily, helped to remove their overcoats, and then told the steward to show them to their rooms.

"Dinner in about three-quarters of an hour," he said. "Timmins will show you the baths. Hope you'll be comfortable. Ring for anything you want."

The partners from the West followed Timmins up-stairs; and Mr. Watson sent whisky and soda up after them.

"And they call this a hunting-camp!" murmured the captain.

Scott, after a warm bath and a change into evening clothes, left his chamber to find his way below stairs. The captain, in the room next door, was still engaged with a very high and stiff shirt-collar.

Scott wandered down a long, heavily carpeted hall illuminated by little globes of light. Doors stood closed, or half open, on his right and left. He felt comfortable, hopeful, ready and able to enjoy himself and do business to advantage.

He had the long hall to himself. He had almost reached the head of the stairs when a door opened on his right, and a man stepped into the hall immediately in front of him and turned to face him. This person was a middle-aged gentleman, hockily built and faultlessly attired, with a pink face, heavy chin, gray hair and moustache. But the expression of the pink face and

square jaw was unpleasant, and the gray eyes were as lifeless as stone.

"Why, it is yourself, Alfred," he said.

Scott's face went deadly white, with a hint of blue about the lips and gray shadows down the lines from cheek-bones to jaw. He did not speak. He put out a hand and steadied himself against the wall.

"Brace up, my boy!" said the other quietly, with an outward note of concern in his voice, but an inner twang of derision. "Brace up, or your partner and my friend Watson will wonder what is the matter with you."

Scott stood straight, and a little of the original color returned to his cheeks; but his face still looked as if it had suddenly grown thinner and older.

"That is better, Alfred," said the other. "By the way, you must be doing pretty well in the West."

Scott's eyes flashed, and his strong frame trembled from head to foot.

"Haven't you done me enough harm already?" he asked, in shaking but guarded tones. "Do you mean to—to ruin me again? Before, it served your purpose—saved you from your just deserts; but now—why should you want to crush me again? Have a care! I warn you to have a care. My blood sweats with that disgrace and injustice like a fever—like the poison of a fever!"

"Don't get excited, Alfred," returned the other. "I have no intention of making an unpleasant scene—just now, at any rate. I arrived only yesterday, and must get my moose to-morrow. A painful scene would put me all off in my shooting. I am not so young as I used to be, and must be careful."

Fear and disgust of the man went through Scott's veins like the fire and frost. In the same instant of time he shivered with heat and cold, hate and terror. He passed on and down the broad staircase without another word.

He saw things as through a drifting mist. The little globes of light shone dim and distant before his stricken eyes, like the lights of a ship seen in a fog. The great overhanging beams

and ponderous antlers along the walls swam before his vision. The game was 'one!' The love that he had won and the life that he had reclaimed would fall to pitiful ruins at the touch of that faultlessly garbed man behind him!

His innocence, and the unjust sufferings of the past, would count as nothing. Even if his word should prove good against the word of that strong old man and the judgment of the judges—and his word was that of a fugitive from the old life, living, working, and loving in a new land, under a name that he had made his own without benefit of law or parents—even if the naked truth should prevail, still the damning fact remained that he had kept it from the captain and from the girl he loved. He had lived his life before them, with them, in the heart of their generous friendship. The captain might find pity in his heart; but what excuse for the lie could be found in that simple, iron-hard old heart of honor and pride?

"Ruin!" breathed Scott, huskily, as he set his foot upon the bottom step. Timmins confronted him, a bulky shadow in the mist of despair.

"I beg your pardon, sir? Did you speak, sir?" asked Timmins.

"No," said Scott.

The mist cleared from eyes and brain, leaving only the bitter cold at the heart and the aching dryness in the mouth.

"A hard journey, sir. A tiring journey," said the steward considerably. "This way, sir. Mr. Watson is in here by the fire."

Scott saw things now with a terrible clearness—with such a clearness as is supposed to come to men who face death in unbeated action or who await, idly, some shattering crisis that neither prayer nor protest can avail to stay or turn aside. He found Watson standing with his back to a wide and glowing hearth.

"Sherry and bitters, or a cocktail?" inquired Watson; "and will you have it now or wait for the captain and Jordan?"

"I'll wait, thanks," replied Scott, his voice so steady and precise that it astonished him and gave him a desperate, hopeless kind of confidence in himself.

He would finish the game like a man, anyway, as he had played it.

"They will be down soon," he said. "The captain had reached his collar some time ago, and I passed Mr. Jordan at the head of the stairs."

"So you know Jordan?" queried Watson. "I am glad of that. He is a member of our syndicate, and also of this little shooting-club."

"I never knew him very well," replied Scott. "To-night is the first and only time we have met in five or six years."

III.

At that moment Captain Scovill and Mr. Jordan entered the room together. Scott turned and gazed at the captain's face with desperate calm. The captain returned his partner's anxious gaze with a passing glance. His weather-beaten, clear-cut face was grim. Mr. Jordan was beaming; but his beams were scarcely convincing to the analytical eye.

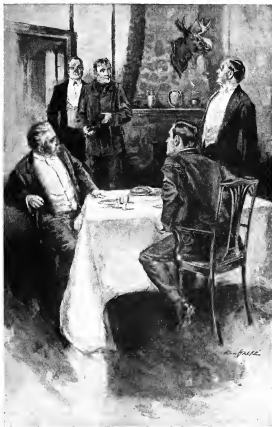
"Watson," he cried, "what do you think of this for a piece of luck? Scovill here is my brother-in-law. I didn't know he was coming to this camp—hadn't the faintest notion of it. Haven't seen him for years—not since he left the service and went West."

"Why, now, that is certainly pure luck," replied the kindly Mr. Watson. "Fine! This turns our little business into a picnic. And I hear from Mr. Scott that he has met you before, too."

Jordan looked sharply at Scott; but the young man's face was as expressionless as a mask. Bewilderment and despair were masters of his heart and mind; and so stunned was he that it was easy to shew a blank face.

Captain Scovill and this old devil were brothers-in-law! Lord, what next? And why that hardness and hint of sorrow on the captain's face? What did he know? What had Jordan told him already? But why ask himself these things? The end would come all in its own good time.

"Why, yes," said Jordan, pleasantly. "Mr. Scott and I met at the top of the stairs."



"I have come to ask you, Mr. Watson, whatever has become of Mr. Jordan?"

Mr. Watson looked slightly perplexed at this, and even Scott's eyes showed a fleeting gleam of inquiry.

"I think Mr. Scott mentioned the fact that he had known you slightly in New York," said Watson.

"Why, of course he did!" said Mr. Jordan. "Bless me, I always lost what little wits I have when I get into the woods!" Scott — Walter Scott — of course!

Captain Scovil gazed at the speaker with something like a shadow of pain in his clear, kindly eyes. Scott glanced from the captain to Jordan. He felt cold as ice, yet reckless. Here was a game to be played—a game of life and death—and no rules to play by.

"We met in business, Mr. Jordan," he said quietly.

"In business—yes, of course we did," returned Jordan, nodding his gray head, as if he was very happy to remember it, but with the best intentions could not grasp it very clearly. Then Timmins arrived with the cocktails on a silver tray; and, a moment later, Mr. Watson led the way to the dining-room.

Sir Walter Raleigh wrote some very fine verses on the night before the gray morning of his legalized murder. Young Scott, with ruin worse than death impending, distinguished himself at the dinner-table. He had decided that Jordan meant to keep his word and make no malicious move before the conclusion of the next day's expedition after moose.

The relief he felt at this astonished him. He knew that it was out of all proportion to the cause. Here were a few hours of respite given him—a night and a day, perhaps—and hope glowed in him as in a man just escaped from the shadow of a falling cliff. To-night was his, and to-morrow was his; then why try to account for the day after that? Life is a dear thing to the man who sees the end of it; and a day of life is as dear to him who runs from death as a score of years.

So Scott talked throughout the meal with even more than his usual charm. Mr. Watson supported him, and what little Mr. Jordan said was in perfect

accordance with the trend of the young man's conversation. But Captain Scovil was very quiet. He watched his partner and his brother-in-law with covert glances.

"Let us play a rubber," suggested Mr. Watson, after dinner.

And then, swift as lightning, the horror of despair struck again upon Scott's heart. He got from his chair.

"Yes, a rubber," he murmured, "but if you'll excuse me for a moment, I'll just take a breath of fresh air."

He left the room, passed through another room and the hall, and stepped out upon the broad verandah. A slice of moon and a spangle of stars threw mysterious half-lights down into the clearing. Scott moved along the verandah, calling desperately upon his courage that had so suddenly failed him.

A man was seated upon the steps at the end of the verandah. This fellow stood up and faced Scott.

"Hullo, partner!" he said, in a voice at once joyful and cautious. "Lay it there!"

He thrust out a gaunt, brown hand. It was Denis Paul.

"I wasn't expectin' to meet ye here," continued Paul, pressing the other's hand. "Ye've done well, lad—as you had ought to. But what the devil? Yer face shines white as birch-bark."

"Yes, the devil, true enough," he said bitterly. "He is here, Denis—my own particular devil. It's Jordan. I told you about him. He is here—and the game is finished!"

The woodman scratched his chin.

"That's the gent I'm takin' up Berry Brook way to-morrow, after moose," he said. "So that's yer enemy! Well, lad, it do best thunder how these bere things fall out, an' come round, if only ye give 'em enough time! But I guess I'll be sippin' over to my bunk. I got to be up bright an' early."

He turned, and was lost to Scott in the uncertain light.

Scott went back to the others. Something of his courage had returned to him. He sat down at the card-table across from Captain Scovil.

"Suppose we play as we sit," said

Scovil. "I am not a good player; but I know that my partner will overlook any slips I may be guilty of."

The others laughed pleasantly at this; but Scott felt a pang of self-pity, and a glow of gratitude to the captain, which were no laughing matter.

The evening passed pleasantly — at least, it would have seemed so to an on-looker none too keen of vision.

"Sleep well," said Watson to his guests. "We'll settle that little business after breakfast."

Jordan wished the captain and Scott a very hearty good-night. His brief, unveiled glance into the latter's eyes shook the young man's heart to its depths.

IV.

Jordan had been gone for several hours before Scott, Scovil, and Watson met for breakfast the next morning. After breakfast, the business of the sale was put through without a hitch.

"Now you will stay four or five days and get some shooting," invited the hospitable Watson.

Scott had no answer ready. He looked inquiringly at the captain.

"I should like nothing better," said Scovil. "You are very kind. Walter, we can spare a few days, I think!"

Scott bowed. What was the use of running away, after all? No, whatever might be the issue, he would stay right here until the bitter end!

They did not go after moose that day. Mr. Watson entertained them assiduously, and piled them with the best from cellar and larder. They played billiards, pool, and chess, and went around the nine-hole golf-course that skirted the big clearing. Scott went through the day like a dreamer wading, with clogged feet, through a nightmare.

The three gentlemen were at dinner, with a fire on the hearth, when Timmins brought Denis Paul into the room. The guide, who seemed excited, wore high-legged moccasins that were alighted with mud. He held his fur cap in his hand.

"I come to ask ye, Mr. Watson, what ever has become of Mr. Jordan,"

said Paul. "I left 'im up on the right branch, an' he ain't here yet. He said as how he'd be home before me. He was set on layin' right ther for a moose, an' sent me to see if the beavers ain't bin troublin' up on Moon Lake. He said as how he'd come home by himself in the canoe you-alls left up to the right branch."

Mr. Watson looked at Timmins. "Are you sure that Mr. Jordan has not arrived?" he asked.

"I have been to his room, sir. I have looked everywhere," replied Timmins.

"We must get the men and go up stream," said Mr. Watson. He turned to the captain. "You will excuse me, I know," he went on. "You two need not go. Sit right where you are, and finish your dinner in comfort."

He drained his glass of claret and arose from his seat with a sigh.

Scott sat like one stunned, staring over the captain's shoulder at the guide. Paul had raised his hand a little, swiftly and covertly, and made a little motion with the forefinger of his right hand, suggestive of the hook and pressure of finger upon trigger. What was the meaning of that?

Scott's brain tumbled back through a mist to the days of his living death in prison, and to an old story that Denis Paul had told him there.

"If you will allow us, we will go with you," said Captain Scovil.

They found Jordan lying by the stream, where the guide had left him. He was dead. His rifle lay beside him, with an empty shell in the breach and nine loaded shells in the magazine.

"I don't see how he could have done it," said Watson. "He knew how to handle firearms as well as any man."

The light of the little lanterns was dim and shifting in that place of death, rippling water, and looming forest shadows. Scott glanced at Denis Paul; and again he saw that swift and furtive movement of the man's forefinger. The guide's eyes were upon him, with a look that said, almost as plain as print:

"Don't worry any more, lad. Ye'd do the same for me, I guess!"

Then a wave of black obscured Scott's eyes for a moment. He reeled slightly,

and steadied himself against a tree. He heard Watson's voice, as if from miles away, saying:

"Paul will have to explain this to the coroner. Yes, he'll have to explain it. I can't understand it. Paul—where is Denis Paul?"

But Denis Paul had gone.

Captain Scott laid his hand on Scott's arm.

"I think it has happened for the best," he said. "A great weight of responsibility has been taken off my shoulders, at any rate. Yes, I have known your story from the beginning, my boy. And of this man, who married my sister—I have suspected the truth about him for years. You have not fully trusted me; but I do not hold that against you. My heart has ached

with pity for you, Walter. I was going to act this time, lad, on your behalf, no matter what the cost to family pride; but a greater hand has struck—and it is for the best. Tell me, shall we clear your old name, at the cost of the dead and the living? Or are the new name, and the new life, all that you want?"

"The new life," replied the young man, in a dazed voice. "The new life—is all I ask for!"

Mr. Watson hustled up to them.

"Denis Paul has lit out," he exclaimed. "He knows these woods like a fox. It looks fishy. He'll be clear away by morning. I can't understand poor Jordan misbehaving a rifle and shooting himself!"

"And yet I have heard of plenty of similar cases," said the captain.

MOUNT BAKER, AS VIEWED FROM VICTORIA, B.C.

*Clad in the golden-cloud raiment,
Half-veiled in the mystical light,
Around him drifting the vapours,
Concealing the strong form so white;
Concealing, yet haply revealing
The wonder of beauty and might.
Mount Baker flashing in glory,
Stands bathed in a golden sky,
Above, clouds forming a halo
Where lifting his head so high
He knocks at the bright gates of Heaven
And thro' ages has waited reply.*

—V. M. Trew.

Review of Reviews

Editor's Note.—The selections for the Review department for this month will be found to be especially entertaining. The selections are made from prominent English, French, and American magazines, and the stories they tell are out of the ordinary. Besides being entertaining they are also instructive and the reader of MacLean's Magazine in reality enjoys the best things from an extensive library put into brief form for his information. These articles show what people are reading and thinking in other parts and are, for that reason alone, worth much to the Canadian who wishes to be well informed. Our exchange list is constantly growing and in the next issue we expect to introduce the reader to some German publications now coming into the office.

Lost a Bride and Won the Derby

A Sensational Elopement of the Last Century in Which a Noted English Politician of To-day Was the Central Figure

THE STORY of the greatest romance in the annals of the Derby which centres around the Right Hon. Henry Chaplin, M.P., ex-president of Agriculture and of the Board of Trade is told in a current number of Cassell's Saturday Journal.

If you turn up an encyclopaedia or a biography you will find that Mr. Chaplin is the son of a clergyman, and son-in-law of a Duke; ally by marriage with many of the most notable families in England and father-in-law of the future Marquis of Londonderry, and of Mr. Denman, a well-known Canadian of British Columbia. The Government once printed a special edition of the Gazette in his honor, to repair the omission of his name from the list of Privy Counsellors.

The Chaplins are descended from one of the old line of merchant princes who helped to give us an Empire in the days of Queen Beas, and the head of the house was Lord Mayor of London more than two centuries ago.

But no history or biographical directory will give a clue to the great romance of Mr. Chaplin's life, nor hint that he figured as the victim of the most sensational elopement of the last century, nor that he was the winner of the most famous of all races run for the Derby.

The parson's son proved a veritable Nimrod, carried out great sporting trips in America and elsewhere, and gained fame as a hunter of big game in India long before the excellence of guns had made that

pursuit safe and easy. On returning to England to enter into possession of his property he established a racing stable.

His well-wishers desired to see him happily married, and many a matron, anxious for the weal of her daughter, looked encouragingly in the direction of the dashing young squire, with his estate worth a round half million sterling. He was, however, thought an extremely fortunate young man to win the heart of Lady Florence Paget, daughter of the Marquis of Anglesey, for Lady Florence was one of the great beauties of the day. She was called the "pocket Venus," and was famed as much for her wit and gaiety as for her physical charms. The bridegroom-elect was three-and-twenty; the bride-to-be was still younger, and Society was promised the wedding of the season. Preparations for the marriage were well advanced, and not long before the date which had been fixed the young couple drove with a lady friend out shopping to complete the lady's trousseau.

In the course of their expedition their carriage stopped at the front of Swin and Edgar's in Piccadilly Circus. Leaving her valet and chaperon in the vehicle, the bride-elect tripped into the shop, bidding them await her return. And that was the last time Mr. Chaplin ever saw her as Lady Florence Paget!

The two in the carriage waited and waited, but the lady did not return. They entered the shop to seek her. She was not

there. High and low they searched, but scurried in vain. A lady does not, without extraordinary reason, vanish suddenly from a fashionable London establishment in broad daylight, with her chambermaid and her sweetheart at the main entrance. The reason here was extraordinary enough to satisfy the taste of the most ardent seekers after sensations.

Rivals for the Lady's Hand.

The truth is that, as the Chaplin equipage drew up at the front door of the shop, a hansom cab which had been following it stopped at a side door. In it was the Marquis of Hastings. Lady Florence, leaving Mr. Chaplin in his carriage, passed straight through the shop and out by way of the side door. She hurriedly entered the waiting hansom, drove off with the Marquis, and straightway married him, while her unfortunate lover was still kicking his heels at the draper's in Piccadilly Circus.

Harry Plantagenet, fourth and last Marquis of Hastings, who descended, as his name implies, from the royal line of England, was a year younger than the man whom he thus cruelly wronged. Like Mr. Chaplin, he was the owner of a racing stud, and in that sense the two had been rivals. That they had been rivals also for the hand of the Lady Florence none of their intimates had known.

There was a certain solid chivalry about the young squire which engendered sympathy of almost people, but his mind was fascinated by the daring and unscrupulous feat of the swash-buckling Marquis.

Now it happened that among the horses which Mr. Chaplin had bought, upon the advice of the astute Captain Macbell, was one called Hermit. It was entered to run in the Derby of 1867, three years after the loss by Mr. Chaplin of his bride.

As soon as the gambling upon this Derby opened, Lord Hastings began to lay heavily against the squire's nomination. Now, between the owners and trainers of racehorses and the books who spy out form there is always a bitter feud. On this occasion the tools were pitted against the wits of Captain Macbell, under whose watchful eye the animal was trained. One day he had Hermit out for a trial, well knowing that hidden bouts had the horse keenly under observation. The horse was

sent a gallop at racing pace. When it pulled up, the wily captain rushed to its head, pressed his handkerchief to its nose, withdrew it open, and exhibited it with apparent consternation. For the handkerchief was bedewed with crimson. Within an hour the report was telegraphed all over the country that Hermit had broken a blood-vessel.

The horse was not withdrawn from the race, but the odds laid against it were such that zone but Mr. Chaplin's confidants ventured a penny upon it. He and they did, however, and the reckless Marquis tauntingly laid as much as they desired, until, when the hour for the race drew near, he stood to lose \$575,000 if Hermit won.

Derby day came, and Hermit had, apparently, not a friend. Its coat seemed to have been rubbed the wrong way, and the story of the broken blood-vessel was so well remembered that none gave the animal a second look. To make matters worse, storms of rain and snow swept over the course, and Hermit looked like a big drowned rat. But when the flag fell there was only one horse in the race, and that was the Squire of Blankney's despised Hermit.

As the race ended Lord Hastings staggered for a moment, for he had lost over \$500,000 to his rival.

To meet his liabilities the Marquis had to sell his princely Scottish estates of London, but his were the first debts settled on the race. That was Mr. Chaplin's revenge. It was decided then he would. The Marquis went headlong to ruin, and within a year was hoisted out of the ring, a defaulter to the extent of \$200,000. He died haggard at twenty-six, four years after his runaway wedding. "Hermit broke my heart, but I did not show it, did I?" he said shortly before his death. With him the Marquis expired. His rival married a daughter of the third Duke of Sutherland, entered Parliament, and developed into the steady-going statesman of whom Mr. Balfour speaks of "My old friend and colleague, Harry Chaplin."

The widowed Marchioness, cause of the strife, married two years later, Sir George Chetwynd, and lived to see her own daughter a Marchioness.

Families, Crowds, and Crimes

What M. Lepine, late Chief of the Paris Police, Believes on These Subjects that Confront Every City Government

M. LEPINE, the most popular Prefect of Police, Paris has had for many years, carries with him, on his retirement into private life, the good wishes of all lovers of law and order. During the years in which he has become acquainted with the submerged life of Paris his attention has been centred on many burning topics of the day. Some of his ideas will be found reproduced in this account of an interview accorded by him to a representative of *Lectures pour l'Enseignement*.

It may be said that one of the chief features of the year in Paris is M. Lepine's retirement, for it seems difficult to imagine a Paris without the Chief of Police at its head.

On July 11 next, it will be twenty years since he first entered upon his duties. I mean those of Prefect and Chief, for M. Lepine has been a policeman for 27 years.

He was forty-one when M. Barrien, Minister of the Interior, summoned him from Chateauxroux where he was prefect, to occupy the position of General Secretary of the Prefecture of Police at Paris. He was born at Lyons where he first entered the legal profession, afterwards becoming prefect in various provincial towns including Poissanneville. At 37 years of age with his small wiry figure and long, round eyes which twinkle with a smile from under his bushy eyebrows, our Prefect still looks wonderfully young. His voice is clear as a bell, his step quick and easy, and his movements rapid; one would imagine that old age and its concomitant inconveniences had taken to flight at the sight of his white baton. He must at some time or other have called out to them in that tone which his men know so well, "Move along," and they have not waited to hear the command repeated.

It was with a mixture of diffidence and rashness, that I approached the late Chief in order to address a few questions to him. A month ago, I knew full well, he would not have replied to them. But here away from the professional atmosphere, under the soothing influence of a cigar, on neutral ground, I said to myself, "things change their names and M. Lepine will quit the status of the official being 'interviewed' (a wretched word) for that of the genial Parisian who in the

smoking room will indulge in a free and enlightening conversation."

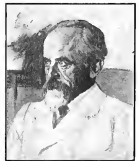
By means of one or two discreet questions, I first learnt from M. Lepine two interesting items of news. Firstly, that he may enter Parliament and we may shortly expect to see him with a seat either at the Luxembourg or at the Palais Bourbon, and secondly, that after his death his memoir will be published.

Encouraging the Family Idea.

"While Parliament is waiting for the benefit of your experience M. le Prefet," I said, "The Academy of Moral and Political Science has the opportunity every week of profiting by it. Your experience in that respect is all at first hand. You have not learnt social economy from books but rather from the streets."

M. Lepine smiled but did not reply directly, his mind reverted to the society I had mentioned.

"Yes," he said, "at the present time at the Institute we are discussing a most interesting subject. The decrease of population is a question which excresses me. So much might be done that is not done." "And you really are of opinion then, that the law could change the trend of events? That it depends upon acts of leg-



M. Lepine, after a recent photograph.

islaire whether a country of small families shall become a country of large families?"

"No! No! I do not go so far as that. But I do say that if it does not exactly depend upon the law whether small families, certainly, exist with the law whether large families shall be discouraged, or whether any manifestations of public gratitude, which are only acts of justice, shall distinguish the father who has given several children to his country from him who has given none. I say that a family is a sacred trust which some men accept with courage and others shrink. It would be to the interests of the country to accord some recognition to its courageous citizens in this respect."

"For instance, Parliament is now voting a considerable sum towards bettering the condition of the civil servants, especially school teachers and postal officials. Now I am not questioning the fact that many civil servants are employed under very onerous conditions, but the latter would be found still more onerous if regard were had to the cases in which these are families. That is what is forgotten, and I am not satisfied with the simple fact that a teacher is to get a little more money. I want this teacher if he is the father of a family to get something more than the single man gets. I would give the man who has two children a little better than the man who has only one, and be who has three better than the man who has only two, and so on. You must encourage the 'family' idea. It is only justice. And should it not be of the first importance to the state to show justice to those who serve it?"

Everyone knows, M. le Prefet, of the personal interest you always take in those who serve your country."

"I will have never had cause for regret but praise of their service and I leave them with an easy mind, knowing that I hand over to my successor an excellent weapon; I mean a police force, perfect in discipline and devoted to duty."

Psychology of a Paris Crowd.

"One more question I must ask you, M. le Prefet: for 27 years you have lived between the police and the crowd, and you congratulate yourself on leaving behind you a good police force, but what about the crowd, has it changed in 27 years? Is it your opinion that during these years the crowd has improved?"

M. Lepine reflected for a moment. "Hins-

tration means the order of the day," he said, "I will illustrate my reply by a curve which from 1893, my first year as Prefet, gradually rose till 1907 since when it has gradually descended uninterruptedly up to the present time."

"And that means?"

"That means that in 1893 the Paris crowd was a pretty rough one and that it gradually got worse during the next twelve or fourteen years. Now matters are improving and for the past six or seven years the curve has changed the direction and is descending. In other words the relations between the police and the crowd have improved, much improved."

"But that does not prove that the crowd to-day possesses virtues which were formerly wanting. It simply shows that we know it better, that our methods of action and our tactics have improved that we possess nowadays, the faculty of foreseeing and providing for contingencies, a faculty which has grown perfect from experience."

Preparing for a Busy Day.

"No, we are neither more brutal nor more blood-thirsty than formerly. Recollect what has happened in other countries of late years and compare ours with them. I am mentioning at least four or five capitals where riots have only been suppressed at the cost of bloodshed. In Paris, if you except the tragic cases of Bonnet and of Gornier, it has never been necessary to shed blood to preserve order. We are more skillful and milder resorting to extreme measures, more energetic, more serviceably energetic."

You ask how this education has been acquired. Well in somewhat the same way as in training an army. It is something like the manoeuvres with this difference that the initiative never comes from us. We know from the newspapers from the reports, and by special information that a movement is on foot, that a demonstration has been decided upon, that it is organized by certain parties and will take place at a given time and place. What in such cases is the role of the Chief of Police? It is to call together his chief assistants as a general does his staff and to study with them the course of action to be followed, to foresee difficulties that may arise in the event of an attack and to prepare a plan of defence. That is my usual course."

But I do not stop there. At the end of the day I call my colleagues together and—again like the general on the field of

he manoeuvres, I criticize our plans, note any errors made, and draw from them a useful lesson."

Thus it is that I have been able to leave to Paris a police force which for efficiency is, I believe, second to none in any country of the world to-day."

After pointing out that he had not always received from the governing powers that support which he was entitled to expect, M. Lepine said: "There are two parties of disorder; the one, the legal party, so to speak, including certain labor syndicates who, under the protection of the law, preach openly resistance to the law, but whom it appears we must not touch; and the other, that of people who should be in prison but are not. That is what this dangerous army consists of, and it is growing greater every day, this army of evil doers to whom the supineness of the law has given the freedom of our streets. The evil from which we are suffering is due first to punishment, and that is a remark that applies to other cases as well as to the punishment of crime."

This servileness, this humanitarianism, which causes us to find excuses for every fault, even the most glaring, which makes us hesitate to inflict even the most necessary and salutary punishment. Is it not one of the evils of the century? We dare not punish a refractory schoolboy. Breech-

es of discipline are passed over in the barracks. In the workshop the employer hesitates to discharge a bad workman for fear of reprisals by the workmen's syndicates. And even in family life the child has become the unsufferable "fine fellow" whose impertinences are only smiled at and pardoned in advance."

"We fear to punish!" continued M. Lepine. "There is not a magistrate on the bench to-day, even among the best of them who is not afflicted with this malady."

We see numbers of old convicts who by law are forbidden to remain here, but who stay all the same. Hardened criminals are let off under the Berenger law (the first offender's act) in a way which should make M. Berenger's hair stand on end. Others are discharged before their time has expired. These are the people by whom our police are confronted at every turn in the streets of Paris."

These are some of the ideas of the late Prefet who has now entered upon a well-merited retirement. He will, however, continue to speak and work in the interests of the country.

This indefatigable little man is one of those for whom remuneration of an active life means only a change in the form of activity.

"I am going to take a rest now," he says.

We defy him to be able to do so.

The American: His Morals

A Striking Indictment of the Average United States Citizen's Moral Character

In an article in the current number of the *Smart Set*, Mr. H. L. Mencken indulges in some very plain speaking on the morals of our citizens south of the border. The condition which he describes is undoubtedly due to the heavy unrestricted immigration of the poorer elements from countries where morals were bad, and among whom no spirit of fair play prevailed. As the country grows older many of these conditions will right themselves. In Canada we must prepare for and endeavor to minimize the bad results of similar conditions. We quote from the article itself.

"More than any other people," said Wendell Phillips, is one of his penetrating sayings, "we Americans are afraid of our own mother." He might have added, as an obvious corollary, "and merciless to see another." The national fear of giv-

ing offense, in truth, has the soundest of prudence in it; it is fed constantly by new evidence of what happens to the man who trends upon the communal corns. A scream of rage—and he is flat upon his spine. And swiftly upon the heels of that configment feeling, before ever he can lift his voice in his defence, or even in apology and appeal for grace, the process continues as follows:

1. The removal of his liver and lights.
2. The deposit of a cake of ice in the cavity.
3. The burial of the corpse.

An American crowd does not go to a baseball game to see a fair and honest contest, but to see the visiting club whipped and humiliated. If the home club can't achieve the wallowing undesired, the crowd helps—usually by means no worse than mocking and reviling, but some-

times with fists and beer bottles. And if, even then, the horns clink is drubbed, it becomes the butt itself, and is lambasted even more brutally than the victims. The third of the crowd is for victims, and if it can't get them in one way it will get them in another.

This hot yearning to rowl and punish sinners—preferably a sinner, but failing that, anyone handy—is one of the distinguishing marks of the American. The energies which the Germans put into bootstrapping and military enterprise, and the English into idle sport and rapid charity, are chiefly devoted, in this fair land, to moral endeavor, and particularly to punitive moral endeavor. The nation is forever in the throes of loud, barbaric campaigns against this sin or that. It is difficult to think of a human act that has not been denounced and combated at some time or other. Thousands of self-congratulated archangels go roaring from one end of the country to the other, raising the posse comitatus against the Ram Demon, or cocaine, or the hobbie skirt, or Mormonism, or the cigarette, or horse racing, or bucket shops, or vivisection, or divorce, or the army canteen, or profanity, or race aside, or moving picture shows, or graft, or the negro, or the trusts, or Sunday recreations, or dance halls, or child labor. The management of such crusades is a well organized and highly remunerative business; it entails a great multitude of idle preachers and unsuccessful lawyers, and converts them into public characters of the first eminence. Candidates for public office are forced to join in the bellowing; objectors are crushed with accusations of personal guilt; industrial and unconstitutional laws are put upon the statute books.

Such donkeyish contentments, of course, do not actually put down the sins they are aimed at. They do one certain effect, indeed, is quite the contrary; they reinforce more immorality with punitive crime. Thus, in New York City, the effect of prohibiting prostitution, a wholly irretrievable evil, has been to convert it into a mammoth and predatory business, with thousands of petty politicians fattening upon it; and the effect of the unenforceable laws against gambling has been to turn the police into blackmailers. But this inevitable failure doesn't daunt the moral American. The way he has for giving chase to sinners, he likes to catch a few of them now and then and put them to the

torture—but it would give him bitter disappointment if they all came in and surrendered. Prohibition, a typically American imbecility, is kept alive by the very fact that it won't work. Its appeal lies almost wholly in the endless sport it affords. First there is the fun of prohibiting the chief solace and recreation of a horde of protesting sinners, and then there is the fun of hunting down all those who refuse to come over to the walled city, i.e., about 99.99 per cent. There is just as much drunkenness in a dry town as in a wet town, and sometimes even more; but there is also more moral excitement. The constant raids and denunciations thrill the pure heart.

The same impulse is at the bottom of most of the "anti-ring" and "reform" movements which periodically rack American cities. For grafting, in itself, the American has only a theoretical horror, just as he has only a theoretical horror of drunkenness. Whether in public office or in private office, he is commonly a grafter himself, at least in a modest way, and what is more, the fact is universally recognized and taken into account. The sash register is semi-present in the United States—and for a reason. In no other land in Christendom is the bonding business one-fifth as prosperous. Nowhere else are the public service corporations—such as street car and gas companies, for example—put to greater ingenuity to protect themselves from their customers. But this petty dishonesty—the natural fruit, perhaps, of the hypocrisy engendered by the national Puritanism—does not interfere with the rapacious chase of grafters of more heroic end. Let but a newspaper announce solemnly that a given public official is taking bribes—a fact already known, or at least strongly suspected, by every reasonable man in the community—and at once the mob is up in arms, and a roving hunt has begun. Loud demands are made that the trial of the accused be rushed, that he be jailed as quickly as possible, that he be given the maximum sentence under the law. All persons who appear in his behalf, if only to plead for his plain rights, are denounced as accomplices and scoundrels. The whole population yells for his grove; the racial bloodlust demands an immediate victim. But once he is safely behind the bars, once the chase is over, all interest in it dries up. A year or so later the felon is turned out. Sentimentality now renounces him, as savagery once condemned him.

But an even better example of the sin subterfuge is adultery, an act punished in the United States by penalties unmatchable in any other civilized land. All our marriage laws, however forlorn, point back to it soon or late. The war upon cigarette, bridge whist and peep-shows are passing sadnesses; the war for the Seventh Commandment is with us always. In nearly half the territorial area of the United States a man accused of one form of adultery becomes an outlaw ipso facto; he may be shot down without trial, and public opinion will applaud his slayer. And from end to end of the country, the woman who makes an open departure from the cold, straight path is practically expelled from the human race. There is no room in our national life for a George Sand, nor even for a George Eliot.

But does all this show an unexampled purity of national character, a unique frenzy for virtue, a unanimous worship of virginity? Is the American, then, the most chaste of living creatures? Is he a frigid, ascetic archangel, remote from all the low passions and appetites of the brutes? Alas, I fear I cannot tell you that he is! I wish I could, but I can't—and he isn't. On the contrary, he is one of the hottest rages in all Christendom, a fellow gravely over-excited, the constant victim of his own fevers, a natural adventurer in armour. All his so-called shivari, indeed, is no more than evidence of one of his projecting defects; his inability, to wit, to think of women save as servants to his men. It is costing him great effort to acquire a more complex view of them; he is still somewhat scandalized whenever they show intelligence and individuality. He would much prefer them to remain his simple property—his cherished, cooed, well defended property, perhaps, but still unmistakably his property. The things he asks of them in return for that jealous cherishing are services almost purely sexual; he wants them

to be assiduous wives and willing mothers; it displeases him to picture them in any other role. This view, of course, reacts viciously upon the women themselves. There is no land in which the holding out of the sexual lure is less covered up by artificialities and disguises. The American girl is turned loose upon the reluctant male at seventeen, and the practices her frank magic until she is long past forty. Securely a single restraint is upon her; no strapping conventions hamper her display of goods; she is free to snare a man however she may.

And in a score of less open and innocent ways the crude sexuality of the American makes itself evident. His cities rock with prostitution; his newspapers devote enormous space to matters of amour; his one permanent intellectual exercise is the exchange of obscene and witless anecdotes. Recognizing this weakness himself, he makes elaborate efforts to armor himself against it. No other civilized white man is so full of hypocritical pruderies. He is afraid of all "suggestion," as he calls it, in books, pictures and plays. He cannot look at a nude statue innocently; he cannot even imagine a nude woman innocently. Words and images that have no more effect upon a German or a Frenchman than the multiplication table, are subtly salacious to the American, and lead him into evil. He is forbidden to kiss his girl in the public parks because he cannot be trusted to stop at kissing. His laws solemnly proscribe, as indictments to decency, the very weapons that professional moralists aim at—for example, the report of the Chicago Vice Commission. The endurance of all his large cities emboldens a specific class that he has kismet; he is afraid to face squarely the commonplace of physiology. A man eternally tortured by the animal within him, a man forever yielding to brute passion and instinct, his one shielding fear is that he may be mistaken for a mammal.

Auto Racing Strategies

A Thrilling Narrative of a Side of Auto Racing that the Public Does Not See.
How Contests are Won by Slackening Speed

THE MAN at the wheel thundering by faster than the fastest express train receives the plaudits of the crowd, yet he is but an actor in the freak speed drama. Unknown, unheard of, it is the stage manager who direct the vast spectacle.

Such is the spotlight thrown upon auto racing in an article in the Technical World Magazine.

For more than four hundred miles the cars have been racing, many have fallen, drawn up exhausted beside the rapid pits,

their backbones broken by terrific speed too long sustained.

And of the survivors, two alone are commanding the crowd's interest; two quivering shapes of steel that have outstripped all rivals. One is painted red and behind its steering wheel sits the cool De Palma, veteran of countless races, a driver crafty and daring who always makes the pace as he sees fit. In the other car is a younger man, Joe Dawson, scarcely more than a boy. And Dawson guides his trim machine is not making the pace as he sees fit. For his race is being directed—directed by a group of men, quiet, unnoted. In the repair trench they stand, watching Dawson as he speeds by, watching the other cars, making calculations—and waiting.

Up in the stands thousands of people, watching a high scoreboard know that Dawson is second. And being only spectators they realize that Dawson will drive these last miles at a speed he has never before dared. Obviously it is the youngster's only chance to beat De Palma down. For being average racers they don't know all concerning the work of the men in the pits—the aids of the race that the public does not see.

As Dawson races after the smoking car of his rival, three men in a little tent on the other side of the Speedway, are busy peering a large white numeral on a movable blackboard. More than a mile from the grandstand is their little post, and as Dawson whirrs toward them he is driving almost ninety miles an hour. Signaling his car rounding into the back of the trackside and raise the blackboard above their heads. On it is a code message.

"S-75" it reads, "Slow down to 75 miles an hour."

When he sees it Dawson can scarcely believe his eyes. Here is the race almost over with De Palma leading. Yet the signal tent has ordered him to drive slower! He cannot understand, but he obeys orders. He has been taught to do that from the time he became a race driver. So he slackens speed and drives on impatient at the restriction laid upon him; drives until he sees the big machine he has trailed so long standing still and De Palma and his mechanic leaning at the wheels, trying to push it round in the finish line. It is the only way they can make it go. Dawson is in first place now for the breakdown has put De Palma out of it.

What had happened?

As De Palma passed his rival's pit at the grandstand, one of the attendants reached for a telephone. The wires led directly across the oval to the second station, the trackside tent. Telephoning the attendant said:

"Tell Dawson to cut down his speed to 75 miles an hour. That will be enough to win. It will save the car. De Palma's machine is going to pieces."

Shrewd mechanical observers, you see, had detected the signs of an inevitable breakdown. They knew that De Palma's car couldn't last another lap. So they advised the tent station to signal with the blackboard to check Dawson, who, like De Palma, might have literally driven his car to pieces.

And he is checked in time and drives on, winning easily.

Now that's the way many long races are won. It's the phase of the race that is known only by those who may be taken into the confidence of the team managers. As a matter of fact, the actual driving of the cars is about the easiest part of the whole proposition.

At the Savannah Meet.

One day when the late Bruce Brown was practising for the Grand Prix at Savannah, he drew up before the repair pits and ordered his attendants to change the position of his extra tires. These "spares" were hung on the car in such a way as to be awkward to reach. Bruce Brown had had to make a tire change on the road and it had taken three seconds too many.

Realizing that these were the reserve tires to be hung more conveniently these seconds could be saved. Bruce Brown ordered the change. And, when you consider that he subsequently won the Grand Prix by scant seconds, you realize how much that little detail meant to him.

When Dawson was preparing his car for the Speedway Race, he had to figure just how many revolutions a minute his motor could reasonably expect to hold up and turn over for the five hundred miles. He found that two thousand revolutions a minute was the maximum without straining the engine.

This meant ninety miles an hour. After, by long testing, by returning the car to the factory, by ordering one change after another, Dawson was able to fix the gears so that, upon coming out of a turn after "shutting off," his car picked up speed rapidly. Dawson also practiced quick starts. He found that if the car's wheel base was shortened he could take a

certain turn at eighty-five miles an hour. He learned how to save his tires on the sharp bend near the grand stand. At first his tires would last only fifty miles, but gradually by studying and changing things he almost doubled that mileage.

The old Vanderbilt Cup course on Long Island has been the scene of many exciting and exciting try-outs. Grant, who satosted all motorbikes by winning the Vanderbilt Cup for a second time, was one of the most conspicuous figures there. Grant always had a list for defects. It was interesting to watch him listening for faults in the working of the mechanism. He would, for example, announce that "the exhaust of the fourth cylinder has not lifted enough." One of the mechanics would then stop the engine, and remove the valve. Grant's diagnosis would be proved correct. Again he would listen. This time he would perhaps find "a lack of compression in the second cylinder." Again the engine would be examined, again Grant would seek out each weakness with his car. When Vanderbilt Cup day came, Grant got the last ounce out of his car and won.

Before the race, it is calculated by the managers of each company represented what average speed will be enough to win. Sometimes this average is changed as the race changes. Perhaps the man who is figured upon to break down early manages to stay in the race. Then the average must be raised. Otherwise it would create too great a risk, letting this opponent get too long a lead.

Adhering to Schedule Week.

Just before the Brighton Beach Race a few years ago, one company figured that 1,200 miles would surely win. The drivers were told to make this mileage. This meant that the men had to average fifty miles an hour for an entire day. The drivers were warned not to worry over what any other competitors might do. They had only to make sure that they held their own schedule. Other drivers overtook their cars and established long leads. With the race three-quarters done an opposing car led by 100 miles. But that did not bother the forces of this particular concern. Their drivers held rigidly to schedule. Eventually they caught and passed the leaders and finished with a total of 1,196 miles—just four miles out of the way for twenty-four hours' driving, which is pretty close figuring.

During the Savannah Races Mulford stopped to change a rear tire. In less than one minute the old tire was removed, the new one slipped on, and the gasoline and oil tanks filled—an astonishing job achievement.

Drivers dread these delays, and are loath to pull up at the pits unless forced to. Often, too, it is impossible for them to see that a stop should be made.

On the blackboard there may appear suddenly the exhalative letters, "F-R-C." This means that the front right tire must be changed at once. A pitman has noticed that the tire is flat. There are about one hundred such signals. They warn a driver if he is getting reckless; they tell him the position of his own and of other cars; they tell him to look out for some other driver who has become reckless.

As was shown in the case of Dawson, his company had two signal stations, one advantage which we have seen. Here is another:

As Dawson passed the grand stand early in the race, it was noticed that a tire needed replacing. Dawson was gone before they could signal him. So they telephoned across the field, and the tent station ordered him to stop on his next time around. You might say that the entire race depended upon these men in the pits. That's why drivers appear beside themselves when a car stops at the grand stand. People wonder at their actions, their impatience, the expression on their faces.

It is the seconds that the public is too excited to count that lose races—as Mulford lost in a heartbreaking finish where five seconds separated the cars.

It was toward the finish of the Fairmount Park Race in 1910. Ralph Mulford and Len Zengle were in the lead. It was either man's race. With one lap to go, Mulford led by 19 seconds. It happened that both cars had to stop and replace burst tires. Zengle's pitmen were quicker. They made the change in 1 minute and 10 seconds. Mulford's crew took 1 minute and 34 seconds. Now 1 minute and 10 seconds subtracted from 1 minute and 34 seconds leaves 24 seconds. Before the tire change Mulford led by 19 seconds. Well, 19 seconds from 24 seconds gives 5 seconds, which was Zengle's margin in winning the Fairmount Park Race—a finish in which the public thought Mulford had been out-driven.

Oddities of Indian Marriages

Babies Betrothed Before Birth and Wedded When a Year Old. Bridegrooms of Sixty and Brides of Seven. Women Married to Swords and Men to Trees

OUR readers are already acquainted with some of the writings of Mr. Saint Mihil Singh, a versatile writer on all things Indian and Asiatic. In the *Wide World Magazine* he gives us a striking article containing some amazing facts as to the marriage customs of India.

The anxiety of Indian parents to find life partners for their children, he says, often leads to the selection of mates for them before they come into the world. This statement may sound like a fanciful

fabrication, but it can easily be verified by facts. The writer personally knows of more than one case in which the betrothal of two infants was arranged prior to their birth, and they were solemnly wedded to each other not long after they were born.

In the very nature of things such alliances do not actually come into effect until years after the matrimonial knot has been tied; but they are not mere nuptials, or mere betrothals, which later can be repudiated. Indeed, they have greater finality attached to them than wedlock contracted in the Occident, for the Hindu law-giver does not allow divorce on any ground whatsoever. Consequently, when infants are led to the altar by their parents, they enter a blind alley from which there is no exit.

Were it not for the fact that these weddings, when once celebrated, are binding for all time, they would be like mere doll-play, except that animate puppets take the place of toys. It would be wrong to convey the impression that the number of matches arranged before the birth of those who are united to each other is very large; but within India, taken as a whole, still passionately hope the notion that it is a sin to permit boys and girls to reach their teens without being wedded. The feeling in regard to keeping females unmarried after, say, their twelfth year literally amounts to positive horror. The earlier the girl is married the wider are the gates of heaven supposed to be thrown open for her parents' entrance. The national sentiment, therefore, is tremendously in favor of child marriage, and social obloquy of the worst description imaginable is heaped on the heads of fathers and mothers who do not conform to this custom.

Thus it happens that Indian parents consider it their sacred duty to select mates for their children and see them married off, just as much as they look upon feeding and clothing them as an imperative function. Millions of parents can be found in Hindustan who have no idea whatsoever that they owe it to their progeny to give them at least elementary schooling, and who do not spend a farthing towards such an object; but to find one who shirks the duty of yoking his

child to the matrimonial cart would be harder than to make a camel pass through the needle's eye.

The Search for a Mate.

The average Indian undertakes the performance of this obligation with a passionate earnestness very difficult for a Westerner to understand. Even before the little one is born the mother begins to cast about in her mind to decide what family shall provide the mate for the expected babe, and the father begins to hoard pennies to make the marriage a memorable occasion.

Ambitious parents do not hesitate to bring their daughters to the capitals of wife-hunting princes. When more than one girl is thus brought to have her charms exhibited, the affair becomes very much like a cattle show. Sometimes strenuous measures have to be resorted to in order to get rid of persistent female suitors and their connections. In one instance the relations of a candidate for the position of Maharani were so persistent in pushing her claims that every stick of furniture was removed from the house that had been placed at their disposal, with a view to "freeing them out." Even then they refused to give up and go, with the result that they finally succeeded in their designs and the girl was chosen to be the ruler's bride.

In India, considerations of wealth and social position enter into the calculations of the match-makers, even please to a larger extent than they do here. In many places it is customary for the parents of the bride to receive money for consenting to her marriage; in other localities they must literally pay a husband for her. Regular tariffs have been established by certain castes, one of the poorest, for example, insisting that the price paid for the bride must always be an odd number of rupees, five being the minimum and twenty-five the maximum charge. Amongst the richer classes considerable sums of money change hands.

The ceremonies, of course, vary in different parts of the country and with different people. Amongst some tribes very curious customs prevail. It is customary with the Gonds of the Central Provinces, for instance, for the bride and bridegroom to throw mud at each other and roll each other in the mire on the day following the ceremony. Another tribe in this region requires the two to repair to the nearest stream to worship the "god of river

crossings." On the way there the husband cleans his spouse and gives her a thrashing. On the return journey the newly-wedded wife returns the compliment, shouting, while administering the beating, "You will heat me as long as I live, so I will heat you to-day."

Peculiar Customs.

When the time comes for the marriage party to leave the bride is put into a red-draped palanquin, which frequently is



The husband is 35, the wife is 7.



A girl-wife of 14 with a son aged 2 years and a daughter of 10 months.

beautifully embroidered. If she is very small this vehicle is shared by an older sister or cousin, in whose charge she is placed. Home aloft on the shoulders of four coolies—or sometimes twice or thrice that number—with the bridegroom riding on a horseback beside it, the doll, as it is called, in the middle of a procession similar to the one that accompanied the boy to his bride's home, proceeds to the residence of the husband, whose father, at intervals, throws coconuts (gold, silver, or copper) over the palanquin to signify that the daughter-in-law is prized by the family of which she will henceforth be a member.

Amongst one tribe the palanquin is disposed with, and the bride is taken to her future home riding on her brother-in-law's back. When she reaches there she puts her head against that of each of her husband's female relatives, and the two weep together for a few minutes. On disengaging from this labyrinthine embrace the young wife receives presents from each person with whom she weeps.

In a few days the girl returns to her parents, the visit perhaps lasting for months, or even for years, its duration being determined by her age. As a rule, however, every effort is made to curtail the stay in her father's home to the shortest space of time possible, so that the child-wife may be brought up along with her husband and become acquainted with those with whom she is to spend her whole life.

Sometimes it happens that a man is to be married simultaneously to more than one girl, and, since it is not possible for him to be in more than one place at a time, he cannot be present in person at all the ceremonies; or it may be that the wealthy groom does not care to take the trouble to proceed to the girl's home. In such cases he sends his sword, if he is a prince, or, if he does not possess such a weapon, some other article belonging to himself, and the bride is married to it with just as much ceremony as if the groom were personally present. Cases on record in which girls have been married to a sprig of tobacco, the sacred Hindu plant; while every year many Indian girls are married to staves and wooden idols, thenceforward to serve the gods in the temple.

Marries a Tree.

To equalize matters between the sexes, men are sometimes married to trees. This

happens when one wife has died and the widower is averse to spending money upon a marriage that may terminate in the same unfortunate way. It is believed that the ill-luck runs from wife to wife; so when he weds a true the curse is supposed to fasten itself upon the inanimate thing, after which he may marry a human spouse without fear of Fate striking her down.

The girl whom the widower takes to his heart, as a rule, wears some charm to keep the spirit of his deceased wife from haunting and hurting her. One of these amulets takes the form of two feet, made of gold, silver, or some lesser metal. This is worn suspended from a thread or chain fastened about the neck, and is supposed to symbolize that the son who wears it has the mischief-making ghost under her feet, where it can do her no harm. Hindu males are privileged to marry just as many wives as they may choose and as their purse can support. A Mohammedan, on the other hand, may have only four wives. Comparatively few, however, take advantage of this privilege.

Widows amongst the higher castes of the Hindus are not allowed to marry again. This restriction extends to every widow, no matter what her age may be. In many cases society is so strict that the mere fact that a girl has been betrothed to a boy who has died puts her under a ban. The census recently taken reveals the fact that there were no fewer than fifteen thousand infant girls, not a year old at the time of the enumeration, who must for ever remain widows.

Amongst the lower castes girls who have lost their husbands or their betrothed may remarry. In some localities it is customary for the younger brother of the deceased man to marry the widow—a condition which, more often than not, results in polygamy. Amongst some tribes a widow marriage is celebrated only during the dark of the moon, and none but women who have been bereaved of their mates are allowed to be present.

The Absurdity of It All.

The institution of early marriage and perpetual widowhood, coupled with the fact that widowers, no matter what their age may be, even though one foot may be in the grave, possess an irresistible desire to marry, produces a rather chaotic matrimonial condition. Bridegrooms may be young or old, but brides are invariably im-

mature. This it frequently happens that more infants are tied down to aged men. For example, in 1912 a man of seventy married in Sook, a village in the Rijnah, married a girl of seven; and in February of the same year a well known attorney of Dacca, in Hindia, aged sixty-five, who had three been left a widower, married a girl of thirteen.

With the introduction of modern ideas

A Dose of Cayenne

Graphic Description of the Horrors of the French Penal Settlement of Cayenne, Depicting Man's Inhumanity to Man

LAMARTINE, the great French writer, a half century ago described Cayenne, the French penal settlement as "le guillotine sea."

The justice of this appellation is borne out by an article in *Harper's Magazine* by Mr. C. W. Furber, F.R.G.S.

Cayenne—red pepper to the world at large, he writes, led to the few thousands of convicts transported to this isolated, northeastern corner of equatorial South America. Here, it was rumored, existed one of the world's most antiquated and revolting penal systems, where thousands of men are not only transported for years, but crucified and doomed to a living death. Men from French Guiana had intimated conditions which vied with the cradles of the old convict ships. I understood the system was legalized by progressive, intellectual France, under the Minister of Colonies, and that prison-reform movements in France had unsuccessfully tried to do away with the horrors of Cayenne.

Off the western seaboard of France lies the Ile de Re, with its quaint little fishing village, San Martin de Re, at whose water's edge stands a weather-beaten old citadel, now a convict station. In January and July its ponderous iron gates open and emit some half-thousand wretched men. Each has heard the Court of Assizes pronounce sentence that has made the blood chill, the brain whirl, the heart-throb almost stop—"Cayenne!"

Clad in coarse wooden garb and chained in pairs, like a monster brood snake this string of humanity creeps between glowering bayonets of double-ranked soldiers down the long wharf. In lighters they board the La Loire, and practically all know that the closing of the great gates of the citadel's iron maw has shut them from France forever.

in the minds of a minority of Indians, movements have been set on foot to do away with child-marriage, enforced widowhood, joint families, and wedlock without courtship. But very little progress has been actually made in these directions.

The prospects for reform, however, are very hopeful, and the sooner some of the conditions described are swept away the better it will be for all concerned.

On arrival at Cayenne the condemned are classified and distributed throughout French Guiana to some half dozen penitentiary establishments, along the coast, or near the river mouth, hemmed in on one side by the boundless ocean, on the other by the limitless jungle. Prisoners in general are spoken of as *deportés*. Those sentenced to hard labor are known as *transportés*; for life as *relégues*; those so placed in the colony are known as *libérés*.

The colony also includes three islands known as the Ile de Salut, the smallest and most barren of which the Ile Diabie is famous for the infamous incarceration of the exiler Dreyfus.

Deportes begin in the third and lowest class, mostly at arduous labor; some quarry and break stones, others carry loads, fell trees, and construct roads at the different "camps"; the strongest break and the weakest do. Clearing "the bush" back of St. Laurent killed off deportees like flies, so the work had to be given to Madagascarian blacks. On promotion to second and first class, deportes may become rovers, masons, locksmiths, mechanics, painters, carpenters, gardeners, etc.; but the liberal professions are tabooed.

Reveille arouses the sleeping camps each day at five, and coffee is served; at 6.30 the deportes form squads, and work is assigned each for eight hours of labor. The daily rations consist of only a plate of thin soup, one vegetable, a kilogram of bread, and 350 grams of meat weighed before cooking, which reduces the meat to 130 grams. At 10.30 comes breakfast; siesta is given in the most intense heat, but the sun is still glaring high in the heavens when they start at 1.30 for four more hours of toil. On return from work

occurs roll-call, then a drum sounds, buckets of soup and meat are dealt out. From then on they have time to themselves until they turn in.

A recent French writer claimed that "nowhere can be found a more real moral hell than in these relegue camps." But the condition is due as much to the system which fosters it as to the relegues themselves. Some do boast of exploits inconceivably repugnant; and one, when asked his offense, replied ironically, "I only killed my mother."

It is recognized among deportees that prisoners on the Ile de Salut are put in solitary confinement cells which have an opening permitting the guard patrolling the roof to look in every few minutes to

must be the executioner, and as a distinctive mark of office has a right to wear a beard and don a black frockcoat and receive a reward for each execution; at New Caledonia sixteen francs and a box of sardines; at Guiana, where the tariff is very high, one hundred francs and a pot of jam.

Since 1852 France has probably transported to Guiana at least 30,000 prisoners, and as there are now over six thousand in the colony, probably over thirty thousand died in exile under a system which, excellent in some respects, is fundamentally wrong. The pale faces and emaciated forms of the prisoners tell their own story and bear out the Governor's remark to me that "the climate is a great factor in bringing repentance."

Some claim that not more than one hundred prisoners have ever finally got entirely away, though many have escaped only to be recaptured. M. Clamagran conceded that about four per cent. escaped, mostly from among the chateaux, generally across the Maroni River or by boat along the coast of Dutch and British Guiana. Some are shot in the attempt, some starve, while many, after suffering the terrors of a Guianan tropical forest, voluntarily return and are punished.

Some time before my arrival at St. Laurent two escaped deportees killed a Carib family at night, save a little lad who escaped. Previously Americans brought in captured deportees to the Dutch commandant at Albina, but for six months after this tragedy escaped deportees were run down like wild beasts.

A deportee who was "wanted" was brought in one night by Caribs badly wounded—skull crushed in by a knobbed arrow. The Dutch commandant rushed him across to St. Laurent.

"Quickly," he urged the warder, as by lantern's glow he called attention to the wounded man. "Send for the doctor at once if you are to save this man's life."

"What! For a deportee!" exclaimed the warder. "The doctor is busy with my cow, which has broken its leg." The meaning man lay huddled on the wharf until he died.

At twilight I visited the new hospital buildings, as half finished they loomed against the heated afternoon. They will at least and many a weary sojourner in a more peaceful prisoning out—the only ticket of leave for the majority.

France many years ago, in freeing the slaves of Guiana, freed herself of the stigma of that institution. In the central square of Cayenne stands a sculptured monument to that achievement. On its base are the words which many a

deporteé has read: "Liberte, fraternite, egalite." But those words will not be known in their fullest significance until France has removed from this institution the justifiable appellation—"Cayenne, le galeetier rec."

Will Japan Turn to Australia?

Japan Will Follow the Line of Least Resistance and Turn to Northern Australia, and Not Force a Losing Conflict With the United States

THAT Japan will not fight over the treatment of her countrymen in California is the opinion strongly expressed by Mr. Lovat Fraser in the London Daily Mail.

Mr. Fraser is one of the first Orientalists in the world and is generally accepted as an authority on politics and statecraft in the Near and Far East. His "India Under Caran" is considered by critics a masterpiece of brilliant writing, judicial fairness, and accurate information. He is well qualified to give an opinion and reasons as to why Japan must hesitate to push matters to extremes. Japan is too weak, too poor indeed to enter the lists with the United States. If she did she would cease the white races throughout the world to stand shoulder to shoulder in a solid phalanx against her. Even if she conquered Hawaii and the Philippines, the United States, after experiencing a defeat which could be merely temporary, would revive from such a Bull Run discomfiture stronger than ever and with ships and more men, and a deepened temper of anger would ultimately drive the yellow man "bootless home and weather-beaten back."

A conflict between Japan and the United States at this juncture would mean the ruin of Japan. The late Homer Len's fantastic visions have little relation to reality. Japan could not run the risk of an invasion of the Pacific slope, because she would soon be ejected. She might take Hawaii and the Philippines, but how long could she keep them? The United States would press forward the completion of the Panama Canal, spend her vast resources in building an invincible armada of dreadnaughts, and devote all her incomparable energies to winning back lost possessions. The ultimate outcome of the struggle would never be in doubt, so far as the near future is concerned, for Japan could get no more ships and no more money.

Japan had the bitterest possible ex-

perience in her Manchurian campaign when she spent her last bullet and shot her last man in winning over Russia a victory which brought no indemnification.

United States Would Not Fail.

A temporary success would be of no avail in a conflict with the United States. Japan fought herself to a standstill in the war with Russia. Had fighting continued a few months longer the verdict might have been reversed. She knows full well that the United States would never accept transient defeat. She is equally well aware that the Western world will not give her more ships and money to prosecute a war based upon such an issue as the Californian Land Bill. It would be a war deliberately fought to challenge the world-empire of the white races, and in such a case the white races would instantly unite. They would not all fight, but they would not help Japan. The welfare of America means more to the white races than the welfare of Asia.

We may take it for granted, then, that the present differences between Japan and the United States will in some way or other be composed.

Mr. Fraser thinks that the United States has a high mission to perform both by sea and land in supporting the supremacy of the white races and maintaining their right to rule the earth. Hence he tells us that while the quarrel between the United States and Japan is comparatively trivial, the issue that lies behind it is not trivial, and is probably destined to become one of the greatest problems of the twentieth century.

What the yellow races want is equality of treatment in the form in which the claim is being advanced by the more progressive peoples of Asia, which comprises something more than relief from disabilities under the special laws of the white races. It means that the tacit ne-



Articles made by the prisoners. An inland box, a hat of awara, a miniature guillotine—made as a cigar cutter, a paper knife, and a whip of balata-rubber.

see that the deportees keep perpetually standing or walking during the entire day. Even the strongest, it is said, cannot survive this more than four years, and many die within a few months. A tolling bell announces the death of a deportee. Shortly his companions are ordered to dump the remains into the sea. As it strikes the muddy waters alive with sharks, each hearer faces his own final doom.

Capital punishment is the price of murder. A French writer states that the murderer's comrades at the penitentiary must assist at his execution. "They are placed near the guillotine, behind them stand soldiers of the Colonial Infantry ready to fire, a voice cries out: 'All convicts on your knees! Heads bare!' All kneel and take off their caps. A convict

sumption of the white races that it is their privilege to inherit the earth is directly contrary. The yellow races are beginning to insist upon their right to spread outward. The overspill of the population of Europe pours into the American continent. Japan and China do not see why they should not move outward also, especially as they breed faster and much of their soil is already overpopulated.

The little colonies of Japanese and Chinese scattered about over the American continent represent only the vanguard of this great movement. Japan does not find in Korea all the opportunities for expansion which she had expected. She knows that by mere weight of numbers the Chinese will eventually fill up the vast space of Manchuria.

In this point lies the irreparable good America is doing by setting up a halfway along the Pacific slope to keep off the leonlike hordes that would soon desolate her territory.

California is the new boundary-wall of the white races. The day of Asian invasions of Europe is over. We have just seen the Yanks driven from their last European possessions. The peoples of Asia have turned their faces eastward again, and they look across the Pacific toward the light of the morning sun, America, with her millions of negroes and

her masses of half-civilized immigrants from Eastern Europe, rejects them. She does so with good reason.

What Mr. Fraser styles "a trivial quarrel" between the United States and the eager people of Japan, triumphant, sensitive, clamorous for recognition, but still more avid of room to expand is certain to be adjusted. The Japanese will not retaliate. They will not hit back, but they will follow the line of least resistance turning to the British Pacific possessions lying at their feet. This is how Mr. Fraser puts it:

The rich coastal belt of Northern Australia, with its deep rivers, fine harbors, and unfailing rainfall, could maintain thirty millions of people. Its present inhabitants number less than a thousand white folk. We have painted it red and left it vacant.

At the present rate of progress, Australia will not so readily hence have population enough to stem the flood of a yellow invasion. The course which the outward movement of the yellow races must eventually follow seems automatic and irresistible. Fleets in the North Sea can not stop it. The only chance for Australia's salvation will be if the mastery of the Pacific passes into the hands of the United States, and that is an issue which may have to be fought out first.

A King in Canada

A United States Writer Discusses the Probability of Our Having a Reigning Monarch of the Dominion in Canada.

OUR cleverly edited contemporary, *Vogue*, a fortnightly journal which circulates exclusively among the wealthy classes in the United States, has in a current number an amusing speculative article by Mr. Edward N. Vallandigham on the possibility of a member of the British Royal Family permanently occupying a position in Canada as reigning monarch of the Dominion, and on the effect this would have on the social life of Canada and the United States.

It is hinted, says Mr. Vallandigham indeed, prophesied, by an intelligent discover of Canadian affairs who has also been a resident of the United States, that before many years we shall see a scion of the British Royal Family at Ottawa, not as mere viceroy, but as a veritable King of the Dominion. Politically, the

prospects of a reigning monarch in Canada would not be a matter of great significance, since, like the head of his family at home, he would reign without governing, and the essentially democratic system of the Dominion would remain unchanged, if, indeed, it were not strengthened.

Counting Our Chickens.

Socially however, the substitution of a king for a viceroy might make a vast difference beyond our northern border. A king of the Dominion would be the focal point of honor and it is hard to believe that honorific titles in Canada would be as few then as now. There is no Canadian peerage, though a few Canadians wear the title "Lord," and there can hardly be said to be Canadian baronets, though sev-

eral native Canadians have been knighted. These titles are imperial, and not local. With a king upon the throne, however, the Dominion would probably have its own peerage, though not necessary a House of Lords instead of its present Senate. Faithful Canadians would also, from time to time, be honored with knighthood, and we should speedily have a titled and hereditary aristocracy at our very doors.

The social effect of such creations would be felt not only in Canada, but even in the United States, and it is not improbable that once the system was established some wealthy Americans, dazzled by the glamour of the thing, might be persuaded to expatriate themselves with the hope, by means of such good works as wealth makes possible, to acquire Canadian titles. Canada is growing fast in population, and she will need large endowments for new institutions. What more effective way for a newly naturalized citizen to commend himself to his sovereign than by generous gifts for such purposes? One easily foresees an exodus of our rich and ambitious fellow citizens to the Dominion.

A king in Canada, however, would mean something for a good many Americans not disposed toward expatriation. Presentation at the Court of St. James has long been recognized by Americans as a sort of social rocket both at home and abroad. The winning of this honor, however, is difficult, expensive, and inconvenient. For an accomplished American aspirant toward the "drawing-room" there must be many disappointed applicants. The record of those who fail of the honor is charitably buried in the graves of dead ambassadors, and in the grave-like memories of living ambassadors, and society at home is unlikely to be scandalized by any violation of such diplomatic secrets, piquant reading though it would make.

But presentation at the Canadian Court ought to be easier, though not necessarily of less social value. The king once well established at Ottawa, we may be sure that the capital would become a favorite winter residence for no small company of the socially ambitious from this side the line, and there is surely no reason why such residents should not commend themselves to the attention of his Canadian Majesty by a magnificent hospitality and a beautiful charity.

Imparting a Royal Atmosphere.

The Canadians have a fine sense of fitness, which the monarch would not offend by making approach to his person too easy. While a telephone message from New York or Chicago to Rideau House, inquiring whether His Majesty "will be at home to-morrow and prepared to receive my wife and daughters," would be quite unthinkable, the monarch of the Dominion, we may guess, would place no impassable barrier between his throne and his faithful Americans. Certain pages of our newspapers would then take on the semblance of a court circular, and the presentation of distinguished Americans would be heralded with appropriate pictures of the ceremony, the monarch, the happy recipients of the honor, and their homes and haunts in the United States. Fashionable society would ring with talk of the "dear Queen," and club circles would be regaled with stories of His Majesty's graciousness, perhaps even of his foibles. Indeed, the presence of a king at Ottawa would confer upon our American society a subtle something that even a winter's residence at Washington has not thus far availed to give to the drawing-rooms of those who have frequented the White House and the diplomatic circle.

Harnessing the Sun

Showing How the Sun's Rays May be Used to Melt Metals, Pump Water, and Perform Other Useful Work in the Service of Man

A description of various engineering devices for utilizing the sun's rays is given in *Chamber's Journal*.

The history of experiments in the direct employment of the rays is of peculiar interest, says the writer. So far as the records show, Archimedes the philosopher and savant was the first to utilize the sun as a weapon of attack, by reflecting its

rays from movable plates of brass which had been polished until they were glittering mirrors. He made them to assault the fleet of Marcellus the Roman, who besieged ancient Syracuse. History has it that he placed the plates in such positions that they concentrated the heat from the sun's rays upon the vessels to such a degree that not only the sails but the wooden hulls and

decks caught fire, although these plates were on the shore nearly a mile distant.

In modern times sciences has occupied itself on the problem as to how solar heat can be converted into a source of power. Several appliances operated by power developed by solar heat have been designed and found to be successful. A French engineer is given credit as the first inventor of such an apparatus. He constructed a large reflector to receive the rays. Into its centre was set one end of a large siphon, the other end being in a tank of water several feet below the reflector. This reflector was made in several sections, each of which could be adjusted so as to be directly in range with the rays, while all the sections could be focussed on the opening in the upper arm of the siphon by reason of its position. At the first test of the appliance the air in the empty portion of the siphon was heated to such a point that the pressure of the air in the tube was greatly lessened. This caused the water to rise and overflow from the siphon as if pumped out by some other power, or by hand, and it continued until the reflectors were turned away.

Melts Iron and Pewter.

The possibility of melting iron, copper, pewter, also of burning wood, has been tested, especially by American scientists. In one instance the solar rays were deflected and centred on a sheet of iron seventeen feet from the mirrors, and in fifteen minutes the metal was at a red heat. A pewter flask was turned into molten liquid in twenty minutes, the heat being transmitted a distance of twenty feet. A plank coated with tar was set on fire and fifty feet away as a target for the burning-mirrors. The rays were focussed on a circular area of the wood about three inches in diameter. In fifteen minutes a



A front view of one of the five 204-foot long parabolic reflectors for utilizing the heat of the sun. This is designed by Dr. Frank Shuman, of Philadelphia. Expert

hole of this size had been burned nearly through the plank, which was two inches thick, and the tar coating was shone. In each experiment several adjustable mirrors of glass with mercury backing were used.

As a means of cooking without fuel the reflector has been placed in service and has performed its work. A Californian scientist made a parabolic mirror that turned on an axis at a rate of speed sufficient to keep it constantly in the sunlight, thus making it a continuous radiator. It was focussed on a sheet-iron pot filled with cold water set on a stand near the axis. After five minutes the thermometer test showed the water to be hot; five minutes later it was at the boiling-point. Some eggs were boiled in it as a proof of the value of solar heat for cooking. This device marked a new era in making the sun's radiation of practical value, for the temperature reached was so high that it would smelt metals. The inventor secured a patent covering the principal features, and several appliances actuated by solar power are in operation in California pumping water and performing other work. One of the largest of these solar motors is located on a breeding-plant for ostriches, near Pasadena, California. These birds can only live on the sand where the surface is dry. A water-supply must be obtained, however, for drinking purposes, and the owner drove a pipe-line below the surface to a point where underground springs were known to exist. To this pipe-line was attached the sun-driven motor.

In appearance the motor resembles a huge disc of glass, and at a distance might be taken for a windmill; but this apparent disc is really a reflector thirty-three feet six inches in diameter on the top and fifteen feet on the bottom. The inner surface is made up of one thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight small mirrors, all arranged so that they can concentrate the sun upon the central or focal point. They transmit the heat to a boiler which is thirteen feet six inches in length, and holds one hundred gallons of water, and the temperature produced is sufficient to generate steam-power for pumping.

Man Burnt to a Cinder.

The amount of heat concentrated in the boiler by over one thousand seven hundred mirrors cannot be realized, so nothing can be seen but a small cloud of escaping steam; but should a man climb upon the

reflector and attempt to cross it he would be literally burnt to a cinder. Copper is melted by it in a short time, and a pole of wood thrust into the radius of the reflector burst into flame like a match. That the motor is a success is seen by the work that it is doing in pumping water from a well, proving its possibilities as a means of irrigation by lifting one thousand four hundred gallons per minute.

More recently a new type of apparatus has been devised. Instead of concentrating the solar heat upon one comparatively small and strong boiler, Mr. Frank Shuman has adopted the expedient of focussing the sun's rays upon a large number of small boilers made of tinned copper only about a quarter of an inch thick. Each boiler is placed in a slightly inclined shallow box

fitted with a double glass top, an air-space about an inch deep being left between the two layers. Silvered glass mirrors are fitted to the upper and lower edges of the top of each box at an angle of one hundred and twenty degrees, thus focussing the sun's rays upon the boilers within. Water is brought to every boiler by a small feed-pipe, while another pipe serves to carry the generated steam to a large main steam-pipe, which in turn conveys it to the engine it is intended to work. In an apparatus of this kind erected in Philadelphia 'the maximum quantity of steam produced in any one hour was more than eight hundred pounds at atmospheric pressure,' but still better results would, of course, be obtained under the almost continuous rays of a tropical sun.

Revival of Folk Dancing in England

Beauties of Old English Dances as an Antidote to the "Turkey Trot," the "Bunny Hug" and the "Tango"

THE YEAR 1913 marks the centenary of the Walts. From present indications it would almost seem that we are approaching its death knell.

No longer do we delight in the gentle, graceful measures that obtained in the days of our grandmothers—waltz, mazurka, cotillon, the dignified quadrille; these have been superseded for the time being at least, by a perfect orgy of freak dances.

First we had the weird contortions which went to make up what became known as the Turkey Trot. It was a long time before sane people could reconcile themselves to this innovation in the top-sichorean art; but, curiously enough, they did at last; and so on the stage and off, in ballrooms, at children's parties even, everyone was turkey trotting.

Next came the sinuous movements of the Bunny Hug and the Grizzly Bear. To see a number of dancers wriggling, posturing, and grimacing in attitudes which distinctly belied the animals which presumably they were meant to portray was to imagine Bedlam let loose.

Nothing Graceful in Them.

Refinement is certainly not a characteristic of most of these new dances, if they can be called dances, for they consist chiefly of wriggling and writhing in all kinds of ways.

But dancers who have adopted American innovations may say, "If we may not

'Boston' or 'Bunny-hug' or 'Turkey Trot,' and if the 'Tango' be taboo what other dances will you provide for us?"

There are enthusiasts who are quite prepared to supply an answer, and the London Daily Telegraph furnishes us with the antidote in an article on old English measures which are being revived by the Esperance Guild of Morris Dancers.

Miss Mary Neal, the hon. secretary of this Society, thinks that the beauties of Old English folk-dances are not sufficiently recognized, and that some of these long-neglected measures, to whose revival she has devoted unceasing attention for a number of years, are worthy of a place in any ball-room. "During the 'Shakespeare's England' display at Earl's Court last year," said Miss Neal, "the boys and girls of the guild appeared at society dances which were held there. They were able to demonstrate the charm of these country dances, and, as a matter of fact, two or three of the ladies actually joined in them."

Morris Dance.

Miss Neal does not suggest for a moment that the morris dance could ever be anything but an open-air dance. Incidentally she remarked that though it was generally danced by men, it was not exclusively a male dance, as was sometimes erroneously supposed. For this statement she was prepared to quote an authority, in the person

of one of the oldest morris dancers, Mr. Tredford, of Headington, near Oxford, who had told her that in his young days there was a morris dance called "How D'y'e Do, Sir"—a quaint enough name—which was performed by three men and three women. The men it is recorded, selected their partners with a "How d'y'e do, miss," and the girls returned the greeting with a "How d'y'e do, sir," which simple explanation suffices to clear up any mystery as to the origin of the name.

One of the best exponents of morris dance solos, Miss Neal observed, is the Hon. Neville Lytton, who took part in the interesting performance of old English dances given at the Globe Theatre some time ago.

But the morris dance is no substitute for the "Turkey trot," and Miss Neal went on to discuss other dances which, she holds, might with great advantage from the artistic point of view find a place in the ball-room. "I have heard it suggested," she said, "that the sword dance"—not the Scottish version, she was careful to explain—"would make a very charming figure in a codille. Then there are available the most exquisite country dances, as set out in Playford's 'Dancing Master,' of which there were something like eighteen editions in the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. A few of these dances were revived by Miss Nellie Chaplin, and are being taught now under her superintendence. At the present time Mr. Clive Carey, who sang at the Globe Theatre, and also danced with great success, is engaged in deciphering more of these dances."

Quaint Names.

Miss Neal mentioned the names of some of the old dances in which children are receiving instruction up and down the country. It is interesting to recall them if only

for their quaintness. There are, for example, the following:

All in a Garden Green.

Albion.

The Olney of the West.

Simon the King.

Once I loved a maiden fair.

"I think these dances are particularly suitable for the ball-room," she explained. "They are social and flirtatious—well, perhaps, that is hardly the best description. I mean that they can be danced with a certain amount of coquetry and elegance and grace. I believe if people really understood the Playford dances, if they would only let us demonstrate their attractiveness, these old measures would sweep England. They are all so dainty and pretty. There is no hugging in them, though in some there is kissing, which can, of course, quite easily be omitted. Moreover, from my own knowledge, I can say that they have already been taught to society people, and are danced in the hall-rooms of certain business houses who have an eye for the artistic."

Miss Neal said that she had witnessed the "Boston" and the "Turkey-Trot" in America, but she had never seen the latter danced so disgustingly as when she once went to a middle-class hall in England, at which there was an ordinary master of ceremonies. So unseasonably was the dancing that the master of ceremonies felt it imperative that he should intervene, and he did so to such good purpose that the "Turkey-Trot" was promptly stopped altogether. In conclusion, Miss Neal expressed herself very hopeful, not to my content, that English national dances will regain their once universal popularity. The Board of Education has sanctioned the teaching of folk dances in the schools, and she sees in this fact great possibilities for the future regeneration of English dancing.

A Chinese Lady's Love Letter

A Charming Side Light on the Home Life of a High-Class Chinese Lady,
Which May Change Some Popular Ideas

THE ABOVE heading is the title of a delightful and enlightening article by Mrs. Clayton Sedgwick Cooper in the *Pink Mail Magazine*. The letters were shown to her by their recipient, many years after they were written. Kwei-Li the wife of a very high Chinese official, wrote them to her husband when he accompanied his master,

Prince Chang, on his trip around the world.

Within the beautiful ancestral home of her husband, high on the mountain-side outside of the City of Suzhou, she lived the quiet, sequestered life of the high-class Chinese woman, attending to the household duties which are not light in these

patrilateral homes, where an incredible number of people live under the same roof-tree. The sons bring their wives to their fathers' house instead of establishing separate houses for themselves, and they are all under the watchful eye of the mother, who can make a prison or a palace for her daughters-in-law.

Kwei-Li was the daughter of a Viceroy of Chi-li, a man most advanced for his time, who was one of the forerunners of the present educational movement in China that has urged her youth to rise and demand Western methods and Western enterprise in place of the obsolete traditions and customs of their ancestors. To show his belief in the new spirit that was breaking over his country, he educated his daughter along with his sons. She was given as tutor a famous poet of the province, who doubtless taught her the imagery and beauty of expression which is so truly Eastern.

My dear One, writes the Chinese wife, The house on the mountain has lost its soul. It is nothing but a palace with empty windows. I go upon the terrace and look over the valley where the sun sinks, a golden red ball, casting long purple shadows on the plain. Then I remember that thou art not coming from the city to me, and I say to myself that there can be no dawn that I care to see, and no sunset to gladden my eyes, unless I share it with thee.

But do not think I am unhappy. I do everything the same as if thou wert here, and in everything I say "Would this please my master?"

Mah-li wished to put your long hair away, as she said it was too big, but I did not permit it. It must rest where I can look at it, and imagine I see thee lying in it, smoking thy water pipe, and the small table is always near by, where thou canst reach out thy hand for thy papers and the drink thou lovest. . . .

Such a long letter I am writing thee. I am so glad that thou madest me promise to write thee every seventh day, and to tell thee all that passes within my household and my heart. . . . Each one of these strokes will come to thee bearing my message.

Thou wilt not tear the covering roughly, as thou didst those great official letters; nor wilt thou crush the papers roughly in thy hand, because it is the written word of Kwei-Li, who sends with each stroke of her brush a part of her heart. . . .

I think this honorable mother has passed me the keys of the household to take my mind away from my loss. She says a heart that she cannot mourn, and my days are full of duties. I arise in the morning early, and after seeing that my hair is tidy I take a cup of tea to the aged one and make my obeisance; then I place the rice and water in their dishes before the god of the kitchen and light a tiny stick of incense for his altar, so that our day may begin auspiciously. After the morning meal I consult with the cook and steward. The vegetables must be regarded carefully and the fish inspected.

I carry the great keys and feel much pride when I open the door of the store-room. Why, I do not know, unless it is because of the realization that I am the head of this large household. If the servants or their children are ill, they come to me instead of to their honorable mother, as in former times. I settle all difficulties, unless they be too rare or heavy for one of my mind and experience.

Then I go with the gardener to the terrace and help him to arrange the flowers for the day. I love the stone-fenced terrace with its low marble balustrade.

It rests close against the mountain, to which it seems to cling.

I always stop a moment and look over the valley, because it was from here I watched thee when thou went to the city in the morning, and here I waited thy return. Because of my love for it and the rope of remembrance with which it binds me, I keep it beautiful with rugs and flowers.

It speaks to me of happiness and brings back memories of summer days spent sitting in a quiet spot still that we could hear the rustle of the bamboo grasses on the hillside down below; or, still more dear, the evening breeze close by thy side, watching the lingering moon's soft touch which brightened into jade each door and archedway as it passed.

I long for thee, I love thee, I am thine.

We Must Listen.

An approaching wedding in the household is as exciting to Kwei-Li as to any European. In her fourth letter she writes of the festive of her husband's brother:

We do not know how many benevolent stars will bring, and we are praying the Gods to grant her discretion, because with servants from a different Province there is sure to be jealousy and the retelling of small tales that disturb the harmony of a household.

Many tales have been brought us of her great beauty, and we hear she has much education. Thine august mother is much disturbed over the letter, as she says, and justly, too, that over-learning is not good for women. It is not meet to give them books in which to store their embroidery stitches. But I—I am sorely delighted, and Ma-Li, thy sister, is transported with joy. I think within our hearts, although we would not even whisper it to the night-wind, we are glad that there will be three instead of two to bear the burden of the disgrace of thine honorable mother. Not that she talks too much, thou understander, nor that her speech is not adorned with wisdom, but—she talks—and we must listen.

The wedding over the young bride becomes a favorite with Kwei-Li:

I am sure that if her powers could be let loose by side they would reach round the world. She is as fair as the spring blossoms and as little too. An army encamped upon us could not have so upset our household as the advent of this one maiden. She brought with her, rage to cover the floors, embroidery and hangings for the walls, scrolls and sayings of Confucius and Mencius to hang over the seats of honor, to show us that she is an admirer of the classics, screens for the doorways, even a huge bed all carved and gilded and with bangings and tassels of gay silk.

Thine honorable mother is not pleased with this, her newest daughter-in-law, and she talks—and talks—and talks. She says the days will pass most slowly until she sees the father of Li-ti. She yearns to tell him that a man known how to spend a million pieces of money in marrying off his daughter, but knows not how to spend a hundred thousand in bringing up his child.

Yet with it all Li-ti is such a child. Ah, I see thee smile! Than aye, she is only three years less in age than I, yet, this week, I have had the honor of living a year by the side of thy Most August Mother and have acquired much knowledge from the very fountain head of wisdom.

To me Li-ti is the light of this old palace. She is the true spirit of laughter, and when the happy laugh the gods rejoice. She is continually in disgrace with thine honorable mother, and now the elder one has decided that both she and Ma-Li, thy sister, shall learn a text from the sage Confucius each day for penance.

In the morning she sends herself before

her mirror, and two maids attend her, one to hold the great brass bowl of water, the other to hand her the implements of her toilet. While the face is warm she covers it with honey mixed with perfume, and applies the rice-powder until her face is as white as the rice itself. Then the cheeks are rouged, the touch of red is placed upon the lower lip, the eyebrows are shaped like the true willow-leaf, and the hair is dressed.

Her hair is wonderful that I say within my heart, (not so long nor so thick as mine), and she adorns it with many jewels of jade and pearls. Over her soft clothing of fine linen she draws the rich embroidered robes of silk and satin. Then her jewels, earrings, beads, bracelets, rings, the tiny mirror in the embroidered case, the bag with its rouge and powder fastened to her side by long red tassels. When all things are in place she rises, a being glorified, a thing of beauty from her glossy hair to the tips of her tiny embroidered shoes. I watch her with a little envy, because when thou wast here I did the same. Now that my husband is away it is not meet that I make myself too seemly for other eyes.

Thy Mother says poor Li-ti is a 'er rain, and repeats to herself the saying, "More precious in a woman is a virtuous heart than a face of beauty." But I say she is our butterfly, she brings the joys of summer. One must not expect a lace kerchief to hold tears, and she fulfills her woman's destiny. O my brother, be impatiently happy. He adores his pretty blossom. He follows her with eyes that worship, and, when she is in disgrace with thine August Mother, is desolate. When needs be she is sent to her apartment, he wanders round and round the courtyards until the Honorable One has retired from sight, then he hurriedly goes to his beloved. Soon I hear them laughing gaily, and know the storm is over.

In the eighth letter Kwei-Li relates a sad incident in the life of a former girl friend who had lately married:

She came to me yesterday in dire distress. She is being returned to her home by her husband's people, and, as you know, if a woman is divorced shame covers her until her latest hour. I am incomprehensibly saddened, as I do not know what can be done. The trouble is with his mother, and, I fear, her own pride of family. She cannot forget that she comes from a great house, and is filled with pride at the recollection of her home. I have told her that

the father and mother of one's husband should be honored beyond her own. I can see that she has failed in respect, and thus she merits condemnation. We have all learned as babes that "respect" is the first word in the book of wisdom. I know it is hard at times to still the tongue, but all paths that lead to Peace are hard. She will remain with me two nights. Last night she lay wide-awake, staring into the darkness, with I know not what within her soul. I begged her to think wisely, to talk frankly with her husband and his mother, to whom she owes obedience. There should be no pride where love is. She must think upon the winter of her days, when she will be alone, without husband and without children, eating bitter rice of charity, though 'tis given by her people.

I must not bring thee the sorrows of another. Oh, dear one, there will never come a twist there and me the least small river of distrust. I will hear to thee no double heart, and thou wilt cherish me and love me always.

A Cherished Right.

The servant question has terrors in China where we are happily spared. One day Kwei-Li had to discharge the new wife's nurse for scandal-mongering.

The servant went away, but she claimed her servant's right of revelling as within our gate. She lay beneath an oyster arched way for three long hours and called down curses upon the Lin family. One could not get away from the sound of the consumption of the fruits and views of your illustrious ancestors even behind closed doors. She went back to the dynasty of Ming and brought forth from his grave each poor man and woman and told us of—not their virtues.

I should have been more indignant, perhaps, if I had not heard so much of the wonders of your family tree, I was impressed by the amount of knowledge acquired by the family of Li-ti. They must

have searched the chronicles, which evidently recorded only the unworthy acts of thy men-folk in the past.

At the end of three hours the woman was faint and very ill. I had one of the servants take her down to the boat, and sent a man home with her bearing a letter saying she was sickening for home faces. She is old, and I did not want her to end her days in disgrace and shame.

But thine Honorable Mother! Art thou not dead that thou art in a far-off country? She went from courtyard to courtyard, and for a time I fully expected she would send to the Yamen for the soldiers; then she realized the woman was within her right and so restrained herself. It nearly caused her death, for thou knowest thine honorable mother has not long practised the virtue of restraint, especially of the tongue.

In the morning she wished to talk to Li-ti, but I feared for her, and I said, "You cannot speak of the ocean to a well-frog, nor sing of ice to a summer insect. She will not understand." She said Li-ti was without brains, a senseless thing of paint and powder. I said, "We will reform her, we will make of her a wise woman in good time." She replied with bitterness, "Rotten Wood cannot be carved nor Walls of Dirt be plastered." I would not answer, but I sent Li-ti to pass the day with Chia-p'eh at the Gold Fish Temple, and when she returned the time was not so stormy.

All this made me unhappy, and the cares of this great household pressed heavily upon my shoulders. Please do not think the cares too heavy nor that I do not crave the work. I know all labor is done for the sake of happiness, whether the happiness comes or no, and, if I find not happiness, I find less time to dream and mourn and long for thee, my husband.

THY WIFE.

Fragrant of love and duty and gentleness are these letters of a Chinese lady.

The Bargain Hunter's Good Luck

A London Market Where Customers Range from Peers of the Realm to the Poorest of the Poor. Platinum at Two Cents an Ounce

THERE are many queer markets scattered over the face of the globe, says Mr. Charles Clarke writing in the *Wide World Magazine*, but London, amongst its many other unique features, is the proud possessor of what is, perhaps, the strangest

and most extraordinary of them all. And—as is usual with London institutions—not one Londoner in twenty has ever heard of it.

At the Caledonian Market, Islington, whence the great Metropolis draws a large

proportion of its meat supply, the cobbled pavements, with their countless rows of white-fenced pens, are usually given up to the display of fat stock, but on Fridays "a change comes o'er the spirit of the dream." The cobbled pavements are there, the white pens still break up the wide expanse, but no cattle or sheep are to be seen.

On that day the great market is given over to a throng of miscellaneous traders, whose wares provide the most amazing contrasts imaginable. There is nothing in the whole gamut of human devices and needs which are met not some across displayed in some odd collection set forth on the cobbles-stones. The traders use few counters or stalls; each of them, whether he has a stock worth three or four hundred pounds or a few rusty old bolts and spindles which one might reasonably expect to purchase for a shilling or two, dumps his wares on the pavement of the market. Moreover, at this remarkable place there are markets within markets, each taking its regular turn and place during the day and then packing up and vanishing.

Ever since the market was opened by Prince Albert—now nearly sixty years ago—this quaint collection of pavement-traders has occupied the ground on one day a week.

They started as a congregation of London coppersmiths, and the first twenty years saw little change except in numbers, but to-day the marvellous range of traders includes practically every business under the sun.

The heterogeneous mass of wares displayed by these men attracts a vast crowd, which is not less cosmopolitan than the traders themselves. There is an odd attraction about the place, and rich and poor, as men as they get to know of this variable bargain-bunter's paradise, flock within the iron gates to satisfy their desire for cheap purchases, or, in the case of more humble patrons, to secure some household requisite which shall not make too deep inroads into the limited family exchequer. No Eastern bazaar is half so diverse in its medley of trades and traders or in its incongruous admixture of fashionable and poverty-stricken customers.

Neither visitors nor traders are native to the soil of England alone. Londoners mingle with folk from the provinces, while Colonials, Americans, Dutchmen, Germans, Austrians, Frenchmen, and every

other nationality, including the dignified Turk, are plentiful.

There is a "king" of the market, a man of substance, with a reputation which might well be envied by many a West-end shopkeeper. His deals are in guineas, and he thinks no more of selling a twenty-guinea piece of antique furniture than he does of partaking of his early breakfast at six-thirty a.m. on market mornings. He takes payment in cheques, or debits the accounts of his wealthy customers as regularly as any great City trader. Shortly after midday the stall of Mr. Dudley Goldsmith, the "king" of the market, is cleared of its valuable collection to make way for some trader in a later market, and then his carts deliver the purchased goods to Park Lane, Kensington, or any other fashionable quarters where his aristocratic customers live.

Possibly the very next "pitch" to that of this wealthy trader may be the last hope of some poor cool who has staked his solitary remaining shilling for a stand in the hope of finding a buyer for five or six articles which would be dear at twenty-five cents a-piece.

It was only a few years ago that the cheery "king" of the market himself made his first venture in the hard cobbles, and from small beginnings ultimately arrived at his present proud position.

Searching Rabbits for Bargains.

By eleven o'clock on Friday mornings the roads around the Calcuttina Market resemble the side streets near the Royal Academy in May, for long rows of smart motor-cars and liveried servants wait while their fashionable and wealthy owners wend their way amongst the motley collection of rubbish and valuables in search of bargains.

The instances of prizes found and lost in this curious place are numerous, nor are the returns from a lucky purchase matters of small moment. One lady, who is now, of course, a regular pilgrim to the happy hunting-ground, gave four dollars for a piece of china which caught her fancy. A big surprise awaited her, for her purchase was afterwards desired to be a rarity and valued at some \$1,500. This lucky speculation, if more, is by no means unique in the history of this marvellous market.

As much as \$1,500 worth of fine plate and silverware can be seen displayed on several of the "pitches," and minsters, bronzes, and ancient works of art see as the collector loves are there in abundance.

One lucky visitor with a keen eye for business actually bought thirty-five ounces of platinum, worth about nine pounds a ounce, from a stall where it lay in a dirty condition, unbedded and unrecognized by the dealer who had included it in his stock. The purchase price was the familiar "dollar," which shows a decidedly handsome return to the purchaser for a morning spent in this amazing mart.

The instances quoted are by no means isolated. A haggard-bunter in this kerbstone-market has bought a green-painted ivory figure for five shillings and sold it for seventy pounds; a few shillings have secured a magnificent George III. candlestick; and a clock which was first bought for two pence was sold again and again, eventually realising forty pounds before it left the market.

Numbers of Society collectors bring snuff-boxes and seek themselves in front of some miscellaneous collection of small art objects and survey and re-survey the stock for an hour or more, repeatedly asking the prices from the dealer. One well-to-do lady visitor has even dispensed with the steel and takes her seat on the cobbles-stones cross-legged, in Turkish fashion, the better to carry out a scrutiny of the small objects and gems which litter the space in front of her.

Royalty Goes There.

There is a rug and carpet merchant who has traded in floor-coverings at cheap prices for over forty years, and who will sell you a rug made up from remnants of the very finest carpet for a dollar or two. Now him is an aged trader who in the space of a few feet displays quite a lot of curios and engravings and who treasures memories of the time when the late King

Edward visited his stall, and when Lord Rotschild was amongst the crowd of seekers after the rare and beautiful.

After two o'clock, when the Society crowd has gone, and the curio dealers and traders in more costly goods have left, the merchants are joined by other classes of traders, and a throng of humble working people come in search of cheap necessities for the home. If a little stranger has come along, the young couple who have thought to do in the ordinary way to keep the wolf from the door will find here a cradle or a perambulator, in full working order, for a tenth of the sum it was sold for before the leather split and the varnish lost its pristine gloss. Pots and pans, dresses and tea caddies, there is nothing one cannot get from the pavement pitches of this marvellous emporium.

One special corner of the market, curiously enough, is devoted to dealers. It is said that no one ever saw one dead, but here there are dozens very much alive. One sees dogkeys of all kinds ready to pull a coter's barrow or become the pet of well-to-do children. It is another of the queer little markets within this vast conglomeration of queer things.

Yet another surprise greets one during the afternoon. The traders in an export market make their way up and down the walks, crying in strident tones, "Bring out your dollar, bring out your dollar!" These queries have a use for everything wearable, from a top-knot to a pair of cord trousers. Tons of odds and ends and thousands of garments they buy, all to be exported abroad. This odd clothes emporium is just another little eddy within the human whirlpool that has so many self-contained centres of interest.

Iron in the Albanian Soul

A European Nation of Mountaineers that Have Held Their Own for Over Three Thousand Years. Would Make Good in Canada

AT A TIME when the future of Albania is hanging in the balance, an article on this nation of mountaineers in Chambers' Journal is of timely interest.

Strange it is that even to-day, says the writer, there are portions of Albania as little known to Europe as similar regions in Afghanistan. The mountainous nature of the country has not been the real hindrance, but the fighting, not to say murderous customs, of its people have de-

fied the explorer; and these customs have at least the sanction of high antiquity, for the most ancient records of Greece and Macedonia bear only the interpretation that Albania of that day was as Albania is now, a land of fierce and fighting tribes.

The Albanians are allowed to be the most ancient race in southeast Europe, descendants of the earliest Aryan immigrants. While all the rest of Europe has

changed ethnologically and socially, Albania has stood still. While almost every other part of Europe has been overrun time and again with stranger tribes and alien peoples, Albania has kept her race almost pure. The various intrusive races that have surged round her borders, Celt, Slav, Goth, and Turk, have been repelled or assimilated.

It is characteristic that at no time have these mountaineers founded an empire in the mountains; their successes have all been ephemeral. At home almost every household is divided against itself, each household, each village and clan against the other villages and clans, each tribe against every other. The elements that go to form a stable political unit are not all to be found here. At times under outside pressure, clan will unite with clan and tribe with tribe, and choose or submit to a leader against a common foe; but these alliances are contrary to the ingrained habits of the people, they are sustained with difficulty, and dissolve readily. Then once again the old quarrels about flocks and grazing grounds break out, old blood-fends are revived, and the country is soon back to its former state. It has been estimated that in parts of Albania 75 per cent. of the population die a violent death; and yet the women go unmourning. Can the hill tribes of Afghanistan match such a record?

Macedon the Phalanx.

Rooted in their mountains, the Albanians have held their own for three thousand years, possibly for longer. At the time of their greatest expansion they must have well nigh reached to the Danube; and that they crossed the Gulf of Corinth is well known. The Macedonian Phalanx was formed and recruited by Albanians; and though some legends have fancied Alexander's army was recruited from Celtic tribes on the upper reaches of the Danube that is only probable in a secondary degree as the Albanians by race, by tongue, and by civilization were close related to Macedonia and Thrace, while the Celts had not one of these ties. Under a leader such as Alexander they had the world at their feet. With Greek and Byzantine they have thriven; against Slav and Turk they have suffered. Yet, though the margin of their land has changed hands often, the core of it has ever been un conquered.

The decay of Turkey has been marked by the rise of the Balkan States, who have asserted themselves as independent nationalities. Freed from the Turkish incursions, they have made rapid strides in political no less than in military organization. The Albanians have made no such progress. The triumph of the allies brings Albania to a new phase in her career, and one for which she is wholly unprepared. The influence of Austria-Hungary and Italy will no doubt result in Albania being set up as an independent state. Her boundaries will be sharply defined, her neighbors, as soon as they have organized their new territory, will put a force on the borderline, ready and sufficient to deal with any marauding expedition of the Albanians; and as their supplementary occupation of loot and blackmail will be gone, throwing them back on the resources of their own mountains, and these have never been sufficient.

Suicide Over Precipices.

It is indeed a question whether it would not be wiser to divide Albania up among the neighboring countries, leaving each to assimilate its portion as best it could. Such a plan would at least give the Albanians a wide field for their energies, which a limited independent State does not. But such a method will not commend itself to the powers that be. Albania will become an independent kingdom, and whoever becomes the ruler of such a wasp's nest will have his work cut out for him. To draw the jarring elements of such a society together and turn their activities from private war to industry, or anything approaching industry, will be a difficult, many would say a superhuman, task. Yet the race has great natural qualities which the country deprives it of by denying a field for their display. At home their spirit of independence, their gloomy pride, and their hard life form a strong character. All over the Near East they are noted for qualities somewhat rare there: simplicity, honesty, faithfulness. If proof of their constancy and fortitude were needed, the story of the Suicide clan would suffice. De Quincey tells us how, when the Sulistes were, in a final fight by the twice beaten army of Ali Pasha (another Albanian, be it noted), surrounded, starved, and finally broken into surrender, and found that their monster had no intention of keeping his word, but was bent on their complete ex-

termination, "when all hope and all retreat were clearly cut off, then the women led the great scene of self-immolation, by throwing their children headlong from the summit of precipices, which done, they and their husbands, their fathers and their sons, hand-in-hand, ran up to the brink of the declivity, and followed those whom they had sent before. In other situations, where there was a possibility of fighting with effect, they made a long and bloody resistance, until the Turkish cavalry, finding an opening for their operations, made all further action impossible, upon which they all plunged into the nearest river, without distinction of age or sex, and were swallowed up by the merciful waters." Such a record shows these people to have a temper of their own.

The conclusion seems to be that the Albanians will need firm government at home, and a field for their surplus population abroad. Enlisted by Turkey, they

will only serve as an instrument for the oppression of its remaining subject races—a wretched fate for both, and one of which the world grows weary. Is there nothing better? The Albanians are the Swiss of the Near East; once their history is understood it must make the strongest appeal to the freedom-loving British people. The British Empire at present is only the outline, the sketch of an empire. From New Zealand, from Australia, from Canada, comes the cry for more people, ever more people. These great countries—we never realize how high they are—could take in and hide away ten Albanians complete. The Albanians are not really an alien people; they are in many ways like our own; they are people we could amalgamate with, and in the British Empire they would have a future assured. Don't wish the care and consideration that our Dominions now require to their colonists, a judicious scheme of emigration might well become a striking success.

Is the Soul Over the Left Ear?

Direct Connection Between Hand and Brain Cause of Our Being Right-Handed, and It May Be Foolish to Change the Left-Handed

THE FACT of our being taught as children to use the right hand for the ordinary actions of everyday life is usually regarded as the cause of our being right-handed. According, however, to Mr. Edward Tenney Brewster writing in *McClure's Magazine*, this theory is entirely wrong and our right handedness is due to a direct connection between our right hand and the left side of our brain.

Dexterity, says Mr. Brewster is by no means confined to the hand. Right handed persons are commonly right footed as well. That is to say, they kick or stamp with the right foot, dig with the right hand, tap with the right toe, and, in general, do any unsymmetrical act on the right side. We use a foot without its mate far less commonly than a hand; but when we do, the right side is just as clearly superior in the one case as in the other.

Moreover right handed persons are normally also right-eyed. We sight a gun, use telescope or microscope with the right eye.

And yet, right handed, right footed, and right-eyed as we are, we are left-eared. We put the telephone to the ear on one side as naturally and unconsciously as we

put gun or spy-glass to the eye on the other.

Moreover we are left-brained—far more completely left-brained, than we are right handed, right footed, and left eared. So matter how thoroughly one-sided we are in body, we do use, more or less, the other learning, reasoning, remembering is done with one hemisphere only. All our education and training, outside the cradle half. But the brain, as a thinking organ, is absolutely unilateral. All our planning, muscular acts, affects but half the brain. On that side we are adult human beings with immortal souls. On the other we remain infants or animals.

Forgets His Wife.

The evidence for this somewhat remarkable state of affairs comes largely from the study of accidents. A workman, for example, is hit on the left side of the head while round toward the back, and his skull crushed in. He seems not seriously hurt; but when his wife comes to see him at the hospital, he does not know her. The memory spot for things seen has been put out of business, and he has completely forgotten all that he ever learned through the eye.

But, the instant the surgeon lifts the splinter of bone from the right-thinking spot, the injured man remembers wife, children, and friends as before.

One could multiply such cases indefinitely. A musician, with a blood-clot over his left ear, can hear music as well as ever—but he hears it only as noise and no longer recognizes it as tunes. Another non-musical victim hears noises as before, but cannot tell a factory whistle from a church bell. Not that they sound alike, but he has forgotten which is which. Or, occasionally a watchmaker, engraver, or other skilled artisan gets an injury well up on the side of his head at the place from which he manages his right hand. Thereupon he loses all his special skill. He can still use his right hand for all ordinary acts—dressing, eating, shovelling coal—running it, apparently, from the side of the head and normally controls the left hand. But all his painfully acquired craftsmanship is gone. He has become like a day laborer who has never learned a trade.

Meanwhile, accidents precisely corresponding to these are continually happening to people on the right sides of their heads, without producing the slightest effect on their memories or their thinking. Either side of the brain can control the muscles on both sides of the body. Either side can receive the messages sent in from the sense organs. But the left side only, as we are commonly built, does the thinking. So far as the soul can be said to be located in the body at all, it dwells close beneath the skull, over the left ear.

Why the left should have been selected for the thinking side is precisely "one of those things that no fellow can find out." Yet, given the initial difference, there is an obvious advantage in getting the better hand, foot, ear, and eye on the same switchboard with writing, speech, and memory. But the birds and beasts, who have no speech centre on either side, so far as they think at all, apparently do their thinking with both sides of the brain. Therefore, they are neither right-handed nor left.

Thinking is Done on One Side.

Hence the folly of the ambidextrarians, who want us to treat both hands equally. It simply can not be done. There is no way of getting at the speech centre: the really human thinking is bound to be done on one side of the head only; and the hand that is more directly connected with that

side will always have the advantage over the other.

It is, nevertheless, well worth while to make both sides of the body equally strong, and to cultivate the habit of doing heavy work with the left hand. Many persons use the right hand for everything, and are nearly helpless with the other. Precisely because the right hand can think as the left can not, the left ought to do more than half the coarse, unthinking work. No education can make the two hands alike. But there is no reason why they should not both, each in its own way, be useful. Indeed, there is not a little to be said in favor of a system of training that shall give to the left hand the greater strength and to the right the greater skill.

Unwise to Change Left-handedness

For the same reason, it is rarely wise to attempt to change over a naturally left-handed person into the commoner condition. Nature has joined together the hand on one side of the body and the brain on the other: parent and schoolmaster should not attempt to put them asunder.

Nevertheless, the thinking apparatus does sometimes shift hemispheres. An adult brain, hooked on the educated side by accident or disease, commonly never learns to do its work on the other; the victim remains crippled for the rest of his days. But a child in whom the thinking area on either side is still uncultivated, hurt on one side, can usually start over again with the other. A shift of this sort carries the body with it; and the child, instead of being permanently disabled, becomes left-handed.

There are, therefore, two sorts of left-handers. The one are perfectly normal persons with no inherent aptitude for doing their talking from Broca's area on the right side, as an occasional small child twists the wrong way or an occasional human being has a heart on the wrong side. The other sort of left-handers were naturally left-brained, had something the matter with the thinking side, and had to learn to think with the other.

This explains why left-handed children are, as a whole, somewhat backward in school and more subject than right-handed boys and girls to ailments of various sorts. It explains also why there is a disproportionate number of left-handed adults among criminals, insane persons, imbeciles, epileptics, vagrants, and social failures of various sorts. All these unfortunate beings have something the matter with them; and

that something is, in most cases, congenital and beyond all hope of avoidance or reform. Generally the trouble is with the nervous system. The brain is jerry-built and promptly gives way under the load. If the left hemisphere says first, the backward child or potential criminal may become left-handed.

Thus, while among normal persons reversed dexterity occurs about twice in the hundred, the left-handed, according to Lombroso, are five to eight per cent. among lunatics and thirteen to twenty-two per cent. among criminals.

It appears, also, that sinistrality is slightly more common in the lower strata of society than in the higher, among negroes than among white persons, and among savages than among civilized races.

Influence of Heredity.

Once started in the family the peculiarity is strongly hereditary. In fact, there is a well marked tendency in certain fam-

ilies where one parent is left-handed and the other right, for the children to divide about equally between the two conditions, as if the generations of right-handed forbears had no influence at all. Theoretically, therefore, two left-handed parents should always have all their offspring left-handed. The rule certainly holds in many cases. But the number of left-handed marriages is small, and there is always the chance that some of the children, naturally sinistral, shall have been made over artificially—and awarfully—into dexters.

Now, the one overwhelming and significant difference among men is in the native quality of their brains. And the one difference in human brains that is most easily made out and most conveniently studied, as it is transmitted from one generation to another, modified by training or affected by breeding, is the location of that peculiarly human attribute, the speech centre. Hence, therefore, the present scientific interest in the left hand.

London's Price of a Smoke

Twenty-six Million Dollars Per Annum the Estimated Cost of Smoke Fog in London, England

OWIND chiefly to the general use of anthracite and in Canada are to a large extent free from the smoke-dealing and costly fumes from which London and many manufacturing centres in England suffer.

When we come across a paragraph in the newspapers to the effect that a railway or manufacturing company has been fined on account of the excessive smoke issuing from a locomotive or factory chimney, few of us give any thought to the wisdom and forethought responsible for the beneficent regulations which have been devised to save us from the evils which are so forcibly demonstrated in an article in *Pearson's Magazine* as arising from the smoke nuisance.

We have only to get a distant view, however, of any large city on a day free from wind, such a view, for instance, as may be had of the City of Montreal from the mountain to gain some slight idea of how much room still remains for improvement even in the cities of our own country.

In a paper alone, says the writer of the article referred to, the toll a smoke fog levies is stupendous; at a moderate estimate a season's black fog in the London area may cost \$26,000,000—a total which represents about \$5 a head of the popula-

tion, and nearly tallies with the amount paid for coal delivered and used in London houses.

In arriving at this figure one must, of course, take into consideration some very varied items. There is the man who wastes his morning in a train, missing important appointments at his office; there is the extra artificial light burned at home and in offices and warehouses; the slow destruction of stonework—as at Westminster Abbey—on public and private buildings; the destruction of mortar, the repainting necessitated, the window cleaning, the loss of time by artists, photographers, and other workers who must have daylight; the depreciation of works of art. Accidents of all sorts occur, and to prevent them money is spent on fog signals and extra supervision of traffic. And you have to spend more money on washing—with the accompanying wear and tear—of dresses and curtains and blinds.

To show you that this is no inconsiderable item let us consider collars. In the pure air of the country a collar should do duty for two or even three days. In Manchester and Salford, owing to the foul state of the atmosphere, it is scarcely perceptible for one. The result is the men of

Manchester and Salford pay \$150,000 a year more than they need for the washing of their collars alone.

Aggravates Lung Trouble.

A fog aggravates bronchitis and all lung troubles. In the autumn of 1909 Glasgow was visited by two periods of smoke fog, each lasting several days, but separated by an interval of a few weeks. During the first period the death rate rose from 18 to 25 per thousand, and during the second period to 33 per thousand—this, though the rate in the surrounding country hardly rose at all. 1,063 deaths were directly attributable to the noxious state of the atmosphere, and they passed unnoticed. Yet only ten years previously, when about a thousand soldiers were killed and wounded in a week in South Africa, that week was called "The Black Week," and the effect proceeded throughout the country was gloomy in the extreme.

The size of the smoke fog, however, do not stop at the destruction of human life. The smoke is most injurious to vegetation in and near our large towns. Trees get their foliage late and shed their leaves early. Windows which should be open are closed on account of the dirt which comes in. Milk, it was recently discovered in Leeds is affected indirectly by prevailing atmospheric conditions. When Canon Street railway station was closed not long ago, from 4½ to 6 inches of soot and grime were taken down from some of the cornices; and statues which had disappeared for so long that they had been entirely forgotten, were revealed.

It is, of course, impossible to do away entirely with fog; the worst born fog, however, are made and they are by smoke, and many of lesser intensity consist of smoke and very little else. It is impossible to understand why public opinion has been for so long apathetic as regards the smoke problem, when we learn that not only is an abatement of the nuisance well within the bounds of possibility, but also that it would benefit us so materially from a financial point of view. Smoke is really a sign of careless and wasteful combustion; if checked the result would be increased profits and reduction of expenses. Messrs. Greenfield & Co., of Warrington, to give but one example, annually save \$185,000 on their coal bill alone by reason of the steps which they have taken to secure perfect combustion of the fuel consumed.

There is another very important point which I have not yet touched upon. That

is, that the inhabitants of our great cities are deprived of a very large amount of the sunshine they should enjoy. In the winters from 1896 to 1910, for example, the citizens of Westminster were favored with only 38 per cent. of the sunshine enjoyed at Oxford. The sun was shining all right, but well "above the smoke and stir of this dim spot." Thanks to the splendid work of the Coal Smoke Abatement Society and the adoption of various measures for the prevention of the smoke nuisance, fog in London has been virtually banished and sunshine doubled.

In London alone, 17,231,000 tons of coal are consumed in a year. Much of this passes away by the chimneys—half a ton out of every hundred burnt in factories, and five tons out of every hundred burnt in domestic grates. Over 1,000 tons of coal are thus thrown into the atmosphere daily. The result is that solid matter—chiefly soot—falls upon London each year at the rate of 400 to 650 tons to the square mile.

To cure a disease, it is first necessary to discover the causes from which the symptoms arise. What, then, are the causes of the smoggy sort of coal which hangs like a pall over our great cities?

First: The smoke from factories, electric light and power stations, hotels, hospitals, workhouses, and other public institutions.

Second: The smoke from myriad domestic chimneys—which in London certainly emit more than one half of the soot that defiles the air.

What are the principal remedies?

Firstly, for every citizen to urge upon his local authority the need of action against offenders, and the necessity for more stringent legislation against smoke emission; and also to seize every opportunity of urging that authority itself to adopt smokeless fuel in all buildings under their control.

Secondly, for every member of every local authority to do his part in setting that authority in action on these lines, both within and without its walls.

Thirdly, for every owner of machinery and furnaces to realize that, by adopting improved methods of combustion, the fuel bill can be cut down, and smoke can be prevented.

Fourthly, for every householder to realize his duty to the community, and the fact that dirt-making fires in the home are also work-making fires, and can be abolished with general advantage.

Are High School Ideals Unreal?

The Passing of Our Old Ideals of What the Good Business Lad Should Be.
The Teaching Modern Business Demands.

NOT so long ago, writes Mr. James F. Munroe in *The Popular Scientific Monthly*, the merchant, the manufacturer, the teacher, the young man, and the public in general were under the spell of the boy's magazine, wherein the first prize—the prize of partnership in the business and marriage with the "old man's" daughter—is awarded to the boy who keeps his hands clean, brushes his shoes, picks up stray pins on the office floor and carefully saves the twine from his employer's parcels. To do these things is indispensable; but besides this, the aspirant for partnership (and the daughter) must also—according to the story-books—write a perfect hand, never make a mistake in addition, never forget a message, never have a deceased grandmother on the afternoon of the full-moon, never think of aught except attaining every detail of the business, never be anything, in short, but the kind of prig that real, red-blooded boys are not.

The so-called Manchester school of political economy was built around a supposed economic man wholly unlike any human being ever born. Consequently there were promulgated for nearly a century a host of solemn fallacies which have given and are still giving, endless trouble to civilized society. In much the same way the supposed demands of business upon boys have crystallized around these story-book heroes and have led the business man, the boy and the boy's teacher into all sorts of difficulties, misunderstandings and wild-goose-chases after educational impossibilities.

It may be that the story-book boy and the story-book employer—and over the daughter—did exist at some period anterior to the middle of the nineteenth century; but since that time all three have been as extinct as the dodo. Yet much of the thinking and much of the talk about the demands of business are based, even now, upon these ancient and mendacious yarns.

To reach any sound conclusions, to-day, however, one must rid himself of the obsession of these romantic fallacies and must face the actual facts. The clean-handed black-and-white fallacy has ruined thousands of boys who, if they had pit-

ed in and got their hands dirty, would have turned out first-rate mechanics and mill-men, instead of sixth-rate clerks. The pin-picking and time-saving fairy-tale has started many a boy on the downward path to petty, two-cent economies instead of on the upward way of large-minded, far-seeing business policies. While as for the other things demanded by the story-books—they are about as obsolete as sand boxes and quill pens.

Mr. Munroe then asks: What does modern business really require of the average boy? How fully can the boy meet—or can he be trained to meet—these requirements? And, finally, what can the school do and how far can it go in bringing the boy into line with the reasonable demands of a rational, up-to-date mercantile or manufacturing concern?

The most striking characteristic of modern business is its rapidity with which it is moving from a competitive to a co-operative basis; and co-operation results in two things—bigness and complexity. The third feature of modern business is that profits to-day are made by the accumulation of innumerable small gains instead of through the adding together of a few large gains. Selling a few hundred things at a good profit in a country store in New York State brought in to Mr. Woolworth's employer a few thousand dollars a year. Selling millions of things for not exceeding ten cents each has enabled Mr. Woolworth himself to capitalize at \$75,000,000, and to erect the highest building in the world. The mining fortresses of yesterday were made by working the richest veins and pockets, leaving the rest to waste. The mining fortunes of to-morrow will be made from the dump-heaps of abandoned plants.

A marked characteristic of modern business, consequently, is (in merchandising) frequent "turn-overs," and (in manufacturing) the utilization of what used to be called waste. The stream of trade flows so fast through a modern department store that the one cent profit here and two cents profit there aggregate in the course of the year a huge amount of money. Accordingly to a recent article in the "World's Work," the beef barons actually lose on certain steaks and choice cuts of pork; where their profits are made is in

converting every scrap of the animal's excess into something that can be sold.

To keep the stream of business flowing through a great store, and to make it profitable to save every hair of every beast in the Chicago stockyards, however, there must be highly-developed organization, highly complicated machinery, and just as little as possible of that most expensive form of power, the human hand.

An inseparable accompaniment of machinery, however, is speed. Therefore the next notable characteristic of modern business is whirlwind pace. Thirty years ago, even New York, Paris and London were home-arc towns, with clerks adding over gipskin ledgers, errand boys playing marbles in the roadway, with no telephone, no rapid transit in the modern sense, with scarcely any devices for making speed or saving time. To-day, even London, the archetype of conservatism, is whirlwind of motor-buses, speeding men and clamorous advertisements.

Consequently, not merely what the business man, but what modern business itself, demands of the high-school graduate is rational and orderly speed.

Therefore in demanding of the high

school graduate rational and orderly speed, modern business asks the teachers of these young men and women:

1. That they do everything possible to send into business life sound animals who appreciate the value of good health and who know how to conserve it;

2. That they give those pupils such studies and exercises and in such a way as to result in activity of mind, thorough co-ordination between mind and body, well-trained senses and an eagerness to work and to learn;

3. That all the school work be so carried on as to foster a spirit of team-play, a sense of the value and power of working together for the common weal;

4. That to this end the teacher subordinate the memorizing of facts to the inculcating of promptness, obedience and loyalty;

5. That the studies which make for breadth of view and variety of interest be emphasized, and those which make for mere information, technique and drill, be minimized;

6. That, to accomplish this, subjects like arithmetic, bookkeeping, grammar, rhetoric, etc., be cut down to their lowest terms and fewest principles, throwing out all processes and exercises which are obsolete, little-used or cumbersome, putting in all the short-cuts and labor-saving devices which are of general application; and that those subjects, such as history, economics, political and economic geography, etc., which make for breadth of view; those exercises, such as rightly conceived manual training, ordered games, freehand drawing, etc., which make for quickness and control of the body; and those general school relationships which promote team-play, loyalty, the spirit of working together for a tangible and desirable end, be fostered.

Modern business demands these things. Experience has shown that a rightly ordered secondary school system can produce them. That all schools do not in the full partly of the teachers, partly of the employers, partly of the community in general, mainly of the parents. The fathers and mothers, and the rest of the community, must be educated to give moral and financial support to this effective type of education. But the only persons who can educate them are the schoolmasters; and they must do it in a roundabout way by gradually introducing this rational, real education into the higher and lower schools.

Between Two Thieves

By Richard Dehan

XII.

A few days subsequently to that reception at the Hotel du Rhin, Dunois found his friend in tears, and asked the reason. She evaded reply, he pleaded for confidences. Then, little by little, he elicited that Henriette's sensitive nature was wrung and tortured by the thought of that money borrowed from de Moulay.

Dunois asked of her: "How much was the amount! I have earned the right to know."

Her heart gave a great throb of triumph, but her eyelids fell in time to veil her exultation. She faltered, in her haste only doubling the sum:

"Sixty thousand francs." She added, with a dewy glance and a quivering lip: "But do not be distressed for me, dear friend. The money shall be repaid promptly. I have still a few jewels left that were my mother's. She will not blame me, sweet saint! for parting with her legacy thus."

He assumed a tone of authority, and forbade her to sacrifice the trinkets. She pleaded, but finally gave in.

"To-morrow," he told her, "you shall receive from me a hundred thousand francs, in billets of a thousand; the sole condition being that you send de Moulay back his money, and that from the hour that sees me break a vow for you, you swear to borrow from no man save me!"

She hesitated, paled, faltered. He kissed the little hands, and she gave in. Had he been older, and wiser in the ways of the world, knowing that money is power, and that he who holds the key of the cashbox can dictate and be obeyed, he would have been more frugal. As it was, being what he was, he gave liberally with both hands. For there is

no prodigal like your poor devil suddenly become rich.

Next day, the dusty cheque-book that had lain for long years forgotten in the drawer of the lost Marie-Bathilde's island writing-table, came out and went into Dunois's pocket, and so to the Rue d'Artois. No good angel in the Joinville cravat and the short-waisted, high-collared frock-coat of a somewhat rowdy young Captain of piousness met Hector on the steps of Rothschild's Bank on this occasion.

He went in. The double doors thrust behind him; the polite, well-dressed Head Cashier looked observantly through his brasses lattice at the young man with the hard, brilliant black eyes and the face like a thin ruddy flame. He bowed with profound respect, did the stately functionary, when he heard the name of the owner of a deposit account of one million, one hundred and twenty-five thousand francs, and sent a clerk with a message to the Manager. And a personage even staidier, wearing black silk shorts—you still occasionally saw them in 1848—and hair-powder—a being with the benignant air of a Bishop and a dentist's gleaming smile—issued from a shining cage at the end of a long vista of dazzling counters, and condescendingly assisted at the drawing of the First Cheque. Its magnitude made him smile more benignly than ever.

The Head Cashier's choking thumb quivered with emotion as it rapidly counted over a bulky roll of thousand-franc notes.

But, the happy owner of these crackling potentialities departed, the Manager returned to his golden cage, sat down and indited a little note to Marshal Dunois. Which missive, conveyed to the old gentleman's residence by



EXPERT OPINION.

There's—On this I have been able to see an endless chain of presidential chairs, believe me.—Leslie's Weekly.

an official in the Bank livery of sober grey, badged with silver, made its recipient—not ohnkie, as one might have supposed, but gnash his costly teeth, and stamp up and down the room and swear.

For the old brigand of Napoleon's army, the indefatigable schemer for Widnits dignities, had been proud—after a strange, incomprehensible fashion—of the inextinguishable bonety, the high principle, the unstained honor of his son. The Marshal had gloated over the set face of endurance with which the Spartan youth had borne the gnawing of the fox Poverty, beneath his shabby uniform. And that thumping cheque on Rothschild's cost him a fit of the gout. When his apothecary had dosed and lotted the enemy into partial submission, you may suppose the old man hobbling up the wide, shallow, Turkey-carpeted staircase to the rooms of Hector's to find them vacant—their late occupant removed to a palatial suite of bachelor apartments in the Rue de Bea. A million odd of francs will not last forever; forty-five thousand English sovereigns—smooth, slippery, elusive darlings!—do not constitute a Fortunatus' purse; and yet the sum represents a handsome golden cheese with which to set up housekeeping; though such sharp little gleaming teeth and such tiny white, insatiable hands belonged to the mouse that was from this date to have the run of Hector Dunois's cupboard, that in a marvelously short space of time the golden cheese was to be nibbled quite away.

Henriette had carried out her tacit understanding with Moneigneur. She had lifted up her finger, and a golden plum of a hundred-thousand francs had fallen from the shaken tree. Do you suppose de Moulay had been paid? Do you imagine that the Ban of her worship was to be propitiated with all that glittering coin?

Not a bit of it! For this Henriette, like all the others, had huge debts and rapacious creditors, the necessity of being always beautiful cost so much. And de Roux had his horses, gambling-losses, and nymphs of the Opera to maintain

and satisfy and keep in good-humor. And pious ladies, collecting at Church functions for the benefit of the poor, have been known ere now to slip their jewelled hands into the velvet bag, weighed down with the gold and silver contributions of the faithful, and withdraw the said hands richer than they went in.

The Empire was the religion of Henriette, and she made her collection in its interests tirelessly. If no more than a moiety of what she gathered elinked into the High Priest's coffers, he did not know that—any more than those who had emptied their purses to fill the bag, so nobody was the worse.

XLII.

The reader has not been invited to contemplate, in the person of Dunois, the phenomenon of the Young Man of Virtue. Of kindred passions with his fellow-men, of unblemished health, hot blood and vivid imagination, he was, per grace of certain honorable principles instilled into a boy's mind by a poor old gentleman, no less than by an innate delicacy and fastidiousness, a cleanly liver; a man whom Poverty had schooled in self-restraint. Now Poverty was banished, and self-restraint was flung to the winds. And, regrettable as it is to have to state the fact, the lapse of Miss Caroline Smithwick's late pupil from the narrow path of Honor was attended by no chidings of conscience, visited by no prickings of remorse.

Dunois was happy. The world took on a brighter aspect, the air he breathed seemed purer and more fragrant, the sunshine brighter and the moonlight lovelier, because of this his sin.

The eyes of men and women—especially of women!—met his own more kindly; there was no sense of strangeness barring social intercourse. Life was pleasanter as the months rolled into years.

Women like Henriette gave out fascination as radium dispenses its invisible energies. Every tone of their voices is a call, every glance an appeal or an invitation, every rustle of their garments, every heave of their bosoms, com-

stitutes an appeal to the senses and a stimulant to the passions of men.

She was half-a-dozen women in one; you were master of a whole harem of beauties possessing her; a jewel cut in innumerable facets lay in your hand. She could be fierce and tender, pathetic and cynical, gay and sorrowful, delicate and robust, in the space of half-an-hour. Cigarettes calmed her nerves; moonlight, music, tiny glasses of Benedictine, and minute pills of Turkish opium. Chloral and morphia had not at that date been discovered, else what a votary of the tabloid would have been found in Henriette.

She adored sweets, Chinese benique and good cockles. Green oysters, bouillabaisse, *poquet sauté Marengo*, and perches in Kirsh, were among her passions. But she was a pious Catholic, and observed with scrupulous rigor the fasts and feasts of the Church.

She had campaigned with the 99th in Algeria, where a dagger sometimes in her girdle; carried a tiny ivory-and-silver-mounted pistol—fellow to one de Moulay kept locked up—and was expert in its use, as in the handling of the fencing foil and the womaniser weapon, the needle. What webs of cunning embroidery grew under those little fingers! She wrought at these, sometimes for days together. Then she would pine for exercise and the open air: ride furiously in the Bois, with her plumed hat cocked at *la mousquetaire*, and her silver-grey veil and smoke-colored habit streaming; use the jewelled whip until her horse lathered, drive home the little silver-gilt spur of the dainty polished boot until his flank was speckled with blood. Or she would shoot pigeons at Tirol, handling her gun with ease, and vying with crack masculine sportsmen in her skilled capacity for slaughter. Or she would be driven in her berouche or landau, lying back among her silken cushions, as though too indolent to lift an eyelash, languid and voluptuous as any odalisque. Returning from these excursions, she would lie upon the sofa, silent, pale and mysterious, her vinaigrette at her nostrils, a silken kerchief bound about her brows. For a crown

of diamonds she could not, would not go to theatre, or ball, or supper that night! She was fit to die—wanted nothing but to be left in solitude. . . . But she never failed to go; and towards the end of some gay, boisterous midnight banquet she would move with that long, gliding, supple step of hers into the middle of the room, and dance you the cancheba, with coffee-spoons for castanets, if nobody could produce these.

Nor was she less bewitching, be sure, at those other moments when Dunois would be alone with her; when, snatching her Spanish guitar from clumber hands, she would warble the naughtiest ballads of the café chantant, reproducing the cynical improprieties of Fanny Herveau or Georgette Bis-Bis, with imitable *chic* and go. Or she would sing a Spanish love-song, vibrating with Southern passion; or sigh forth some Irish ballad, breathing of the green Isle whence Norah Murphy sailed, to conquer with her beauty a guerrilla chief of Spain, and bear him Henriette, and die of sorrow; bequeathing her daughter a passionate, emotional nature and an hereditary religion, and the memory of some kisses and cradle-songs.

The smile of the changeable fay in the rainbow was never inappropriate to her. What a charming mingling of inconsistencies, what a creature of contradictions was she. . . . When her Brazilian cockatoo "Coco," a magnificent bird, emerald-green as the Prince-Frederic's dress waistcoat, with a crest of sulphur-yellow and a beak as crimson as the Colonel's own, was murdered by the Convent's cook—how tragic was her grief! Coco was interred in the Convent garden, beautiful still in those days, though felled from even then for the builders' diabolical nets. And the glove-box that served Henriette's slaughtered darling as a coffin had been won at a pigeon-shooting match at Tirol.

Those decapitated birds, fluttering on the smooth green turf in their death-struggles, had not drawn from the beautiful eyes a single tear. But Coco, who had been taught to shriek "Vive l'Empereur!" when he wanted fruit or bon-

bona, with loyalty quite as genuine as M. de Persigny's—Coco was quite a different affair. . . .

Mistigrius must pay the death-penalty—upon that point Coco's bereaved mistress was incorable. The Augustinian Sisters pleaded for their darling; Madame de Roux would not budge. When she spoke of an appeal to the authorities—never reluctant at any time to impose penalties upon the Church—the Sisters caved in. At any rate, they ultimately produced a tail. . . . And whether the caudal appendage had really belonged to Mistigrius, or had been sliced from an old cut-skin cape belonging to the postress, touched up with red ink at the end where it had been attached to the original wearer, to impart a delusive air of freshness, was never absolutely known. When a cat strangely resembling Mistigrius, but called by another name, attracted the attention of Coco's bereaved mistress a few weeks later, the retort was unanswerable:

"But see, Madame—he has a tail!"

That tail was a morsel that stuck in Dunoisse's throat. Another thing, as difficult to swallow, was the undeniable, apparent fact of the amiable, even affectionate relations existing between Madame de Roux and her fiery-faced, dyed, bandoliered and corseted mate. . . . A further, even more indigestible discovery, was that, although the springs of the young bride's heart had been so early frozen at their source by etc., etc., the union of the couple had been blessed by children.

Three little girls in pigtails with ribbon bows, and Scotch plaid petticoats, ending in the dreadful frilled-cambric funnels that more adult skirts concealed, and which were known as pantalotes. Happening to come across a dagger-pointed group of these darlings—Henriette had been turning out a drawer in her writing-table—Dunoisse inquired who the children were! And was horribly discomfited at her reply:

"They are mine. Didn't you know! Do you think them like me?"

They certainly were not like her. Nor did they resemble de Roux. And she

kissed the three glassy countenances, and murmured caressingly:

"My treasures!"

Adding, as Dunoisse looked round, uncertain whether the treasures might not appear in answer to this exultation of maternal tenderness:

"They do not live with us, but with their foster-mother at Baguette; an excellent person—married to a market-gardener. They had measles when last I heard of them, so, of course, I cannot go there just now. When they are well again you must see them. Ah! how I hope they will love you!"

Dear, what is the matter now!"

Dunoisse did not quite know. But he was sensible of a vigorous growth of distaste for plaid petticoats in combination with frilled pantalotes, and for at least a week, pigtails, whenever encountered—and they were everywhere—smote upon his naked conscience like scourges set with thorns.

He rid himself of the absurd obsession presently, and was happier than ever. The world was a gay, bright, pleasant place when one took it easily, and did not demand too much virtue of oneself or the people of one's set.

But yet, on those rare occasions when one was hipped and hinc with overmuch wine, or gambling, or pleasure, there were moments when the words of that old boyish vow, so earnestly made, so painfully kept, so recently broken, would start out against the background of half-conscious thought as plainly as the Writing on the Wall, and he would hear himself saying to a woman whose face he had nearly forgotten, that he hoped the day that would see him brooch that banked-up store of thousands might hear him fruit of retribution, in bitterness, and sorrow, and shame. . . .

What a fool he had been!—what a narrow-minded, straitlaced idiot! Why, the money had procured Dunoisse everything that was worth having in the world.

The open companionship and secret possession of a beautiful, amorous, highbred woman; the friendship of many others, only a little less adorable, and

the good-fellowship of crowds of agreeable men. Membership of many fashionable Clubs, invitations to all the best houses. His *brevet* as Major, or *chef de bataillon*, though the General Staff appointment that should have accompanied it unaccountably delayed upon the road. And to top all, life had been made yet easier by the removal of de Roux to a distant post abroad.

For happy as Dunoisse was, it had been constantly borne in upon him that he would be a great deal happier if the reproach of this man's presence could be removed.

He hinted as much to Henriette. She looked at him with sweet, limpid eyes of astonishment. What! did he actually feel like that! How odd!

Dunoisse was secretly a little angry with her for not understanding. It showed a want of delicacy, not suspected in her before.

"Poor Eugene! So easy-going, good-humored and amiable. And you really wish him . . . out of the way!"

She crumpled her slender eyebrows and pondered a while, her little jewelled fingers capping her adorable chin.

"Perhaps the Prince-President could offer him some foreign appointment," she said at last. "Monsieur is always so good!"

XLIII

For the honest citizen Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte had been duly returned in June for the Department of the Seine and two other Departments.

Candidate for the Presidency, with what modesty and good sense he expressed himself. What noble enthusiasm glowed in him, for instance, when he said:

"The Democratic Republic shall be my religion, and I will be its High Priest."

Meaning:

"The Empire shall be the religion of the French people, the Tuileries its Temple, and I will be the god, enthroned and worshipped there!"

Words like these won him the Presidential elbow-chair on the platform be-

hind the tribune, placed in his next white hand the coveted little ball with the horizontal handle, procured for him, who had been reduced to pawning-strains to pay the rent of his London lodging, palatial quarters in the Palace of the Elysée at the end of the Faubourg Saint-Honoré.

The taking of the Presidential Orb excited that haunting spectre, arrayed in the rags of the Imperial mantle. Calumny was silenced, suspicion was changed into confidence, France repeated her ringleted head in chaste abandonment upon the irreproachable waistcoat of her First Citizen, who waited for nothing but the laying of the submarine cable between Calais and Dover, the passing of the Bill restoring to the President of the National Assembly the right of absolute command over the military and naval forces of the country, to toss the trustful fair one over his saddle-bow, leap up behind her, and gallop—with his swashbuckling, roistering band of freebooters thundering upon his heels—with the shouts and pistol-shots of indignant pursuers dying upon the distance—away into the frosty December night.

France was to lose her Cup of Liberty as the result of that furious ride of the night of the *coup d'Etat*, and something more besides. . . .

But in the meanwhile she was content, suspecting no designs against her honor, and the Prince-President, established at the Palace of the Elysée, made himself very much at home.

Not that he cared about the place—he infinitely preferred the Tuileries. But by day the audience-rooms were packed with gold-encrusted uniforms and irreproachable dress-coats; and by night the whole place blazed with gaslight. *Soirées*, concerts, dinners, balls, and hunting-parties at St. Cloud of Fontainebleau, succeeded halls, dinners, concerts and *soirées*; and after the crush had departed there were suppers, modelled on the Regency pattern, lavish, luxurious, meretricious, at which the intimate male friends of the host were privileged to be dandied by a galaxy of beauties dressed to slay; scintillating

with jewels, lovely women who recalled the vanished splendors, as they reproduced the frailties, of the Duchesse de Berry and Madame de Palmaris.

His "flying squadron" he was wont to term them. They were of infinite use to him in the seduction and entanglement of young and gifted, or wealthy and influential men. With what enchanting grace and stateliness they rode the ocean, broke upon the breeze their sable flag of piracy, unmasked their deadly bow-chasers, and brought their broadside batteries to bear. How prettily they sacked and plundered their grasping, helpless prizes. With what magnificent indifference they saw their livid prisoners walk the plank that ended in the salt green wave and the grey shark's maw.

The Henriette, that clipping war-frigate, had brought much grief to the mills of Monseigneur.

Therefore could he deny her this simple favor, the speedy removal of an inconvenient husband? When the soft caressing voice murmured the plaintive canteary, Monseigneur stroked the chin-tuft that had not yet become an imperial, and thought the thing might be arranged.

De Roax was not an indiscreet digresser in connection with the brain that worked in the Elysée. He was of the old school of military commander, deeply injured, in spite of all his Bonapartist professions, with the traditions of the Monarchy defunct. His removal from the command of the 99th of the Line had been contemplated for some time.

And the General in charge of the Military Garrison at Algiers was desirous to resign his responsibilities in favor of a Home command, if one could be found presenting equal advantages in point of pay. Government, just at this juncture, could not afford to increase the emoluments of the only post that appeared suitable. But if a certain sum of money were placed, unquestionably, at the disposal of Government, the difficulty might be smoothed away.

So the Elysée had become a shop on

a vast scale, where anything desired of men or women with cash in hand could be bought for ready money. What Dunoise wanted cost a heap of money. The cashier at Rothschild's had long ceased to be reverential—every month's audit showed such terrific inroads on the diminishing golden store. His eyebrows were almost insulting as he cashed the cheque that purchased exile for Henriette's inconvenient husband. Dunoise began from that moment to realize that he had wasted his patri-mony, and would very soon be poor.

Yet what a satisfaction it was to read in the official gazette of the Army, that in recognition of the eminent services of Colonel Count de Roux, the War Minister had appointed that distinguished officer to the vacant post of Commandant of the Garrison at Algiers.

So exit de Roux with the brevet-rank of General, after a farewell banquet from the Regiment and a series of parting dinners; amidst speeches, embraces, vivas, and votive pieces of plate. Madame did not accompany the new Garrison Commandant to the conquered stronghold of the Algerine pirates. The General's villa at Mustapha was to receive a grass-widower. Henriette's delicate health could not support the winds from the Sahara—the Prince-President's own physician, much to the chagrin of his fair patient, advised against her taking the risk.

And Dunoise breathed more freely once his william Chief had departed. De Roux had been the kill-joy—the fly in the honey. Life was more pleasant now, and infinitely easier; there were so many things that had had to be done under the rose.

So our hero, presently finding himself at the end of his resources, fulfilled a certain paternal prophecy, uttered when he was yet a student at the Military School of Technical Instruction, and called one day at the hotel in the Rue de la Casnasse d'Antin, prepared to consume a certain amount of humbly, provided that at the bottom of the unsavory dish the golden plums should be scattered thick enough.

XLIV.

For many months he had not crossed his father's threshold. The great courtyard here a look of squalor, grass was springing up between the flagstones. The hall-door stood open. The trophies of arms upon the walls looked dull and rusty, the bronze equestrian statue of the Emperor was covered with a patina of enervated dirt. The black-and-white squares of the marble pavement were in striking need of a broom and soap-and-water. Then, to the tap-tapping of two ebony-handled crutch-sticks came Monsieur the Marshal, heralded by a dropping fire of coth.

He stopped short, seeing his son, and the change in him was painfully apparent. He was hurrying down the hill that ends in an open grave. His morals were more deplorable than ever.

He opened fire directly, quite in the old manner.

"Hey! What the devil!—so you have remembered us, have you? Well! Was I not right in telling you that that affair of the fusillade would end to your advantage? That the Court Martial was a piece of mummery—a farce—nothing more! There you are with promotion, and the patronage and goodwill of Monseigneur at the Elysée! Though for myself I cannot stomach that Bonaparte with the hawk and the Flemish snaffle. Had Walewski but been born on the right side of the blanket—there would have been the Emperor for me!"

He trumpeted in a vast Indian silk handkerchief with something of the old vigor, and went on:

"Because all this swearing of fidelity to the Republic will end, as I have promised, in a coronation at Notre Dame, and a court at the Tuilleries. My Emperor crowned himself without all this lying and posturing. He said to France: 'You want a master. Well, look at me. I am the man for you!' 'Just as he said to the Senate. 'Decree me Emperor!' While this fellow . . . sared name of a pig!"

He tucked one of the crutch-sticks under his arm, got out his snuff-box, and said as he dipped his ringed, yellow old claws into the Spanish mixture:

"His cant about Socialism and Progress and the dignity of Labor gives me the holly-acid. His grovelling to the working man, and slobbering over the common soldier, make me want to kill him. His hand is his trousers-pocket and his eye on a plebiscite—there you have him—by the thunder of Heaven! A corporal of infantry said to me: 'If I showed M. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte my hack—he would kneel down and salute it.' My Napoleon would have said to that man: 'Lie down in the mud, so that I may walk drowsily upon your body!' and the man would have cried him. But perhaps half an Emperor is better for France than none!"

He fed each wide nostril with the Broddingnagian pinch he had held suspended while he talked, and said, snorting:

"We shall see if, for all his cartloads of wine sent to their harradics, and his rolls of ten-franc pieces scattered among the rank-and-file, he is served better than the man who scorned to flatter, and more loved than he who did not bribe. . . . Who said: 'Fellow me, and I will show you capitals to plunder!' and when they were conquered, said: 'Help yourselves, one and all, there are fat and lean!'"

He plunged his shaking fingers back into the box, spluttered a little, and said a trifle wildly:

"Though there was a good deal of fasting going to set against the seasons of plenty. During the Retreat from Moscow in October, 1812, I had a handful of unset diamonds in my haversack, and a berry weighing thirteen pounds, worth ninety-five thousand francs, upon my word of honor! Well, I swapped that crystal with a Bavarian aide-de-camp of the Staff for a pudding made of horse's blood mixed with bran and flour. . . . The man who sold me the pudding was a Luisebold van Widdinix, a cousin of your mother's. It was a dirty action I have never pardoned. *Pardieu! Morbleu!* A comrade and sell—not share! Prince be damned! . . . Hucker! Sutter! Tschah! Faugh! Pouch!"

He dropped the crutch he had tucked

ed under his arm, and, recalled from his ancient reminiscences by Hector's picking up the stick and giving it to him, said, with a formidable bending of the brows:

"You came here, not out of filial duty, but upon some private affair or other. Spit it out, and have done!—I have no time to waste."

Hector obeyed.

"I have spent my mother's dowry as you always hoped I should. Chiefly upon gratifications—pleasures—luxuries, that I once pretended to despise. I have acquired the taste for these things. That ought to gratify you. With the money I have wasted, many prejudices and convictions that you found objectionable in past days have been scattered to the winds. If you are still disposed to give, I am very willing to take. I have no more to say!"

Seldom has an appeal for pecuniary aid been preferred less ingratiatingly. The Marshal glared and champed for several moments before he could reply:

"I do not doubt you are willing, sir. . . . 'Oredieu!' Do you suppose I have not seen this coming!—though the insolence of your approach goes beyond anything that I could have conceived."

I have my informant, understand! . . . I am aware of your infernal folly, your crazy infatuation.

As for that de Roux woman who leads you by the nose, she is a jade who will land you in the gutter, and a harlot into the bargain. Do you hear?"

The bellowed "Do you hear?" was followed by a shower of curses. When these imprecations had ceased to rattle among the trophies of arms and bronzes, and being down sprinklings of dust from the gilded cornices, Hector said imperceptibly:

"My father may insult my mistress with impunity. I cannot call him out —."

"If you did, and sat down on your tail—sacred name of a blue pig!—with the notion of sticking me in the gizzard, as you did de Mouly Younger when you were boys—allow me to tell you—you would find yourself skewered and trussed in double-quick time!"

Never before in Hector's hearing had the Marshal made reference to that old sore subject of the false step and the broken foil. He made a flourishing pass with one of the ebony-handled crutches, slipped on the polished marble pavement, and would have fallen but for the strong red hand of Marie Bathilde's son.

Hector put the old man into the hall porter's specious chair, picked up his great curly-brimmed hat—the hat worn by Deans at the present moment—brushed it on his sleeve and handed it back again. He felt a good deal like Spangelle before Don Juan, the case being reversed, and the bonifist the elder libertine.

Meanwhile the gouty old soldier fulminated oaths, and buried reproaches of a nature to make listening Amadeus smile. He was scandalized at the life his son was leading. Sacred name of a pipe! A thousand thunders! He shook his clenched hand, as he demanded of Hector if he really supposed there was no Deity Who demanded an account from evil livers, and no Hell where sinners burned!

"For priests are rogues and knaves and liars, but there is such a place, for all that! And you—living in open adultery—for you there will be Hell!"

Said Dunois, cool and smiling, standing before his irate parent:

"I am a better theologian than you are. Hell is for the finally impenitent, I have always been instructed; and I am invariably scrupulous to repent before I sin. If it will afford you any particular gratification, I will undertake to perform a special act of contrition," he looked at his watch, "punctually at the hour of twelve, to-night."

"You are going to her to-night!" cried the Marshal, adding: "Tell her from me that she deserves a blackguard for the sake of a body. For one you are, by the thunder of Heaven! who sell yourself and spoil yourself for such a drab as she!"

"What can you expect," said Hector, with the same cool offensiveness, "but that your son should follow in your steps? I am, as you have said, living

with the wife of another man in open adultery. You were bolder, and more daring, who with your master had dis-crowned kings and humiliated Emperors. You did not hesitate, at the pricking of your desire, to revish the Spouse of God."

"Your mother is a Saint!" cried the old Marshal, purple and gneashing with furious indignation. "Do not dare to mention her in the same breath with that—thet—"

And the coarse old man plumped out an epithet of the barrack-room, full-dressed, double-barrelled, of which Henriette, had she heard it, would have died.

"There is no need to tell me to honor my mother," said the son. "She is sacred in my eyes. But do not venture to speak to me of Him Whom you have dishonored. I have thought ever since I was a boy that it would be better for me and for you if He did not exist. For the fact of my being is an insult to Him. I am a clod of earth hung in His face by your sacrilegious hand!"

He had often dreamed of speaking such words as these, face to face with his father. Now they poured from him, thick and fast. But pity checked them in mid-torrent, at the sight of the working mouth and nodding head, and trampling palsied hands of unrevenged ignoble age.

The old man capitulated even as the young one relented. He got out, between spasms of wheezing, in quite a conciliatory snarl:

"Well—well! What if you have spent your mother's dowry! there is more where that came from. You are my legitimate heir—and for me, I had rather you were a prodigal than a prig. And blood-borers and Indian shawls, wizes, jewellery and cigars and bonnets—wagers on the Turf and bets on cards, are unavoidable expenses. . . . I do not wish you to be a niggard. Only it seems to me that with your opportunities you might have invested well. Steel Rails and Zinc, those are the things to put money on. This will be the Age of travelling behind boilers and bounding under roofs of metal. Ugh—ugh! Ough, e'r'r—oah!"

He stopped to have a bout of coughing and barking, and resumed:

"Do you suppose I blame you for having been extravagant. Though it seems to me you have managed badly. This Bonaparte is one who takes with one hand and gives with the other—is bled or bleeds. He has never tapped my veins yet, nor shall for any hint of his. But I suspect he has had money of you. That women of years—never mind! I will not name her, the cockatrice!—but I have had it hinted to me that she is an agent in his pay. And he pays women with compliments and promises—he has probably promised to create her a peeress in her own right when he is Emperor. . . . Her Grace, the Duchess of Trudlemore!—thet is the title she will get."

Seeing Hector scowl forbiddingly at these unwelcome references, the Marshal made haste to conciliate.

"You have paid through the nose to get de Roux deacanted to Algeria. You have been sweetly choused. One must live and learn. See!—I will strike a bargain with you. Do not you be stiff-necked any longer with regard to that question of the von Widmütz Succession, and I will unbutton my pocket. . . .

You shall have money—plenty of money! All that you need to make a splash. I suppose you know that there are millions of thalers waiting to drop into your pockets once the Council of the Germanic Confederation shall confirm your right to the Crown Feudatory. . . . You will stand upon that right—it is patent and undeniable. And I will have the throne from under the Regent Luitpold in return for that lump of beryl the rogue once robbed from me!"

Absurd, formidable, gross old monster. Was the ravished crystal really the fulcrum of the lever with which the Marshal strove to upset the State! World-changes have been brought about by querrels springing from causes even more trivial! The price of Luitpold's blood-pudding had remained for thirty-seven years an undigested morsel in the Marshal's system. It ranked in him to his dying day.

Though his gouty feet were tottering on the downward slope, his mental fac-

ulties were as clear as ever. He watched his son from under his husky eyebrows as the young man gnawed his lip and drew patterns with his cane on the tessellated pavement of the hall. Hector had uttered sounding reproaches, arrayed himself on the side of Heaven a moment previously. The merry devil who laughs over human contradictions and mortal frailties, must have chuddled as he listened to the terms of the bargain now arranged between the father and the son.

Money. For the sake of the golden mortar without which the House of Hopes that Jack builds must inevitably tumble to ruin, Dunoise reluctantly consented to become the puppet of an ambition he had scorned. The instrument of a desire for vengeance that had never ceased to rowl the old war-horse's rheumatic sides.

"So! It is understood, then, after all the fanfarades of high-sinderness. You will meet my Bavarian agents, Köhler and von Stuyregg—and you will be compliant and civil to them, do you understand?"

He lashed himself into one of his sudden rages, the gouty old lion, and roared:

"For my Marie's son shall not be slighted—kicked aside into a corner while that knave Lutpold holds the Regency of Widinits from the Bund. I will give him a collar for the one his pudding gave me! And I will have no more accusations and reproaches—I will not permit you who are my son to taunt me with your own begetting, and throw your mother's Veil of Profession,

He rapped his stick upon the pavement. He was strangely moved, and his chin was twitching, though his fierce black eyes were hard and dry.

"You have said that I stole my wife from God, and it is true; though I do not know that in very decent in you to twist me with it. And do you suppose I have not snarled for the sin I committed? I tell you I have shed tears of blood!"

A harsh sound came from his throat; he swallowed and blinked and went on talking:

"Listen to me, you who are more my son than Marie's, though you tell me that you hold her memory sacred, and denounce me as the plunderer of Christ! When her youngest child, your sister, died, Marie was in that the beginning of Heaven's vengeance; the price that must be paid, the punishment that must be borne. And she prayed and wept—what tears!—and gave me no peace until she had wrung from me my promise that she should go back to her Convent if the Chapter would receive her. . . . I am an old tactician—I gave the pledge in the full belief that never would they open their doors. . . . And when she brought me the Princess's letter, it was as though a spent cannon-ball had hit me on the headpiece. Then I had an idea. The dowry of three hundred thousand silver thalers. What the Church had once got her claws on I knew she would never let go. . . . So I blustered and raved and swore to Marie. . . . 'The dowry, or I keep my wife!'"

His pendulous cheeks and chin shook as he wagged his head at Hector.

"Do you suppose I wanted the accursed dress? No! by the thunder of Heaven! I was greedy of something else. The woman—my wife—who lay in my arms and sighed, and kissed me, and wept. . . ."

His voice cracked. He said:

"Do you think she did not know the truth? You shall never make me believe she did not. Even while I bragged and blustered about a lawsuit—even when my notary wrote a letter, I had fears and quakings of the heart. When an answer came from the Mother Princess, I rubbed my hands and congratulated myself. Thrice-accursed folk who thought to outwit God—"

He rummaged for his snuff-box, tapped it wrong way up, opened it in this position, spilt all its store of snuff, swore, and pitched it across the hall.

"He is the King of stratagems—the Marshal of Napoleon's Grand Army, compared with Him, was a blind beetle. The Princess's answer came: 'We concede you this money,' said the letter, 'as the price of a soul.' Enclosed was a draft on the Bank of Bavaria. That

night Marie left me. Without even a kiss of farewell, she who had been my wife for nine years, and borne me a boy and a girl. . . . Imagine if the money did not weigh on me like the dead horse I lay under all through the night of Austerlitz, with the bone of my broken leg sticking through my boot! Conceive if it did not smelt to me of beeswax candles, brown serge habits, incense and pauper's pallets! Pahaw! Peugh! Piff!"

He blew his old nose and swore a little, and then went on:

"I did not send back the three hundred thousand thalers. True! they were so much dirt in my eyes! . . . But cash is cash, and to part with it would not have brought my Marie back again. I let the stuff lie and bred at my bank. I would have raked the kennels for cravats rather than touch it. Not that I have ever needed money. The old brigand of the Grand Army has known how to keep what he had gained. Though I have lived up to my income. . . . I drank, gambled, amused myself with women! What matter the women! Did Marie suppose I should spend my time in stringing daisy-chains when she had gone away?"

He laughed in his formidable, ogreish way, and said, still laughing:

"She knew me better, depend upon it. Though, mind you, I had been true to Marie. But a wife who is a nun is a dead wife. I was a widower—the boy motherless. . . . And He up above us had another score to make off me! . . . When the boy—Death of my soul!"

He struck one of his crutches on the marble pavement with such force that the stick broke.

"A day came when you looked at me with my own eyes shining out of Marie's face, and said: 'I have heard the story. The terms upon which you let my mother resume the Veil were vile!' Impudent young ockerel! Was it to be supposed that I should try to justify myself in the eyes of a stripling? A man to whom the Emperor used to say: 'Well, Dunoise, let us have your opinion on such and such a plan?' So I

laughed at you for a mincepoop—boasted of the pull of milk I had drawn from the Black Sow, saying to myself: 'All right! He is Marie's son, that boy! When he is a man grown, I will give him that accursed money, smelling of candles and incense, and he will give it back to the nuns.' And when time was ripe I transferred the whole lump to your name at Rothschild's. You made virtuous scruples about taking it, but you never restored it whence it came! . . . Now you have showed your breed—you have poured it into the lap of a light woman. And you come to me and own that, and ask for more to pitch after it!' He rapped out a huge oath. "Am I not justified in thinking you more my son than Marie's! Have I not the right to say I am disappointed in you!"

His voice was a mere croak. He went on, with his fierce, bloodshot eyes fixed on vacancy:

"Do you suppose I did not love your mother—have never longed for her—have ever forgotten her? I use her chocolate-eat every morning. . . . Her Indian shawl is the coverlet of my bed. When I have the gout in my eyes I tie a scarf she used to wear over them, like a handkerchief. There is virtue in things that have been used by a Saint."

"For a Saint she is . . . and though, as you say I stole my joy in her from Heaven—do you suppose, for one moment, a woman like that is going to let me be damned? She will wear her knices to the bone first; and so I tell you! . . . Was it not for the sake of my soul she went back to her cell at the Carmel? At the Day of Judgment one voice will be heard that pleads for old Achille Dunoise."

One sootily teardrop hung on his inflamed and reddened underlid.

"But Saint or none, she loved me, like twenty women, by Heaven! And if she says she repents of that, again, by Heaven!—she lies!"

The solitary tear fell on his discolored hand. He shook it off, angrily. Somewhere in the middle of that gross bundle of contradictions, absurdities, appetites, vices, resentments, hatreds, calling itself

Achille Duinoise—there beat and bled a suffering human heart. And the distance that separated the father and the son was bridged by a moment of sympathy and understanding. And a pang of envy pierced it through. . . .

For the supreme jewel that Fate can bestow upon mortal, is the love that will even yield up the Beloved for Love's sake. To this great old man, his sire, had been given what would never fall to the younger Duinoise.

By the radiance of this great passion of Marie Bathilde's, her son saw himself in like case with some penniless student in a Paris garret, crouching, upon a night of Arctic cold, over a fire of paper and straw. When the small fierce flame of Henriette's slight sensuous fanny should have sunk down into creeping ashes under the starved hands spread above it, what would be left to live for? His heart was sick within him as he went away.

He returned to Madame de Roux with the news that his application to the Marshal had succeeded. She threw her arms about him, in a transport of joy.

"Ah, then, so you really love me!" the poor dupe asked, putting the most fatal of all questions. For it sets the interrogated he or she wondering, "Do I?" and hastens the inevitable end.

"How can you doubt it?" she queried, hiding an almost imperceptible yawn behind her tiny fingers. "Did I not send away Eugene for you?"

She passed by gentle degrees to a question possessing much more interest. The amount to be placed upon the books at Rothschild's to the credit of the Marshal's son.

XLV.

So thickly did the deposit of golden plums lie at the bottom of the pie-dish—so handsomely did the Marshal keep his given word, that at the suggestion of Henriette, Hector did some more shopping at that vast comprehensive mart of the Elysée. General de Roux, puffing a cheroot and sweltering in his cane chair at the Military Club of Algiers, was to read in the official Gazette of the Army—a special copy, thought-

fully forwarded by an anonymous friend—that his late Assistant-Adjutant had received yet further promotion. That the Cross of the Legion of Honor had been conferred upon him by the Prince-President, with his appointment as extra aide-de-camp of the Staff of the Elysée.

Thenceforward at Reviews, Inspections, and other public functions, you saw the keen dark face shaded by the plumed cocked hat of a Lieutenant-Colonel—the slender active figure set off by a brilliant uniform, as mounted on Djelmah, or some animal even more beautiful and spirited, the lover of Henriette brought up the rear of the showy cavalcade of Marshals, Generals, foreign envoys, aides-de-camp and Staff officers, galloping at the flying heels of the spirited English charger ridden by Mousiegnieur.

What could the heart of man want more? At State dinners at the Elysée, shooting-parties at Pontoisebleau, hunts at Compiègne, balls at the Tuilleries, Colonel Hector Duinoise cut a gallant figure. His intrigue with Madame de Roux became a recognized *façon*. Mousiegnieur was so kind—the world was so charitable. Nobody dreamed of censuring, or even looking askew.

In the galaxy of beautiful women that glittered about that rising planet of Mousiegnieur's, Henriette shone prominently. Many men's eyes were fixed in longing on that throbbing, radiant star. The man on whom its rays were shed knew himself envied. Secure in possession of what others keenly desired, he believed himself happy at last.

Happiest when, with that little hand of Henriette's upon his arm, in some crush of gold-laced uniforms, diplomatic dress-coats, sables, astuts, flowers, feathers and diamonds, he would encounter a tall, bulky, officially-attired figure topped with a heavy, ugly, distinguished face; and meet the cold, repellent, cynical stare of de Monlay's hard blue eyes.

The eyes would move Rodkin's, the head would move slightly, responding to Duinoise's own chilly, perfumery salutation. Once or twice they had been

near neighbors at the dinner-table. . . .

What of that? In civilized society one eats with one's enemy. Only the nomad of the desert and the savage of the jungle refuse to break bread with those they hold in suspicion or hate. And it is easy to forget a great injustice done you, by a friend you have ceased to care for; and to forgive a wrong wrought by a man off whom you have doubly scored.

For de Monlay had been paid his money, had not Henriette said so? Besides, she had never exchanged a word with him alone since that night of the fusillade.

She assured Duinoise of this; and that their intercourse when they met was limited to the briefest attentances compatible with common civility. Then, no matter for de Monlay, now Representative for the Department of Moulay upon Upper Drame, and Secretary-Chancellor at the Ministry of the Interior. Success was his, though the woman he had desired had given her favors to another. Without the bliss that he had vainly coveted, let de Monlay go upon his way.

Duinoise believed that Henriette loved him, as he her, with passion and fidelity. He asked nothing better of Fate than that he should be permitted to pass through life with those fiery fingers twined about his own. But sometimes when her beautiful hair was shed upon his breast and her lustrous eyes looked into his, and her lovely lips gave back his kisses, the thought of the strange face that might be lurking behind those beautiful, beloved, familiar features would strike him cold with dread.

He thrust it from him, that conjectured image, but always it hovered in the background of his mind. By the blood-red December dawn that followed on the crime of the *coup d'Etat* another glimpse of the Medusa visage was to be vouchsafed to him. The day was not yet when it should be revealed in all its terror, and strike the man to stone.

XLVI.

France had not taken kindly to the notion of a plebiscite. The good city of

Paris had had an indigestion of proclamations—was beginning to suspect the motives of her leading citizen. And the capital roared and buzzed like a beehive of angry bees.

Money, money!

As the neat white fingers of France's First Citizen twisted cosmetic fingers out of paper, taken from a little inland table beside him where writing-materials were, his brain was busy with this vexing question of how to get more cash. Hundreds of millions of francs had been expended during his tenure of office.

The china, pictures and other Art treasures of the Crown had been converted into bullion. The diamonds of the Crown and the Crown forests had become gold in the crucible of the auction-room. And—*précisément*! the vast sums thus realized had vanished—nobody could exactly indicate how or whither—it was a puzzle to baffle Houdin. Nor could anyone point out the winners of the chief prizes advertised in the Lottery of the Golden Ingots, which had, with much tooting of official trumpets and banging of official drums, been drawn some days before.

Money! . . .

There was a reception upon this particular evening; the little Paisee and its courtyard blazed with gas. It was nearly midnight, and yet the sun had not risen; the magnificent band of the —th Hussars, stationed in the splendid gilt ballroom where the Prince-President had as a child witnessed the second abdication of the Emperor Napoleon, had not yet crashed into *Partout Pour La Syrie*. It had been given out that Mousiegnieur was delayed by the non-arrival of despatches, detained by urgent affairs of State. Detectives, mingling with the throng of guests in the reception-rooms, kept their ears open for unfavorable comments; their eyes skinned for the possible interception of significant glances. Of which, had they but chosen to step outside the courtyard-gates, they might have gathered store.

For to be plain, Paris was in a state of ferment and disruption. Disaffection prevailed. Insurrection was rising to its old high-water mark. And the cries

were: "Down with Bonaparte! Long live the Republic! Long live Law! Long live the Constitution! Down with the Army, the paid tool of the President who wants to be Emperor in spite of all his oaths!" And the ganglion of narrow streets that made the centre of the city's nervous system were being rapidly blocked by barricades built higher than before. . . .

What wonder if at this juncture, the crying need of *Monsieur* for money opened a gargantuan mouth for the bottle. Without money at this juncture, the contemplated masterstroke of policy must fall as harmlessly as a blow from Harlequin's isthmus sword.

Money, money, money! . . .

And there were twenty-five millions of francs, belonging to the Orleans Princes, lying in the Bank of France, which by a Presidential Decree, countersigned by the Home Secretary Count de Morny, might be profitably sequestered. And, contained in a series of great painted and emblazoned deed-boxes, occupying a row of shelves in the strong-room at the Ministry of the Interior, were the title-deeds to estates of the value of three hundred thousand millions more, vested in the hands of mere Trustees; who might argue and protest, but could, if it proved necessary, be gagged. And de Morny had just threatened to resign the Home Secretaryship if *Monsieur* persisted in his intention of laying violent hands on these unconsidered trifles—an exhibition of obstinacy both ill-timed and in bad taste.

De Morny insisted that the night grew old; that the reception-rooms were crowded to suffocation; that the long-delayed appearance of the President had provoked unfavorable comparisons, and created a bad impression; that he must come without delay.

"Let them wait!" he said, with a dull flash of ill-humor, in answer to the expostulations of Persigny. "Who are they, that they should not be kept waiting? Whom have we? A damnable rabble of bankers, stockbrokers, judges, generals, senators, Representatives and their wives and mistresses. . . . You

know very well that what the English would call the 'best people' are those who do not come."

Which was true. The private secretaries of the aged Duchesse de Villecoeur, of the Faubourg St. Honoré, and of the venerable Marquis de l'Autretemps, being invariably instructed to return M. Bonaparte's card of invitation, with the intimation that their respective employers had not the honor of knowing the gentleman who had sent it—or with no intimation at all. . . .

"Let them wait!" he said again. "Am I not waiting? For this message from Walewski—for this ultimatum of my Lord Walmerston—for this establishment of the submarine electric telegraph between England and France. That gutta-serena covered wire stretching between the cave under the South Foreland at Dover and the cliff station at Cape Grizus is the jugular vein of my whole system of policy. Had it not broken twice, should I not have perished with my proclamations—should I not have struck the blow?"

He struck on his chin as he rolled his head upon the cushioned back of his armchair and stared at the painted ceiling, and went on in his droning voice:

"That is, if I had had money—sufficient funds at my disposal. That a man like me should want money at such a moment proves that the Devil is a fool."

St. Arnaud turned his long emaciated body and ravenous greyhound-face towards the speaker. The sofa creaked beneath his weight, and one of his gold spurs, catching in the costly brocade cover, tore it with a little ugly, sickening sound. He said, stroking the dyed tuft upon his chin with a gaunt pale hand glittering with rings of price:

"*Monsieur*, pray do the personage you mention better justice. He really has served you better than you think!"

He had. The steam-packet *Goliat* of Dover, towing the ancient cable-hulk *Elzer*, the latter rolling fearfully, with a dully sickish creak, and a hold containing but a few hundred yards of so of the twenty-seven miles of cable which had been smoothly paid out over the Channel sea-floor, had dropped her an-

chors off Cape Grizus an hour before sunset; and the end of the wire-bound rope on which so much depended having been landed at the village of Sangatte, distant some three miles or so from Calais, communication had been established with the operators in the cave under the South Foreland Light-house at Dover. And a gun had been fired from the Castle; and telegrams announcing the fact had been sent by the Chief Magistrate of Dover to the Queen and the Prince Consort, the Duke of Wellington, the King of Prussia, and a few other important personages. And the Mayor had then despatched a message of congratulation to the French Prime-President, which was being transmitted to Paris by means of Ampère's coil and needle, and the underground wire that followed the track of the Great Northern Railway Line.

But meanwhile a courier from the Embassy of France in Belgrave Square, London, chilled and hoarse from rapid travelling in the wintry weather, had arrived with the letter from Walewski. And when the neat white hands for which it was destined had snatched the envelope from the sumptuous golden salver upon which it was respectfully presented by the President's second aide-de-camp, its contents proved discouraging, to say the least.

Count Walewski had pleaded his relative's cause with eloquence. The enclosure would prove with what result.

A cheque for two thousand pounds, emfolded in a sheet scrawled with a brief intimation in my Lord Walmerston's stiff, characteristic handwriting, that no more of the stuff was to be had.

XLVII.

"How like the man! The icy, phlegmatic islander! Two thousand pounds! A nothing! A bagatelle!"

The little gentleman removed his polished boots from the chased silver-gilt fender. He was strongly tempted to throw the cheque into the fire. But money is money, and he restrained himself. He folded the oblong slip of pink paper stamped with the magic name of Coutts and slipped it into his pocket

note-case, gnawing, as was his wont, at the ends of his heavy moustache and breathing through his nose. He got up and looked upon his merry man with an ugly, livid smile, and said, still smiling:

"So be it! We take my Lord's charity and we repay it. Without doubt—it shall be repaid by-and-by—with other debts owed by me to England. Her grudging cheater, her insulting tolerance, her heavy, insolent, insular contempt."

Something in the speaker's short thick throat rattled oddly. His eyes, that were usually like the faded negatives of eyes, glittered with a dull, retrospective hate. The white hand shook as it stroked the brown chin-tuft, and a greyish shiny sweat stood upon his face.

"I am to be upheld and supported by Great Britain if I accomplish miracles—but I am to accomplish them unaided. Two thousand pounds! We are infinitely indebted to my Lord Walmerston's generosity!"

St. Arnaud, who had got off the sofa, remarked with a full-flavored oath:—

"It is rating the Army cheap, by—!"

De Morny said, shrugging one shoulder and toying with his watch-chain:—

"Two regiments of Russian Guards made an Empress of the Grand Duchess Catherine. Will not a couple of brigades do your little job for you? For my life, I cannot see why not!"

The tallow-candle-locked little man on the hearthrug retorted as he warmed himself:

"Catherine only strangled her husband Peter. I have the Assembly to throttle—a very different thing. To carry out my plan successfully I must subsidize the whole Army—crum the pockets of every officer according to his grade—with thousand-franc billets—descend upon the rank-and-file in a shower of wine and gold."

He assumed his favorite pose, borrowed from the great Napoleon, his short right leg advanced, his chin turned at an acute angle, his left hand thrust behind the broad red ribbon, a finger hitched between two buttons of his tight-waisted general's coat, and said with his most pompous air:

"M. De Morny, in answer to your objections to my proposed course of policy, I reply by dictating a Proclamation addressed by the President of the Republic to the French People. Be good enough to take your seat at the writing-table."

De Morny obeyed. Monseigneur cleared his throat and roared off:

"Our country is upon the horns of a dilemma, in the throes of a crisis of the gravest. As her sworn protector, guardian, and defender, I take the step necessary to her rescue and salvation—I withdraw from the Bank twenty-five millions of francs wrung from her veins by the masters who have betrayed her—I apply them as golden ointment to staunch her bleeding wounds."

Said de Morny, with imperturbable gravity, speaking in the English language, as he selected a sheet of paper and dipped his pen in the ink:

"Article I. will provide that hereafter stealing is no robbery. Article II. should ordain that hence forth it is not murder to kill."

The oddly-spoken words dropped one by one into a silence of consternation. St. Armand sat up; de Fleury dropped his cocked hat upon the carpet. Persigny grew pale underneath his rouge. Monseigneur alone maintained his urbane coolness, looking down his nose as he stroked his heavy brown boateache with the well-kept band that, with all its feminine beauty, was so pitiless. Thus his blinking glance was arrested by the letter on the hearthrug. And a postscript that he had overlooked now caught his eye. He stooped, lifted the letter, and read, written in Walewski's fine Italian script:

"Walewski is costing; there is no doubt about the change in him. Better strike whilst the iron is hot, or decide to abandon the idea."

"And risk all . . . or give up all. Very well, my friend!" he said, apostrophizing the absent writer as though he could hear him, "I will risk all. I wait for nothing but the cable now."

Even as he said the words the privileged elderly aide-de-camp entered with the thin blue envelope that held

the cablegram. He tore it open, and read:

"Tours — Dover — congratulations — Prince-President — on — establishment — submarine — telegraphic — communication — between — France — and — England. William — John — Tom. Nixon. — Mayor."

XLVIII.

It was given to William John Tomlinson to rouse the venomous reptile that lay hidden in this man out of his wintry torpor. A bitter oath broke from him as he read the message. He tore the flimsy scrawled paper and the blue envelope into a dozen pieces, and scrunched them in his small neat hand before he threw the lump of paper on the Persian hearthrug, and spat upon it with another oath, and ground it under his spurred heel.

"The Mayor, . . ." he croaked, after a dumb struggle for speech. "The Chief Magistrate of Dover congratulates the Chief Magistrate of Paris. Damnably amusing! . . . Good—very good!"

His laugh was a snapping bark, like the sound made by a dog in rabies. He went on, heedless of the faces gathered about him, speaking, not to them, but to that other hidden self of his; the being who dwelt behind the dough-colored mask, and looked through the narrow eye-slits, guessed at, but never before seen:

"You comprehend, Madame of England and that sausage of Saxe-Coburg Saalfeld, her Consort, think it beneath their exalted dignity to bandy courtesies with me . . . Ma, the out-at-elbows refugee, the shady character—the needy Prince-Protector—admitted upon sufferance to West of London Clubs; exhibited as a curiosity in the drawing-rooms of English Society—stared at as some cow-worshipping jewel-bug Hindu Rajah, or raw-meat-eating Abyssinian King." He clenched his pretty hand and went on, carried away by the tide of bitter memories:

"Do you know what Queen Victoria once said of me to Lady Stratford? 'My dear, let me beg of you not to mention M. Bonaparte before Albert. He

considers him hardly a person to be spoken of—not at all a person to know! And yet how can one deny him some measure of respect and consideration—as a near relative of Napoleon the Great.'"

He had another struggle with his rending devil, and said, when he had found his speech again:

"Great! Was he so great, that man for whose sake Victoria would accord me 'respect and consideration'! True, he humbled Emperors, browbeat and bullied Kings . . . He kicked the board of Europe, and armies were jumbled in confusion. His screaming eagles carried panic and terror, and devastation as far as the Pyramids. The East bowed her jewelled forehead in the dust before him—a nation of beef-fed islanders put him to the rout!"

His eyes, wide open now and glazed, looked upon the men who listened, unseeing as the eyes of a somnambulist. He said in that voice that was a croak:

"And he died, the prisoner and slave of England. Before I die, England shall be mine!"

"Now, if you will give me pen, ink, and paper, I will write the answer to this letter from Belgrave Square."

They supplied him with these things, and he wrote, in his pointed spidery hand, stooping over the desk of an invalid ivory ecritoire—a dainty thing whose drawers and pigeon-holes had contained the political correspondence of Queen Marie Antoinette and the love-letters of amorous Josephine:

"Tell my Lord that I carry out my programme. Upon the morning of the second of December, at a quarter-past six punctually, I strike the decisive blow."

He signed the sheet with his initials, folded and slipped it in an envelope, and motioned to de Morny to prepare the wax to receive his signet. While the red drops were falling on the paper, like drops of thick blood, he said, with his smile:

"It may be that this second of December will prove to be my eighteenth Brumaire."

And when Persigny inquired to which

of the official messengers the letter should be entrusted for conveyance to London, he replied:

"To none of them. An aide-de-camp will attract less notice. And he must be a mere junior, an unimportant person whom nobody will be likely to follow or molest."

An ugly salacious humor curved his pasty cheeks and twitched at his nostrils as he went on:

"Suppose we send Dunoise! Madame de Roux adores him, but there are occasions upon which she would find it more convenient to adore him from a distance. One can easily comprehend that!"

He added, as his merry men roared with laughter:

"It is decided, then. Colonel Dunoise shall be our messenger. Pray touch the bell, M. de St. Armand."

A moment later the band of the —th Hussars crashed magnificently into the opening bars of "Partout Pour Le Syrie," and Monseigneur, imperturbable and gracious as ever, was smiling on the "damnable rabble" crowding to bask in the rays of their midnight-risen sun. And beyond the big gilded gates of the little palace, Paris buzzed and roared like an angry beehive into which some mischief-loving uroisin had poked a stick.

XLIX.

The egg of the coup d'Etat was hatched as the train that carried Monseigneur's secret messenger rushed over the iron rails that sped it to the sea.

We know his programme, masterly in detail, devilish in its crushing, paralyzing, merciless completeness. The posting of notices at every street corner, in every public square, on every tree of the boulevards, proclaiming that crowds would henceforth be dispersed by military force, *Without Warning*; the distribution of troops; the disposition of batteries; the arrests of the Representatives; the publication of the Decree dissolving the Assembly; the seizure of the Ministry of the Interior; the closure of the High Courts of Justice—a symbolic gagging and blinding of the law.

And Paris, rising early on that red December morning, turned out under the chilly skies to read her death-sentence, ignorant of its true nature; and to wonder at the military spectacle provided for her eyes.

For the five brigades of Carrelot's Division, cavalry and infantry, extended in *échelon* from the Rue de la Paix to the Faubourg Poissonnière. Each brigade with its artillery, numbering seventeen thousand Pretorians, five additional regiments, with a reserve of sixty thousand men, being held in readiness to use cannon, sabre, pistol, and bayonet upon the bodies of their fellow-countrymen and women, that France might be saved, according to Monseigneur.

It was late, and raining heavily, when the Folkestone train clanked into Waterloo Station. The yellow nightlights were reflected in the numerous puddles on the slippery wooden platform; in the shiny peaks of porters' caps, and in the dripping silks of cabmen. A red-nosed Jcha, suffering from almost total extinction of the voice, undertook to convey Dunoise to Belgrave Square, the haggard beast attached to the leaky vehicle accomplishing the journey in a series of stumbles, slides, and collapses.

The windows of the Embassy blazed with lights, police were on duty in unusual force, and the six tall eunuchs of the Embassy were dwarfed into insignificance by a British guard-of-honor, betokening the presence of Royalty; stately, splendid Household Cavalrymen, whose gold-laced scarlet, blue velvet facings, gleaming steel cuirasses, and silver, white-plumed helmets lined the flower-decked vestibule, and struck savage splendid chords of color amidst the decorations of the marble staircase, where Gloire de Dijon roses and yellow chrysanthemums were massed and mingled with the trailing foliage of smilax, and the tall green plumes of ferns.

The Tricolor was barely in evidence. The imperial colors of green and gold, displayed in the floral decorations, predominated in the draperies that hung below the carved and gilded cornices, and beneath the pillared arcways that

led to the lining and reception rooms. The full-length portrait of the Prince-President that hung over the sculptured marble fireplace had a canopy of emerald velvet spangled with fleur-de-lis, and upheld by eagles perched on laurel-wreathed spears. And above the head of the portrait, concealed by a garland of trailing rose-boughs, lurked another more significant device.

Thus much evidence of preparation at the Embassy for some event of profound importance was evident to the bearer of the letter from the Elysée, before the steward of the chambers, a stately gold-chained personage in discreet black, accented the stranger, and at the sight of a signet bearing a familiar coat-of-arms, conducted him in haste to an apartment on the rear of the ground-floor, reserved for similar arrivals; set sandwiches, cold game, and champagne-up, before him; indicated a dressing-room adjoining where the stains of travel might be removed; and disappeared; to return before the rage of hunger had been half-appetised, ushering in a handsome personage in a brilliant Hussar uniform, who greeted Dunoise as an acquaintance, and shook him warmly by the hand.

"There has been a great dinner this evening," explained this personage, who held the post of First Military Attaché to France's Embassy. "The entire Corps Diplomatique accredited to the Court of St. James's, to meet the Duke of Bambridge and Lord Walsingham. His Royal Highness will be leaving directly; those Life Guards in the square and in the vestibule are his escort of honor. Magnificent men, are they not? But less active dismounted than our own Heavy Cavalry. Are you sufficiently refreshed? You will take nothing more? You are positive? They be good enough to come with me."

And they returned to the hall, to commence the ascent of the great staircase, as a steady, continuous stream of well-bred, well-dressed people began to flow downwards in the direction of the refreshment buffets.

And the attaché, whose loquacious vivacity could not hide the excitement

and suspense under which he was laboring, and which were palpably shared by every official encountered on the way upstairs, paused at a curtained archway at the end of a short corridor on the second floor, and said, lifting the velvet drapery that Dunoise might pass within:

"This is His Excellency's library. Wait a moment, and I am instructed to say that he will join you here. Excuse me that I am compelled to leave you now!"

The curtain fell heavily, blotting out the handsome martial figure. Dunoise moved forwards, and found himself in the middle of an octagonally-shaped library, furnished in the sombre, sumptuous style of the Empire. A glowing fire of billets burned on the bronze dogs of the fireplace. Above the carved walnut mantelpiece, where groups of wax tapers bunted in silver candelabra, hung a fine replica from the brush of David, of the painter's imposing, heroic, impossible portrait of Napoleon crossing the Alps. And Dunoise, sinking down with a sigh of relief amongst the cushions of a capacious armchair and stretching his chilled feet towards the cheerful hearth-glow, looked at the picture between half-closed eyelids; and the spirited charger had begun to shrink into a mule, and the red wallen shawl of homely truth had covered up the laced cocked hat of ornamental fiction, when the imperative summons of a door-bell pealed through the house, and was succeeded by a sudden fall in the babel of general conversation.

L.

Dunoise, roused by the unmistakable double ring of a telegraphic messenger, started to his feet. The undelivered letter in his breast seemed to burn there like red-hot iron. His keen ears pricked themselves for what he knew must come, if this were as he suspected, a cable from Paris.

He stepped towards the door, put aside the velvet draperies of the *portière* and turned the handle. He emerged upon the landing, where a few persons were gathered, conferring eagerly in un-

dertones. He moved to the balustrade of the great well-staircase, and looked down into the flower-decked, brilliantly-illuminated hall, to find it packed with a solid mass of heads of both sexes, all ages, and every shade of color. And all these heads, it seemed to Dunoise, were turned towards the full-length portrait of Monseigneur, attired in the uniform of a General of the French Army, smiling with his imperturbable amiability above the marble fireplace.

For what were they all waiting? Leaning over the balustrade above, Dunoise could see that a small round ventilator in the wall immediately above the picture, and hidden from the persons assembled in the hall below by the bespangled canopy, was open. Through the aperture came a hand holding a lighted taper; and in another moment, with a faint hissing sound, the initial N and an Imperial crown above it leaped into lines of vivid wavering flame.

Babel broke loose then. Questions, ejaculations, explanations, congratulations, in half-a-dozen European languages, crossed and recrossed in the air like hurrying squibs. And seeing officials and attachés of the Embassy beset by eager questions; and conscious that curious glances from below were raking his own dark, unfamiliar features, Dunoise, as a wave of excited humanity began to roll up the grand staircase, retreated to the library, knowing that the coup d'état was an accomplished fact.

He had left the library empty, but he found it occupied. A lady and a gentleman had entered by a door at the more distant end. The lady's back was towards Dunoise. Her male companion, a tall and handsome man of barely middle age, wearing the gold-embroidered uniform of the diplomatic corps with grace and distinction, said to her in the act of quitting the room:

"Wait here. I will go and order the carriage, but the crush is so great that some delay is unavoidable. My shall come and keep you company."

The speaker withdrew by the more distant door, softly closing it behind him. And Dunoise stood still in the shadow of a massive writing-table, flung

by the light of fire and candle upon the heavy velvet curtain behind him, uncertain whether to remain or to retreat. One moment more; and then, as the tall, slender, white-robed figure of the lady turned and moved towards him across the richly hued Oriental carpets, a memory, faint as a whiff of sweetness from some jar of ancient pot-pourri, awakened in him, quickening as she drew nearer into fragrances fresh and as living as that exhaled by the bouquet of pure white roses clustering in their glossy dark green leaves, that she carried in her slight gloved hand; and by their fellow-blossoms, drooping in the graceful fashion of the day, amidst the heavy shining coils of her rippling gold-brown hair.

For it was Ada Merling.

He drew noiselessly back into the shadow, looking at her intently. A dress of costly fabric, frost-flowers of Alençon lace wrought upon cloudy tulle, billowed and fastened about her slender, rounded form. Glimpses of shimmering sea-blue showed through the exquisite folds. The moony glimmer of great pearls, and the cold white fire of diamonds crowned her rich hair and clasped her fair throat, circled her slight wrists, and hovered on her white bosom. Jewels and lace could not add to her beauty in the eyes of those who loved her. To Dunoisie the revelation of the loveliness that had been gowned in Quaker grey, crowned with the frilled cap of the nurse, and uniformed with the bibbed apron, came with a shock that took his breath away.

She had not seen him, standing by the curtain. She evidently believed herself alone when she dropped her fan and bonnet on a divan, as though their inconsiderable burden had oppressed her, and moved towards the fireplace. She looked steadfastly at the replica of the David portrait of the Great Napoleon that hung above. Her name was upon Dunoisie's list, when the sound of the unforgotten voice of melody arrested it. She spoke; and her words were addressed, not to the living man who heard but to the deaf, unheeding dead.

"Oh! you with the inevitable pale

face and the cold, hard, pitiless eyes! who point forwards consciencefully," she said, "scourging your dying soldiers along the road of Death with the whip of your remorseless, merciless will, do you know what he has done, and is doing now? . . . You were a magnificent despot, a royal tiger, but this man is—"
"Mademoiselle!" broke from Dunoisie, as with a most painfully-embarrassing conscience upon him that his unsuspected presence should in decency have been made known to her as now, he moved from the shadow of the doorway.

"Who is it?"

She turned her face to him, and it was pale and agitated, and there were tragic violet circles round the great brilliant blue-grey eyes. They recognized Dunoisie, and she held out her hand in the frank way that he remembered, and he took it in his own.

"Monsieur Dunoisie! . . . Colonel Dunoisie I should say now, should I not?"

"I thank you," he said, "for not completely forgetting me; otherwise, I hardly know how I should have recalled myself to you."

"Why so! You have not changed," she answered, looking in the dark keen face. And then, as the light of fire and candles showed the fine lines graven about its eyes and mouth, and the sprinkling of grey hairs upon the high, finely modelled temples, she added: "And yet I think you have."

"Time is only kind to beautiful women!" Dunoisie responded, paying her the implied compliment with the gallantry that had become habitual. But she answered with a contraction of the brows:

"Time would be kind if this December day, that dawned upon the betrayal of the French Republic, and set upon the massacre and slaughter of her citizens, could be wiped from the calendar for ever."

"I speak thus to you, who are an officer of the Army of France; who hold a post of confidence—or so I have been given to understand—on the Prince's Military Staff. It may be that you

prize Success above Integrity, that the result of the coup d'Etat will justify in your eyes the measures that have been taken to carry it out. But, knowing what I know of you—having heard from that dear lady—who is now, I earnestly believe, crowned in a more glorious life than that of earth, with the reward of her pure faith and simple virtues—the story of your renunciation of great fortune and high prospects for the sake of principle and honor—I cannot believe this. If it were so, you would be changed, not only in outward appearance, but in mind, and heart, and soul."

She added, with an almost stifled smile:

"And I do not wish to find you so. I prefer, when it is possible, to keep my ideals intact."

"Miss Merling," returned Dunoisie, "I break no bond of secrecy in saying to you that the coup d'Etat has long been expected, both by the enemies and the friends of Monsieur the Prince-President. The ways of Government and Rule are strewn with obstacles and beset with perils, and Expediency demands many moral sacrifices on the part of those who sit on the coadjutors of the world. As a man of honor"—the well-used word fell lightly from his lips as he slightly shrugged his shoulders—"I deplore that they should be necessary! But in the years that have passed since it was my privilege to meet you, I have learned to swim with the stream: to take Life as I find it; and not to ask a greater excess of nobility and virtue from my neighbors than I possess in myself."

His slight momentary embarrassment had passed away. He had recovered his customary ease and sangfroid, and the acquired manner of his world, self-confident, almost insolent in its cool assurance, lent its meretricious charm to the handsome face and upright gallant figure as he faced her smiling, the ruddy firelight enhancing the brilliancy of his blue eyes and the ruddy marchioness of hue that distinguished him, his simple, well-shaped hand toyed with a fine waxed end of the neat black moustache.

"Nothing, Mademoiselle," he went

on, "would distress me more profoundly than to think that credit was given me for opinions I have long learned to regard as prejudiced and crude, and a course of conduct subsequent experience has proved to have been so mistaken that I have long since endeavored to correct its errors by adopting an opposite policy. I—"

LI

He ceased, for a sudden burning wave of color flooded her to the temples. Her white throat and bosom were tinged with the red stain.

He bit his lip in chagrin, seeing her recoil from him. Fair women were not wont to turn their eyes from Dunoisie. He began, in much less confident tones, to exonerate himself:

"In the world of to-day, Mademoiselle, especially the world of Paris, one is compelled to abandon high ideals of life and forsake the more rigid standards of conduct. One is forced . . ."

She looked at him full, and the smiling, merciless contempt in her great eyes both froze and scorched him. He stammered, bungled, broke down. The clear voice said with a cutting edge of irony:

"The boy of whom my dear old friend, Miss Caroline Smithwick, spoke with so much affection: the young man of whom she was so proud, was not to be 'compelled' or 'forced' to turn from the path of truth and honor by any stream of circumstances. You have changed very much, Colonel Dunoisie, since you visited her in Cavendish Street! Good-night to you, and good-bye!"

The tall, white-robed figure was sweeping to the door, when it stopped, and turned, and came back again. She said, with almost a pleading look:

"But I cannot leave you so, remembering how time and kind you were to her. My fault is to be over hasty in judgment, I fear." She added: "There must be many excuses that you could make for yourself, and are too proud and too reserved to offer. . . . Especially to one who has no claim upon your confidence; so let us part friends, even though we never met as friends again!"

He took the white, firm hand she held

out. He had thought her insular and prejudiced, narrow-minded and intolerant. Some magic in her touch wrought a change in him. He said in a far different tone:

"That I have sinned against your ideals of character and principle is my punishment. Tell me—Miss Merling—if I had been the kind of man you thought me—if I had come back to Cavendish Street and sought your friendship—would it have been denied?"

"No!" she said, looking in his face with beautiful candor. "For I saw much to admire and to respect in you—as you were in days gone by."

"The world dubbed me, very plainly—a fool for being what I was in those days," returned Dumoise, with a slight deprecatory lift of shoulders and eyebrows. "And frankly, Mademoiselle, I had not the courage requisite to go against the world."

"If you were a fool, you were God's fool," she answered him, "and such folly is superior to the wisdom of the ages. Now, good-bye, Colonel Dumoise."

And, with a slight inclination of the head, she withdrew her hand and moved away, as the farther door of the library opened, admitting Madame Walewski, her homeliness painfully accentuated by her dazzling dress of gold brocade and famous *perure* of Brazilian emeralds; and another lady, dark-haired, sweet-faced, and of middle height, dressed in half-mourning, towards whom Ada Merling hurried, saying in a tremulous whisper as she caught the outstretched hand:

"Oh, Mary, come! . . ."

And then the three ladies were gone, retreating by that farther door into unknown, conjectural regions; and the velvet curtain lifted and dropped behind Dumoise, and he turned, instinctively drawing the Prince's letter from his breast, to meet the radiant blue eyes and graceful, cordial greeting of Count Walewski, and to be presented to the Ambassador's companion, Lord Walmerston.

You saw the all-powerful Foreign Minister as a hale, vigorous, elderly gen-

tleman, displaying a star, and the broad red ribbon and oval gold badge of a civil G.C.B., and the befringed and gold-laced swallow-tail of official ceremony rather awkwardly, upon a heavy-shouldered, somewhat clumsy figure, though the black silk stockings showed well-made legs, and gold-buckled, patent-leather shoes set off the small, neat feet.

One phrase employed by him was to linger in Dumoise's memory. He said, as Walewski handed him the letter from the Elysée, and he wiped his tortoiseshell-rimmed eyeglasses to read:

"You herald the event after its occurrence, Colonel."

And a moment later, folding up the sheet and returning it:

"His Imperial Highness certainly owes less to a fortuitous concurrence of atoms than to his own ability, energy, and tact." He added with emphasis: "This is an immense act; its importance can hardly be overestimated. For my part, I officially recognize it, and shall adhere to my determination to support it."

Then, as Walewski, flushed with a triumph he could hardly control, murmured a gracefully-worded, low-toned entree, he responded:

"Ah! I understand. You wish me to write a line to His Imperial Highness, recapitulating what I have just said, to be conveyed with your own loyal congratulations by his messenger! . . ."

Walewski, unable to trust himself to speak, bowed assent. Perhaps the hand that held the tortoiseshell-rimmed eyeglasses knew a moment of unsteadiness as its owner's swift brain balanced the question of risks. Then, with characteristic boldness, my lord took the leap.

"Certainly, my dear Count—certainly. I see no objection at all!"

And, with a slight jerky nod of dismissal for Dumoise, accompanied by a not unkindly glance of the hard, powerful, dark brown eyes, the stooping figure of England's great Foreign Minister moved forwards to the writing-table and penned the single, brief, emphatic line of approval, that burned the writer's boats and brought about the

downfall from which he was to rise, with popularity enhanced and power redoubled, within the space of a year.

An hour or so of fevered sleep in a luxurious bedroom, ringing with the clatter of late cabs and early milk-carts upon London paving-stones, and Dumoise was on the iron road again. As he leaned back, with folded arms, in the close compartment that had no other passenger, his imagination followed Ada Merling back to the Hoopie in Cavendish Street. But it was to a house in Park Lane that swiftly-trotting hoofs and rapidly-rolling wheels had carried her when she had left the Embassy on the night before.

LII.

The shadow of Death brooded over the great canopied bed in the luxurious chamber, where a face that was the pallid wreath of Ada's own lay low amidst the lace-trimmed pillows. And as her daughter bent above the sick woman and kissed the fair, unwrinkled forehead between the bands of grey-brown, the sunken eyes opened widely, and the weak voice said:

"You have come back! . . . Is it very late! . . . The time has seemed long!"

"Dear mother, I should never have left you had you not wished it so. Have you been lonely in the midst of all the pain?"

"I have been thinking! . . ." said the timeless voice.

"Of me, dear mother!"

"Chiefly of you, my own."

"It is you who will be lonely, child, when I am gone. Then you may think more favorably of—of the course that others follow, and welcome those natural ties, my Ada, that make the happiness of life."

Ada answered, putting up a hand to hide her tears:

"When you are with God I shall be lonely, dearest, but not sorrowful, knowing you in His safe keeping. As for marriage, urge it upon me no more, my mother! For something tells me that these natural ties you speak of, sweet

and pleasant as they are, are not destined for me."

"My daughter," the dying woman said, "I am only grieved for you. . . . For I have fancied—if, indeed, it was fancy!—that your heart was not quite free; that your imagination had been touched, your thoughts attracted, Ada, by someone of different religion, language, and nationality, met and known abroad. Someone, the recollection of whom—forgive me if I am wrong, dearest!—has made you indifferent to the good qualities of Englishmen of your own rank and social standing, cold to their merits and blind to their attractions—"

"Mother, are you not talking too much! Will you not try to sleep!"

"My dear, I have but little time left for talk, and in a very few hours my sleep will know no earthly waking. Answer my question now!"

Ada Merling laid down the thin, frail hand that she had clasped, rose up, and went to the window, moved the blind, adjusted the curtain, went a step or two about the room, and having, possibly, controlled some emotion that had threatened to master her, resumed her seat beside the pillow and took the feeble hand again, saying:

"Mother, there can be no concealment between us. . . . I have allowed myself to think too constantly of a man whom I met not quite three years ago; and who appeared to be, morally and mentally, as he undoubtedly is physically, as superior to the common run of men as Hector must have seemed, compared with the other sons of Priam. Your daughter, of whom you are so proud, threw away her heart unasked; and on the strength of a single meeting, built up the flimsy fabric of her house of dreams. To-night I met the man again, and the charm was broken. I saw him, not as I had imagined him to be, but as he is! Not the young Bayard of my belief, but the *brave cavalier* of Paris salons; not as the man of unstained honor and high ideals, but as the attaché of the Elysée, the servant of its unprincipled master—the open lover of Madame de Roux."

She hid her face, but her shoulders shook with weeping, and little streams of bright tears trickled between the slender white jewelled fingers, and were lost amidst the snowy lace of her dress.

"I cannot conceive it!" the mother faltered. "The man was hardly known to you?"

"I had heard him glowingly described and fondly praised by one who loved him."

"He is a foreigner? . . . A Frenchman? . . . A Roman Catholic? . . ."

"He is a Bavarian Swiss by birth; French by naturalisation and education, and a Catholic, without doubt."

"And had he asked you, you would have left us all to follow him?"

"Mother, you did the like at my father's call!"

"Our parents approved!"

"If they had not, would you have abandoned him?"

"I cannot reply, it is for you to answer me. . . . Would you, had this man loved and sought you in marriage, have changed your religion and embraced his?"

"Mother, you ask a question I need not answer. He did not love me. . . . he never sought me. . . . Were our paths, that lie so far apart, to cross now . . . did he ask of me that which I might once have gladly given, I should deny it, knowing him to be unworthy of the gift."

"Ada, I must have your answer! Would you have deserted the faith of your Protestant forefathers?"

"It may be, mother, that I should have returned to the faith in which their fathers lived and died. Remember, we Merlings were Catholic before the Reformation."

"Those were dark days for England. A parter light has shown the path to a better world since then."

"Dear one," the sweet voice pleaded, "we have never thought alike upon this matter."

"I shall know peace," said the relentless voice from the pillow, "only when I have your promise—a pledge that, once given, I know my Ada will keep. Say to me 'Mother, I will never become

a Romanist, or marry any man who holds the Catholic faith!' That pledge once given will be kept by you, I know!"

In her very feebleness lay the strength that was not to be gained or resisted. Her daughter's tears fell as she whispered in the dying ear:

"Dear little mother, when you have crossed the deep, swift river that separates Time from Eternity, and the Veil has fallen behind you, you will be so wise, so wise! . . . Not one of the kings, and priests, and prophets who lived of old, will have been so wise as you. Think, dearest and gentlest—if, by the light that shines upon you then, you were to see that the ancient Faith is the true Faith and the Mother Church the One Church. . . . would you not grieve to know your Ada shut off from peace—deprived of the true and only Bread of Life—fettered and shackled, body and soul, by an irrevocable vow?"

"Would you not?"

Her voice broke and faltered. But the pale head upon the pillow made the negative sign, and she went on:

"Will not you—who have submitted yourself so meekly to the will of Almighty God in accepting this cup of death that He now offers you, leave the issue of affairs in faith that He will do all for the best—to Him! and forbear to exact this promise, which my heart tells me will bring me sorrow and pain!"

In vain her pleading. The tongue that was already stiffening uttered one inextinguishable word.

"No!"

"Oh, then I promise, mother!" she cried through bursting tears. "And may God forgive me if I promise wrongly, seeing how much I love you, dearest dear!"

LIII.

There were not lacking signs by the wayside, as Dunoisse was whirled along the iron road to Paris, of the bloody drama that had begun upon the previous morning, and was being played to the bitter end.

Troops and bodies of police lined the

platforms of the railway stations. Pale faces, downcast looks, and mourning attire distinguished these members of the public whom business or necessity compelled to travel at this perilous time. Glimpses of towns or villages, seen as the train rushed over bridges or in and out of stations, showed closed shops and jealously shut-up houses, many of them with bullet-pocked walls and shattered windows; more police and soldiers patrolling the otherwise deserted thoroughfares; and agents in blouses, with rolls of paper, ladders, brushes, and paste-pots, posting the proclamations of Monseigneur upon walls, or trees, or hoardings, or wherever these had not already broken out like pale leprosy sores.

Paris had never seemed to Dunoisse so crowded and so empty as when, on foot—for no public conveyance was obtainable—he returned to his rooms in the Rue du Bac. Entire regiments of cavalry, riding at a foot's pace in close column, flowed in slow, resistless rivers of flesh and steel, along the boulevards. And brigades, with their batteries of artillery, were drawn up in the great squares and public places, waiting the signal to roll down and overwhelm any organized attempt at resistance, under catapylars of disciplined force.

Turning the corner of one of the narrower thoroughfares, where a single unbroken oil-lamp made a little island of yellow light upon the darkness, Dunoisse came upon two persons who were, for a wonder, conversing so earnestly that neither paid attention to the light, even footstep drawing near. Said one of the couple, a bloused, dagger-headed man of the artisan type:

"They kept up the ball at the palace last night with a vengeance! . . . Champagne flowed in rivers; I had it from François."

The taller, taller man laughed in an angry way, and said, spitting on the pavement:

"And women were to be had for the asking. Such women! . . ."

Envy and scorn were strangely mingled in his tone as he said, again spitting:

"Such women! Not only stunners like Kate Harvey and that red-haired, blue-eyed wench they call Cora Pearl, that drives the team of mouse-grey ponies in the Bois, and curses and swears like a trooper; but real aristocrats, like the Marquis de Bailly and Madame de Kars, playing the prostitute for political ends—your twigs! There was one whose name I do not know—an ivory-skinned creature, with ropes of black hair and eyes like emeralds. . . . She was half-naked and covered with jewels. . . . The Secretary-Chancellor of the Ministry of the Interior received a warning—that was at four o'clock in the morning, when they were still snoring. . . . Word came to him that the Ministry was to be seized. . . . He rose from the table, saying that his place was in the office of his Department. . . . And she put her arms round him before them all. . . . She kissed him full upon the mouth, and said, 'Stay!'"

"And he stayed!" asked the stout man eagerly.

"By my faith, my friend!" rejoined the tall man, "he did as you or I should have done in his place, you may be sure!"

The echo of the speaker's ugly laugh was in Dunoisse's ears as he passed on, and the image of the black-haired, cream-skinned woman whose kiss had stifled the voice of conscience upon the lips of the Government official rose up in resistless withery before his mental vision; and would not be banished or exorcised by any means he knew. . . .

"So like!—so like! . . . Thus would Henriette have tempted and triumphed, provided that Hector Dunoisse had not been absolute master of her heart, and supposing that to tempt and triumph had been to serve that idol of hers, the Empire. . . . He drove away the thought, but it returned, bringing yet another hat-winded, taunting demon, who reminded him in a shrill, thin, piercing whisper that de Moulins was Secretary-Chancellor of the Ministry of the Interior. . . .

The Hand in the Dark

Editor's Note—Anyone who has felt the lure of the lone trail, who has responded to the instinct inherited from some primitive ancestor to follow the call of the wild, will thoroughly enjoy this story of the Northland. It tells of a hunting adventure, "worth more than a million dollars."

By Theodore Roberts

Author of "For the Sake of Argument," "The Hunger Test," etc.

DAVID KEMP and a score more of big men went out like snuffed candles on the day that Bertram W. Strang did his great trick. "Trick" is the only name for it. Even in the Great Market it was a three days' wonder—for there nine days' wonders are unknown. Strang had worked underground, and had struck the final blow in the dark; and daylight had found him a great man, with his original five millions multiplied by ten. David Kemp, who had once loomed so large, vanished from the Great Market and from the mind and sight of its slaves.

As Bertram W. Strang wore on past middle life, day by day his interest in money-making declined. He knew the game so thoroughly that at last every trick of it grew stale to him. By degrees he became a sportsman—a pursuer and slayer of the beasts of the field—"a mighty hunter before the Lord." He did not sit on air-cushions and take pot-shots at animals that were driven up to him. No, he was not that kind. He went after things hard, and got them fair. His methods in the wilderness of the world were not the methods he had practised so assiduously in the Great Market. There he had been something between a conjurer and a pirate; but now he was a sportsman.

In Africa, in Asia, in Europe, and in South America his rifle had found its prey; and at the age of sixty, hardy as a pioneer, lean as an Indian, and

sound as an athlete of twenty, he realised that for new experiences in woodcraft the wilds of his own continent alone remained to him. He had roughed it in every sort of jungle and forest in the world except in the black swamps and black forests of the American North. He had pitched his tent and followed the lure in every desert in the world save the boulder-strewn, moss-carpeted barrens of that vast, unpeopled land that lies to the west and north of Hudson's Bay and to the east and north of the wheat-lands. So he decided to go thither and pit his skill and endurance against the sagacity and wariness of the musk-ox.

The railways carried him as far as they went in the desired direction. Then rough-coated ponies took him and his rifles over another stage of the journey. On Little Moose Lake three men of the Arrowheads, two canoes, and his outfit awaited him; and, with three months' provisions, he embarked on the long trail which, by way of six rivers and innumerable portages, was to bring him into the final dash. The final dash was to be made by sledge and dogs into the desolate, untimbered lands of the musk-ox.

Strang's hopes were high. Every rod of the country through which he was to pass was new to him, and the greater part of it was unmapped and unexplored. The game was also new to him, and was worthy of his skill and of his steel-jacketed bullets. He would

go up beyond the arctic circle by a way that no white man and few red men had ever traveled before him. He would run the gauntlet of many dangers—and risk of death by forest and flood had become as the spice of life to him. He would accomplish what more than one mighty hunter had told him he could not do.

Strang had spent both time and money liberally and with judgment in acquiring information and perfecting arrangements before even so much as the first railway-ticket was purchased. For months before the commencement of the expedition he had corresponded with men in the outposts of civilization and in the lodges beyond—with trappers, factors of the H.B.C., missionaries, and the like. Through such agencies had his party of three been engaged, along with his supplies and outfit, the canoes at Little Moose Lake, and the dogs and sledge and driver awaiting him at the frozen edge of the musk-ox pastures.

The evening was coming on—the evening of the third day of the stage by water. Strang sat in the leading canoe, with a wolf-skin robe across his knees. The air was chilly, and the pungent scent of frost on wilted fern hung between the rocky, spruce-clad banks of the river. The brief summer was gone; a few days of that mystic, elusive season known as Indian summer were still to come; and then the sudden winter would strike the wilderness with scarring, rending cold and enshrouding immensities of snow and ice.

But the anticipation of these things did not daunt the spirit of Bertram Strang. He was toughened, body and mind, to all moods of the wild and all seasons of the year. In northern Asia he had camped for weeks in a horsehide tent banked around by six feet of drifted snow. He lunched comfortably against folded blankets, smoking his pipe and idly surveying the shores of the stream through half-closed lids.

The stream ran northward, with a little westing in it, deep and strong.

Skin-um-Mink, the proven, the inscrutable, squatted arctic, paddling a swinging, tireless stroke. He was the trusted one—honored by factors, the right hand of missionaries, the pride of his people. Great was his name in his own tongue—and even Skin-um-Mink, as the white men called him, was honorably meant. It was because Strang was a mighty hunter, and not because he was the owner of many millions of dollars, that the lords of the north had procured for him the services of this great chief.

The second canoe followed, a hundred yards distant, with most of the outfit, and with Strong Pipe and Wait-for-Snow at the paddles.

"Camp here," said Skin-um-Mink, swinging the bow of the canoe toward the left bank with a twist of brown wrist and broad blade. That was the second remark he had made since noon.

Strang, so reticent as the Indian, did not reply. He pushed the wolf-skins from his knees, and when the canoe hung motionless against a flat rock he stood up, perfectly balanced, and stepped lightly over the gunwale. Within ten minutes of the time of the landing, the little tent was pitched, a small cooking-fire was blazing cheerily, and Wait-for-Snow was groping through the black interior of a damage-bag for materials for the evening meal. The axes of Strong Pipe and Skin-um-Mink rang sharp in the darkling bush. Strang, who hated idleness, busied himself in unpacking his sleeping-bag and preparing a couch of spruce tips for the night.

While Strang ate his supper of bacon, flapjacks, and tea, the men erected their own lean-to on the opposite side of the fire from the shelter-tent. Then they ate, while the sportsman went down by the canoes at the edge of the black stream to smoke a meditative pipe. He sat on the roots of an ancient cedar that had been torn almost clear of its hold on the rocky bank by some freshet, and gazed down the dark valley. He was happy in his queer, uncompanionable way, thinking of other

nights and other camps, and feeling the glow of strength and health in every sinew and vein of him. His mind was drowsy, and did not go further back into the past than to a few of his most exciting wilderness experiences. It did not stir the lights and shadows of his old life.

His reverie was disturbed by a tiny yellow flare against the darkness into which he was gazing—a light that seemed, at the distance, scarcely larger or brighter than the flame of a sulphur match. It sank and shone bright again twice, and then blinked out.

"Now, what in the world would that be?" muttered Strang.

He sat motionless for another minute or two, staring at the unbroken dark that filled the valley down-stream. Then, returning to the fire, he stood for a moment in hesitation with his eyes on Skin-um-Mink's expressionless face, and seated himself at the open flap of his tent.

He had not found courage to speak to the stoic guide of the unaccountable flame against the blackness of the wilderness. Skin-um-Mink would have thought him fanciful, perhaps—or even ignorant. The brief light may have been entirely of his own eyes—an internal flash brought on by gazing so much, of late, on running waters. Or perhaps it was due to some common natural phenomenon peculiar to the country. So he pulled off his moccasins and outer clothing, and crawled into his sleeping-bag.

The guides transformed the little cooking-fire into a glowing, crackling hearth of flame flung six feet in length. The heat and the music of it beat into the open tents. For a few drowsy minutes, Strang watched the red light dancing on the canvas over his head; then he drifted into the strong, refreshing slumber that is the gift of the clean winds and the health-giving spaces of the north.

II.

The light of dawn was filtering through the canvas when Strang awoke. The flaps of the tent had been

left wide open, and he lay still for a little while, looking out. The great fire of the night lay gray and black, with one eye of red glowing through a film of ashes. A thread of sky-blue smoke crawled up from it, straight as an arrow. The three guides stood beside the expiring fire, heedless of its need, close together, intent on something in the open hand of Skin-um-Mink.

"What have you found?" inquired Gray Feather.

The three turned to him as in a single movement, and stood for a second, gazing at the little tent. Then Wait-for-Snow stooped and blew upon the heart of live coals in the carcass of gray and black ashes. Strong Pipe took up an ax and strode into the bush. Skin-um-Mink replied to Strang's question by stepping over to the front of the tent, stooping, and extending his right hand. Between thumb and forefinger he held a slender gray feather.

Strang sat up and inspected the feather; then he looked at the guide's expressionless copper visage and veiled eyes.

"Well, what about it?" he asked. "Bad sign," said Skin-um-Mink. "Find um in front lean-to, stickin' in ground. Him mean go back, turn round, quit!"

"Do you want to go back—you and the others?" demanded Strang scornfully. "Do you want to go home? Are you quitters?"

Skin-um-Mink shook his head. "Very good. Then we go on. Be quick with breakfast," said Strang.

The Indian nodded, and thrust the feather into the front of his shirt.

"Bad sign, too," he said as he turned away.

In knowing many wilderness people Strang understood something of them all; therefore he did not jeer openly at the men for their concern over the discovery of a gray feather sticking in the moss. But in his heart he sneered at their superstition, and hoped that no further foolishness of the kind might crop up to bungle his plans and delay his journey. As to any fear of such

nonsense putting an end to his expedition—well, he would go on to the musk-ox grounds if he had to go alone!

The day passed without unusual incident. In the leading canoe no reference was made to the brief conversation of the morning. Three days and nights went by without any further word or sign of evil omens; but on the morning of the fourth day Skin-um-Mink came to the little tent with another slender gray feather in his hand. "Is it the same feather?" asked Strang wearily.

The guide shook his head, and produced the other feather from the front of his shirt. He stared impassively at the sportsman.

"Well?" queried Strang.

"Strong Pipe, him say no good. Him stop here," said the guide.

So Strong Pipe was told to remain in camp on that river until further orders, and to employ his time in hunting and trapping and in smoking the flesh of any game that he might procure. He was provided with a small bag of flour, tea, tobacco, a rifle, and ammunition.

Two nights later there came a light fall of snow; and this was followed by a week of gold-and-azure Indian summer. Many arduous portages were made in that time, and the canoes tasted the waters of four different rivers.

Then came the third feather. It was found in the morning, sticking upright in front of the lean-to; and it proved to be too much for the peace of mind of Wait-for-Snow. So provisions were cached at this point, and Wait-for-Snow was left in charge. The loading of the canoes was rearranged, and Skin-um-Mink took one and Strang the other.

Again and yet again a gray feather was found beside Skin-um-Mink's sleeping-place.

"If you feel shaky about this feather business, you had better stop here, and I'll go on alone," said Strang.

"Bad sign, yes. Bad sign no scare

Skin-um-Mink," replied the trusty one; but he was uneasy, for all that.

Next day snow fell soft and deep over the wilderness. It broke from the banks and drifted down the swift, black water in vanishing patches. Ice, sharp and thin as steel, filmed the quiet pools; but though the snow lay undiminished over swamp and barren and hill, the cold did not strike severely enough to blind the lively currents of the river until five days later. By then the journey of the canoes was completed—and not once since the spreading of the snow-blanket had the sign of the gray feather reappeared.

The man with the dogs and toboggan was waiting for them at that point of the river from which the dash for the musk-ox grounds was to be made. Truly, the expedition had been wonderfully planned, and the plans wonderfully carried out! They had traveled for weeks without seeing a human being other than the members of their dwindling party; and here, in the desolate region of the Country of Little Sticks, not a day's journey from the arctic circle, were the five dogs, the man, and the toboggan, as had been arranged over a month ago, far back in the lands where people live. It seemed wonderful even to Bertram Strang, who was not unused to wonders, and he congratulated himself, Skin-um-Mink, and the man with the dogs.

III.

The man with the sledge was a white man. He did not show the faintest trace of native blood.

"How, cap'n! Where Big John?" said Skin-um-Mink.

"Him an' my boy gone sou'west to Porcupine," replied the other, drawing a scrap of paper from a pocket of his fur coat and passing it to the Indian. "Yes, him all right," said Skin-um-Mink.

The scoured canoes were lifted from the icy water and covered with brush, on the chance that they might prove useful, next summer, to some far-farer of the wilderness. The provisions were overhauled, and most of them

given into the charge of Skin-um-Mink. The dogs were fed, the sleds were loaded, and camp was made for the night.

The sight of the new man's blue eyes and brown beard had awakened in Strang a hunger for conversation. When the three sat by the little fire after they had eaten, and tobacco was burning in three pipes, he told the man called "cap'n" of the gray fathoms, and of the effect they had produced on Strong Pipe and Wait-for-Snow. The fellow listened in a silence as sphinx-like as that of Skin-um-Mink.

"This gray feather sticking in the ground is supposed to be an ill omen for the journey, or a warning to give up an enterprise, I believe," said Strang.

The man with the blue eyes nodded, staring at the fire.

"Did you ever hear of it before?" asked Strang.

"Something of the kind," replied the other.

And there the conversation died. The reluctance of the wilderness had touched the lips of the man with the blue eyes and brown beard.

They struck northward under a sky as clear as glass, running beside the sledge. The snow was dry as powder under their feet, and the motionless, frost-charged air cut their lips and eyes as keenly as a driving wind. They left Skin-um-Mink to smoke and meditate alone beside the frozen river and coiled provisions. Their way led into a vast barren, untimbered, and lumpy and scarred with hummocks of the eternal granite ribs of the world. So tundra-drawn with frost were sky and snow that it seemed to Strang as if a cry, or a sudden stamp of the foot, might bring it all tinkling and shattering about his ears.

Both men wore smoked glasses, as a protection against snow-blindness. All morning they toiled northward in silence; and so intense was the cold that they dared not attempt to smoke their pipes. At noon they rested for an hour. The guide found dry moss and an armful of stunted spruce-tuck in a sheltered crevice between two blocks of gran-

ite. With this scanty material he built a fire sufficient for the boiling of snow for tea and the frying of a few slices of dried moose meat.

Again the dogs were fastened to the leather traces and urged forward into the silent, glittering waste. Camp for the night was made by the shifting, whispering illumination of the northern lights. A patch of frozen moss was uncovered, and here the tent was pitched and fastened down with stones. It was banked high with snow on both sides and the back; and in front was built a fire of dead porridge-berry vines and black, gnarled fagots no thicker than a finger. Food was tossed to the dogs—a big, red-bellied frozen trout to each. A tarpaulin, blankets, and the two sleeping-bags were arranged within the tent; then the men squatted in front of the flap for a little while, close to the dwindling fire, ate and drank the scalding tea, and smoked their pipes.

So on the last red spark of the fire expired. The dogs curled themselves in the deep snow against the tent, with their brushes over their muzzles. The men knocked the ashes from their pipes, backed into the tent, laced down the flaps, crawled into their sleeping-bags, grunted "good night," and closed their eyes. Outside, the northern lights continued their flashing, crackling dance for an hour or so, and then vanished and let the darkness in upon the wilderness.

IV.

Strang was awakened by the fumbling of a hand across his face. He gripped the hand in his and opened his eyes in the same instant of time. The interior of the snow-banked tent was in pitch blackness. He could hear his companion's hurried breathing close above him.

"Wake up, man!" said Strang, violently shaking the hand that he gripped so securely and yet could not see. "I am awake, thank you," replied the other. "But don't move." Here Strang felt the touch of a steel muzzle upon his forehead. "I have waited for you a long time, Mr. Bertram W. Strang—and now I have you!" con-

tinued the voice. "I have waited and worked for this interview."

There was nothing the matter with Strang's nerves.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" he asked.

"Have you forgotten the name of David Kemp?" asked the other.

"I do not remember it," replied the sportsman, after a moment's reflection.

"I don't blame you for making a point of forgetting it," said the other bitterly. "A murderer would try to forget the name and face of his victim, I imagine. Well, I am David Kemp. Once upon a time I was worth a million dollars—and they were honestly made dollars. Then you took an interest in my affairs. You lured me into the market, struck in the dark, and ruined me."

"I remember you now," replied Strang. "What brought you here?"

"Don't move your left hand," said David Kemp, "Keep it down inside the bag, or there'll be trouble. What brought me to this part of the world? Well, when you left me in possession of a wife, a child, and eighty dollars, I was not entirely helpless. I had been something of a woodsman all my life, in a wealthy amateur way. I knew woodcraft and the northern wilderness—so I was not without a trade. Steady with your left hand! If I twitch my finger, your whole head will go! I brought my family straight up to Quebec and established them in a backwoods settlement. I trapped for in winter, and guided sportsmen on the rivers in summer and in the woods in autumn. For the first ten years it was a hard struggle to feed and clothe my family, for the other guides looked on me as an outsider; but I won their confidence and friendship at last, and wiped the jealousy out of their minds. I began moving farther and further north every winter for the trapping. I became known to the H. B. C. and worked for them in opening new country for the trade. Now I am one of their explorers, and the founder of several of their new posts. I am hand and glove with the northern Indians—the

Broad Arrows, and such. Oh, yes, I am quite a valuable man—and people call me the captain. But my wife is almost an old woman. It has been harder on her than on me, for she has had to wait and watch—sometimes with the little house snowed to the eaves—and with no share in the excitement. Her shoulders are bent now, and her hands are hard. My eldest son is a trapper, and the second is learning the craft. My girl will marry a young man who intends to build a lumber-mill in our settlement."

"Your case might have been much worse if you had not lost your million," said Strang. "But light a candle, and let us talk and look at each other at the same time. I give you my word I'll not jump on you or make any aggressive move while you are getting the light."

"Is it the word of Strang the financier or Strang the hunter that you offer me?" asked Kemp.

"Of Strang the hunter," replied the other, untroubled.

Kemp fumbled about until he found a candle in one of the provision-bags. He lit it, and propped it up somehow against the toe of one of his discarded mooseskins, on the tarpaulin between the two sleeping-bags. The little flame illuminated the low and narrow tent with a sinister light like that of a low-turned wick in a smoky lantern. One of the bushes moved uneasily in the snow against the wall of the tent. Strang sat up. Kemp returned to his own sleeping-place, reclining with his face toward the other and the revolver still in his hand.

"And how is it that you were waiting here with the dogs—you, of all men? That, surely, was not chance," said Strang.

"Chance! No, there was nothing of chance about that," replied Kemp. He stared fixedly at the sportsman for nearly a minute. "This position—this situation—is the result of as careful planning as ever went to the preparation of any of your expeditions," he continued. "When I first heard that you were coming up into this

country—I already knew a good deal about you as a sportsman—I began to lay out my plans. It is amusing to think that we were mapping things out as the same time—and the result is all that a reasonable man could possibly desire. My son and I took up your trail a few miles this side of Little Moose Lake. I did not expect to have to follow you all the way before managing to get a private talk with you—but there I was wrong. Knowing the Broad Arrows and their superstitions, I began the feather game; and I kept it up until that last fall of snow put a stop to it. And there was old Skin-um-Mink still sticking to you! I had expected to bluff him out with the others, for this feather game is a deadly one. I thought you would go on alone, angry and pig-headed—and then my time would come! Well, I had fooled myself by underestimating Skin-um-Mink. He seems to be growing superior to the superstitions of his people. So my boy and I hid our canoe, passed you on foot, and reached Bob Hushie and his dogs just half a day ahead of you. I knew exactly where to find Bob. I had a letter ready for him—a scrawl of ink on a piece of wrapping-paper—which he believed to be an order from the factor at McNab's. I sent him and the boy off to Porcupine, to wait there for me. In case I don't turn up at Porcupine inside of ten days, they'll come this way, looking for me. No, it was not what you'd call a chance meeting! Well, Strang, that is the story—as far as it has gone."

"And a remarkable story, too," said Strang. "But tell me what it is all about? What are you after?"

"I was after you—and now I have you," replied Kemp dryly. "I have heard an expression in the settlements that seems to fit the case—I have you where I want you. That's the idea—where I want you! You see, Strang, we're a long way from interference, away out here beyond the Country of Little Sticks!"

"You talk very well, Mr. Kemp; but I wish you would come to the point," said Strang, smiling grimly.

"Well, it is just this—you don't get out of here until you promise to make good to me the million dollars you've robbed me of," replied Kemp.

"I suppose I should feel offended at the way you put it; but I don't," returned Strang. "It happened a long time ago, when my ideas of honesty were somewhat vague. You see me now, Kemp, a man who would not take a pound of pemmican out of another's cache or a mink-skin out of a trap I had not set myself—and yet, long ago, and in the city, I took your million, along with plenty of other people's money, without a twinge of conscience. Well, I am changed. I regret having been the cause of Mrs. Kemp's discomfort and anxiety for all these years. I'll give you back your money without a word or a kick—on one condition."

"I am not making any conditions, for it does not matter to me whether you kick or not," said Kemp.

"You will agree to my conditions, because it is a fair and sporting one," replied Strang coolly. "I will pledge myself, in black and white, to the payment of the money—check, letter to my bankers, witnessed agreement, and everything—if you will come along and finish this trip and do your best to get me within range of a herd of musk-oxen."

"And what if I do not agree to the condition?" asked the other.

"Then I'll kick," replied Strang crisply. "You may get the best of the fight, but you'll not get the money. You can count on that."

They gazed at each other for a second or two, grim as wooden idols. Then they both began to smile, with reserve but without bitterness.

"I agree," said Kemp. "I'll do my best to bring you to a herd of musk-oxen. Will you shake on the agreement?"

"By all means. Delighted, I'm sure," replied Strang.

They shook hands. Then Kemp blew out the candle and they both lay down and fell asleep.

V

Strang got his musk-ox. After hardships and frost-bites and hunger, the expedition, augmented by David Kemp and his son, won back to Little Moose Lake. From there, Strang and the two Kemps made their way out to the settlement that was Kemp's home. All this was not accomplished in a day, nor yet in a month.

After a short rest, David Kemp started forth again, this time for Montreal. He had Strang's check for a million dollars, a signed and witnessed agreement, and an open letter to a Montreal banker, snug in his pocket. Strang refused to accompany him, saying that he would remain with the family and play at trapping furs until his return.

David Kemp sat at a polished desk opposite the great banker. In front of the banker lay the check, the letter, and the agreement. The banker was fiddling with his eye-glasses and gazing mournfully at his visitor.

"For how long has Mr. Strang been out of touch with the world?" he asked.

"He has spent close upon four months on this expedition," replied Kemp.

"My check for this amount is as good as Mr. Strang's," said the banker sadly.

"I don't doubt it," returned Kemp heartily.

The banker's large and benevolent face brightened for a moment, only to gloom again even more gloomily than before.

"You don't quite get my meaning, sir," he said. "Bertram W. Strang is a ruined man."

David Kemp leaned back in his chair, speechless with amazement and incredulity.

"It happened within the last two weeks," continued the banker. "His huge fortune was all in the market, the playing of a reckless and unscrupulous nephew. For years Strang has neglected everything. The nephew has made the most of his opportunities—and last week, in an unfortunate attempt to get possession of all the cotton in the world, he enriched the market with something over sixty millions of dollars."

Kemp's reply was nothing more than a feeble gurgle.

"I am very sorry, Mr. Kemp," continued the banker. "Strang has been behaving like a fool for the last ten years."

"You must not say that," replied Kemp. "He is less of a fool than he used to be, and a particular friend of mine."

He gathered up his papers and returned them to his pocket, shook hands with the banker, and went away. At a newstand he found the papers that described in full the sudden disappearance of the great Strang fortune into the open maw of the market. The end of Strang's financial activities had made even more stir than the beginning.

"Poor old fellow!" murmured Kemp, standing there with his eyes intent on the week-old news and his ears deaf to the hum and clatter of the busy street. "Well, it looks to me as if we might end our days together, trapping mink and otter and fox. And it will be a fine thing for Jane and the children to have a man of Strang's culture and knowledge to talk to now and then—a finer thing, perhaps, than a million dollars!"

Cash in Bank Tills and Commercial Confidence

A month ago Mr. Appleton argued that there was no commercial crisis ahead. In the article following he shows that the banks of Canada have more cash in their tills at the present time than they had a year ago, and also that they are generally strengthening their resources. In view of such facts he maintains that there is no reason for lack of commercial confidence. Great Developments which followed the building of the Canadian Pacific's first line will follow the augmentation of transportation services by the operation of other two transcontinental systems and work incidental to those developments is already close at hand, and will keep Canadian Industries busy.

By John Appleton

TALK of tight money, of tighter money, and of an autumn squeeze has given encouragement to the bears to look for signs of a pending crisis. To the average daily newspaper there is more of the "human interest" copy in disaster than there is in success. A commercial casualty is given greater news prominence than a commercial success. The former is advertised gratuitously and the latter has to be paid for. This tendency is admirably expressed in the case of the commercial casualty record for the past half year which was headed up out of all proportion to its significance. When the amount of the liability of defaulters commences to show a decline from year to year, or from six months to six months, it will be a sure sign of decline in commercial enterprise. If business mortality records at any time manifest that tendency it will be an ill-day for Canada. A very natural trend both as to the number and the size, or importance, of business failures would be for them to increase proportionately with the growth of commerce in the Dominion. The fact of gross liabilities of defaulters in six months of the year being greater or less than for the corresponding period of previous years is not of grave significance. It is foolish to regard greater

losses, or defaults, as indicative of some grave crisis, or that the country generally speaking is going to the dogs. To make such a deduction is equally as erroneous as one would be to the effect that the greater amount of liability and the greater number of defaulters, is a sign of expanding business. Of the two, the latter lends itself to more reasonable justification.

Business failure statistics to be of any real value should be based on very carefully gathered data which made clear the causes of casualties. In Canada the chief cause is lack of capital. Some of the most promising and courageous business men, more than ordinarily imbued with a sense of the splendid opportunities which Canada offers, may be embarrassed temporarily when credit supply is for any reason cut off. They have tackled projects without an adequate supply of capital and have not the influence to control credit with banks or moneyed friends. They have depended on "things coming their way" which did not come. Are not these men exactly in the same boat as some of the business undertakings that have had to be backed by the credit of the Dominion as a whole. The only difference is that in the case of the larger undertakings the government be-

cause of very proper national considerations lend a hand. This would not be practical in the case of small undertakings purely of a private character. But in both cases there was the daring, or the courage, to enter into a project with faith as their principal asset. Faith in the country is as necessary as capital and most of the difficulties that arise are due to the fact that there are so many of the new citizens, and old citizens in new vocations, who have more faith in the projects they enter into than they have capital. In this new country men have to be trained to adapt business to its needs and in the process business casualties are more numerous than in older, more highly developed and more populous countries. A few more or less in any particular year is not therefore a portentous circumstance. It would not be so regarded if there was not existing a predisposition to take a gloomy view of the immediate future for which there does not appear to be substantial justification. Canada's present commercial position could not have been reached without having had at its back the faith of far-visioned men. They saw what could not but eventuate if to the opportunities presenting themselves they applied energy and skill. But to their individual efforts had to be won the aid of external capital. That was made available when the whole world, so-to-speak, became convinced that Canada had faith in her commercial future—a faith made manifest by her tackling of big undertakings without knowing where the money was coming from to complete them. It is now coming, alright, and the result is due more to faith than cool calculation.

Sir Edmund Walker, in London, stated very positively that during the late summer months there would be in Canada tighter money than exists at the present time. Though making himself particularly clear on that point he did not assume a tone indicative of alarm. He said the acute point of the stringency would not be "serious." When the head of so large a banking institution makes a statement of this kind it is well worth noting. It may be just as well also for men engaged in any

kind of business to look to other signs of the times so as to arrange their affairs accordingly. This does not mean that Sir Edmund's advice is to be despised. On the other hand it ought to be taken seriously to heart. Good physicians are not adverse to taking their own medicine and following the advice they offer to others. Sir Edmund has for some time been acting on the advice he offers to others. The bank over which he presides has been economising — or, in other and better words—it has been increasing its reserves and reducing its liabilities.

Towards the latter part of June the monthly statement, covering the banking operations of Canada to the end of May, issued from the treasury department of the Dominion government and it showed that at that time the gross liabilities of the Canadian Bank of Commerce aggregated \$197,826,000. If the corresponding statement of a year ago is looked up it will be found that the gross liabilities at the end of May in 1912 amounted to \$213,914,000. Other banks which have reduced their liabilities are the Merchants, the Northern Crown and the Bank of Hamilton.

Within the year, from June 1, 1912, to May 30, 1913, the gross liabilities of the chartered banks of the Dominion increased from \$1,247,306,000 to \$1,281,729,000. This is but a slight increase when the natural increase of the business of the Dominion is taken into account. As against this increasing liability the banks have not been able to keep up their reserves of liquid assets to as high a point as at the close of May a year ago. At that time for every \$100 of liability the banks had absolutely liquid assets to the amount of \$24.80. According to the government statement just issued the banks had for every \$100 of liability \$22.60.

To hear the remark passed that the banks could let out more money if they desired and that they are lending too much to the stock gamblers of New York and to those of Montreal and Toronto is not by any means unusual. From responsible business men whose relations with the banks are close, such expressions are not heard. They know

that the banks are only too anxious to lend out all the money they earn. Money in their vaults earns nothing. When loaned, at the present time, it is exceedingly lucrative. The temptation to lend is very strong. Under existing conditions, however, it would be very imprudent on the part of the banks to adopt any other policy than that of conservation of their resources and the building up of reserves to a higher point.

At the end of June the reserve of the banks usually approximates 25 per cent. of their gross liabilities. This means the addition of approximately \$40,000,000 to their liquid assets or a very decided decrease in their liabilities, if a normal position has been reached by that date.

At the present moment, in view of the prevalent talk with regard to the available cash at the disposal of the banks it might be of interest to compare the actual amounts the banks have in their tills and the amount they had a year ago. Cash in the till may be taken to mean specie, Dominion notes and notes and cheques of other banks. On this basis it will be found that on May 31, the banks had in actual cash on which they can instantly lay their hands a total of \$194,522,025, as compared with \$193,583,316 a year ago.

Here again the increase in actual cash has not been in proportion to the growth of liability. At the end of May the banks had \$15 in the till for every \$100 of liability and a year ago they had \$15.10.

This should not be regarded as a circumstance pregnant with danger. It is rather a warning. The danger point has not been approximated. If the cash reserves or holdings of the banks should continue to decline there would be danger and the banks themselves would be very much to blame if in the face of the approaching harvest they did not take somewhat vigorous steps to build up their reserves. Since December last the banks generally in Canada have been adding to their stores of liquid assets in that particular month they sank to a low ebb, dropping to 21.5, as compared with a normal of about 24.50 for that month. At the present time the reserves have strengthened to 22.50 and probably better than this, as will be shown by the bank statement covering June operations when that document appears towards the close of July.

The position of each bank in respect of cash holdings in proportion to gross liabilities as at the end of May last is as follows—

BANKS AND THEIR CASH.

Bank.	Cash on Hand May 31, 1902.	Liabilities. May 31, 1902.	% cash to liabilities.
Montreal	\$ 36,064,723	\$ 194,063,857	22.1
Banker	2,590,132	250,064,225	10.4
North	12,782,963	82,178,639	20.5
B. N. A.	30,993,963	30,993,963	100.0
Toronto	1,041,508	1,041,508	100.0
Western	1,390,077	41,233,327	17.0
Manitoba	1,110,077	20,117,671	13.0
Macdonald	11,425,862	61,233,649	18.8
Providence	1,496,048	10,694,728	9.6
Union	8,311,077	52,179,177	15.6
Commerce	51,261,769	57,597,549	12.4
Bank of Montreal	27,466,462	220,214,164	12.5
Bank of Nova Scotia	11,775,491	57,465,357	20.0
Bank of New Brunswick	3,862,723	39,697,090	13.6
Standard	4,178	5,535,669	0.1
Rockledge	8,596,907	12,365,170	24.3
Ontario	3,696,907	13,527,520	13.4
Imperial	14,245,669	12,533,669	75.9
Metropolitan	1,958,893	13,428,744	11.3
Bank of New York	3,613,328	13,477,725	19.7
Northern Crown	2,544,662	13,512,366	18.7
Banking	1,716,902	7,402,797	20.7
Commercial	2,466,902	7,402,797	27.1
Weyburn	61,222	968,953	8.0
Total	\$194,522,025	\$1,281,739,697	20.0

*Cash includes specie, Dominion notes and notes and cheques of other banks.
Total cash on hand in 1902 was \$193,583,316 and total liabilities were \$1,287,305,721.

Cash holdings as indicated in the foregoing tabulation is not intended as a measure of the strength of the respective banks. To some extent it indicates readiness for emergencies. Some of the banks are much stronger than others in liquid assets that grade secondary to those included in the above list. Amongst these may be included Government securities and call loans. Generally speaking, call loans on Government paper and call loans on standard securities have been readily realisable. In times of easy money they are but when stringencies of an acute character develop it would not be quite safe to assume that any security could be instantly turned into cash. Both Wall Street and London have demonstrated remarkable softness even in the digestion of marketing of the highest class of securities. British Consols have dropped within a short period very considerably and they are the strongest relatively speaking of all government securities that go to the markets unconditionally. With the prospect of markets continuing to be extremely soft the only safe position for all the banks to be in is to have on hand fairly healthy reserves in cash.

The above tabulation serves to show that for all practical purposes the reserve of the banks in Canada are as strong as they were a year ago. By continuing a cautious policy they will be stronger as the summer progresses. Assuming that the banks continue to exercise the greatest caution in this respect it may be taken for granted that when the acute point in the monetary situation is reached in the late summer months the results will not generally be serious to Canada. Business will continue on about the same basis as at present with some diminution in industrial activity where the products are non-essentials. Present industries will not be able to absorb the same proportion of the immigration that they have done in the past few years. This is not an unmitigated evil, as it will tend to force a larger proportion of the new arrivals on to the land and will also tend to make these on the land remain there.

Whatever may be said by our neighbors, by the cable mongers who work on space or those manipulators of the market for Canadian credit the fact remains that Canadian securities are still holding a very high place in the estimation of the British and the United States investors. If they did not Sir William Mackenzie would not at the present time become sponsor for the many millions he plans to put into transportation facilities during the present summer and Sir Thomas Shoughnessy would not be entering light-heartedly into the expenditure of a \$100,000,000. The investor provides this money and it could not be had unless he had great faith in Canada. When the credit of the Canadian people was pledged for the building of the Canadian Pacific it was an expression of their faith in their country. What followed? After the line was built the people had to get down to hard digging. Peopling the West was the first task, but when that was well on the way what happened. The Canadian Pacific could not handle the business, not even with the assistance of other roads which by lake connections carried traffic east and west across the continent. When the one all-the-year transcontinental is assisted by two others what will happen. A development will follow proportionately greater than that which followed the completion of the first Canadian line across the continent. For the completion of these lines the credit of the country is pledged and the money is forthcoming. This will provide work enough for a nation fully three times the size of that of Canada at present and the work is already in our hands. To do it right we want our share of the capital the world has to lend. Can we get it. Our credit stands high, why should we not. It has been said that Canada has overborrowed. The investor does not say so as he still lends us money at a lower figure than to other countries similar in character. Take for instance the old state of Tennessee. It required \$11,458,000 for refunding purposes. Two years ago it had the money offered on a basis of 4.76 per cent. It

declined. Now it has to pay six per cent. San Francisco failed to borrow \$5,000,000 at five per cent. Canadian provinces and cities have not had to pay that price for money as yet. Reference of course is had here only to cities in the same class as San Francisco. Winnipeg with a population only half that of the Californian metropolis does not pay five per cent. for her funds. When the Canadian Pacific can get money at little better than four per cent. and her competitor at a rate very little higher, it can be safely taken for granted that of the world's available supply of loanable capital Canada will continue to get her

share. There is no reason to fear therefore that the immediate future of Canada has anything in it of a gloomy character.

All that is necessary is the usual faith that has counted so much in Canada's upbuilding. At the present moment her store of cash for current purposes is sufficient to stave off any serious commercial crisis. Her railways are hustling to get ready to carry a larger crop and at the same time they are busy carrying to new homes the incoming thousands. There is no lack of work ahead to keep the entire nation profitably employed.



AN OLD FESTIVAL

Midsummer Eve was a great occasion with our forefathers. One custom—widely spread and dating back, it is believed, to the childhood of the race—was that of lighting fires on the hills at midnight in honor of the summer solstice. In later times these came to be known as St. John's Fires—the feast of John the Baptist falling on Midsummer Day—and in Roman Catholic countries the custom of lighting them is almost as prevalent as ever. At the village of St. Jean, in Brittany, thousands of peasants assemble every 23rd of June, and the rite of kindling the fires is solemnized with pomp and circumstance. Then for hours the folk dance joyously round, and the cattle are made to "pass through the fires" to preserve them from disease. It is not so very long ago that Eton scholars had bonfires on Midsummer Eve.

THE BEST SELLING BOOK

OF THE MONTH

Editor's Note.—In this contribution this month Mr. Weaver has departed a little from his usual custom of featuring the story of the writer of the best selling book, but his readers will pardon the discretion to enjoy this beautiful glance at Stella Maria, whose charming story is already familiar to many.

By Findlay I. Weaver, Editor of "Bookseller and Stationer"

IT WILL doubtless be news to most people that W. J. Locke, whose new novel, "Stella Maria," has appeared among the best sellers for successive months in both Canada and the United States, although being a member of the notable company of present day English novelists, was born in America—South America, to be still more definite, in British Guiana. That was forty years ago. It is worthy of note that outside of a brief sojourn in England, his school days were passed in Trinidad, at the Queen's Royal College, where, at the age of seventeen, he won a government scholarship that sent him to St. John's College, Cambridge, for his university career.

At college he went in for mathematics and confined his reading to English and French literature.

The continual hearing of the Creole French of the natives of Trinidad during his school days aided materially in laying the foundation for his present excellent knowledge of the French language. At college he had the reputation of "studiously neglecting his studies" and one admirer has avowed that Locke established the record of attending only one lecture in his three-year course, so that it was a source of considerable surprise to his friends when he obtained his degree of B. A. in 1884.

His holidays in those years were spent in Paris, the Latin Quarter being his haunt. There he became thoroughly familiar with the Café Delphine, the Boulevard Saint Michel, the Café du Cocheon Fidele, and other of those

spots so delightfully introduced in his books.

Locke began his career as an architect and until 1867 was secretary of the Royal Institute of British Architects. Then he deserted house-building to become a builder of books and plays.

In the fifteen years in which he has been before the public as a novelist he has produced the same number of books and so lovable, naive, good-natured and humorous are his characters that the reader of one of his stories is magnetically attracted to his other tales. He has been called "The Apostle of Cheerfulness." So it comes about that a new novel by Locke is always an event of magnitude in the world of books, invariably appearing in the lists of best sellers.

His first novel was "At the Gate of Samaria." Other earlier tales were "The Demagogue and Lady Phayre," "A Study in Shadows," "Detectives," "Idols," "The White Dove," "The Usurper," and "Where Love Is." But it was with "The Morals of Marcus Orlayne," exhibiting a more ripened manner, that he attained first rank as a story teller. That was followed by "The Beloved Vagabond," with its whimsical charm, exquisite humor and an ease and naturalness that made it a general favorite.

"Segnatus," "Simon, the Jester," "The Glory of Clementina," and "Pugol," added to his laurels as has his latest novel, "Stella Maria," so marvellous in its originality of plot.

In this new book the central figure is the girl whose name gives the book

its title. But after all that was not her real name. Stella was her Christian name, but her surname was Blount, pronounced Blunt, as the author takes care to point out, incidentally taking a little shy at the vagaries of British nomenclature. The name Maria was bestowed upon her by one of the two heroes of the story and the circumstance cannot be better explained than by quoting this paragraph from the first chapter of the book:

"Her name was Stella, and she passed her life by the sea—passed it away on top of a cliff on the south coast; passed it in one big, beautiful room that had big windows south and west; passed it in bed, flat on her back, with never an outlook on the outside world save sea and sky. And the curtains of the room were never drawn, and in the darkness a lamp always shone in the Western window; so that Walter Herold, at the foot of the cliff, one night of storm and dashing spray, seeing the light burning steadily like a star, may be excused for a bit of confusion of thought when he gripped his friend, John Risco's arm with one hand and pointing with the other, cried: 'Stella Maria, what a name for her!'"

The girl is twelve years old at this time and for several years as the tale progresses, she lives there in complete ignorance of all that is evil in life. To her the world is everything that is beautiful and good. Care is taken to prevent any other impression from reaching her. This ethereal fraud is effectually supplemented by a series of fairy tales invented by John Risco in which his daily life is described as one continual round of blissful enjoyment and his home as a palace in the "magical" city of London. The serializing of this story of his wonderful palace taxes his imagination and in reality is the antithesis of his actual life and experience for it is revealed that he had married a young woman who had turned out to be a fiend in human form threatening to ruin his career and causing him the greatest of sufferings. For most inhuman maltreatment of a young girl taken from an orphan asylum into Risco's home, she is sent to prison. At

the end of the term she comes out to proceed with cunning and with patient, though unwavering purpose, to wreak vengeance upon Risco through Stella Maria and through Unity Blake, the orphan girl who had previously been her victim and whom Risco had sought out and taken into his home. This girl, than which there could not easily be less promising material, eventually develops into one of the strongest personalities in the tale.

Unity Blake, although herself secretly in love with Risco, seeks only his happiness and at the sacrifice of her own life involving the death of Mrs. Risco, the way is opened for Risco to marry Stella Maria. The result of the experience of Stella Maria in the awful storm through which her soul passes in the terrible truths that are revealed, together with the supreme test of friendship in the actions of Risco and Herold when it develops that Herold too has all along loved Stella, works out to a most dramatic climax as the ending of the story.

United States Best Sellers

1. Virginia (Ellen Glasgow).
2. Good-bye to My Lover (Kilmer Glynn).
3. The Kissing of Diamante (Ethel M. Dell).
4. The Port of Adventure (G. N. & A. M. Williamson).
5. The Judgment House (Sir Gilbert Parker).
6. The Heart of the Hills (John Fox, Jr.).

Canadian Summary

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|---|-----|
| 1. The Ambrose Gentleman (Jeffrey Par- | 220 |
| 2. The Judgment House (Sir Gilbert | |
| 3. Heart of the Hills (John Fox, Jr.) | 90 |
| 4. Stella Maria (William J. Locke) | 48 |
| 5. The Happy Warrior (A. W. M. Hitchcock) | 35 |
| 6. V.V.'s Eyes (Henry S. Harrison) | 35 |

Best Sellers in England

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| 1. The Unguarded Hour . . . Lady Trenchard |
| 2. The Strength of the Hills . . . H. G. Wells |
| 3. In Old Madras . . . B. M. Crooke |
| 4. Stella and Other Stories . . . Maud Diver |
| 5. V. V.'s Eyes . . . H. S. Harrison |
| 6. Mr. Flight . . . Fred Madox Heffer |

A Pedagogic Allegory

Editor's Note.—The world often judges a man's morals by the stand he holds in society. A man who steals another's thought is never put by the ordinary man into the same class as the man who steals a loaf of bread. The man who marks an examination paper for a pupil and departs from his usual fairness by severity of his test is looked upon quite differently than the man who forges a cheque. Yet, these cases spring from the same root of evil. This is a little point that has been brought out by the difference in sentiment that has resulted from cheating in school contracts and a certain irregularity in the examinations for a degree in pedagogy. The author is a gold medalist of the highest standing in his profession.

By James J. Sinclair

AND it came to pass that one Mr. Probe, a man with a manin to search, was obsessed with a desire to do valiant service for a good Canadian city by showing that dishonesty in all its myriad forms was not dead. So, casting about for a suitable field for his activities, he discovered the open commons of School Contracts, and at once addressed himself to his task. Ere the close of day, however, he found a condition of affairs that astounded him, not so much because of the facts revealed, as because of the audacious attitude of Messrs. Contractors whom he found squatting on the commons and enriching themselves at the expense of the people. Dishonesty unashamed stalked abroad, and the only reply in justification that the squatters would vouchsafe, was the burden of the song *Everybody's Doing It*. This sort of dishonest dealing was so patent that Mr. Probe considered his special gifts ill-employed; so he decided then and there to make a change. Here he was confronted with a difficulty. He wished to remain in the field of school matters, and preferably in some phase of it of interest to Canada as well as to Toronto. As he rather relished an elusive pursuit of what he termed refined dishonesty, a department of pedagogy suggested itself. Little did he imagine that he was soon to be given a tip that would lead

his steps right up the Mount Olympus of matters educational.

He was yet pondering on the foibles of the Contractors while departing from the Field of Contracts, when he was met by two friends, Mr. B. Pseud, and Dr. Pseud. The former was very sad, apparently weighed down by the burden of the Christian Pilgrim. "What's the matter?" asked Mr. Probe. "Matter enough," quoth Mr. B. Pseud, "I could a tale unfold that would harrow up your sleuth-like aspirations, if I chose."

"Just what I am bent on—something to investigate—but it must be elusive, must present a problem, and preferably a pedagogical matter."

"Come, then," said B. Pseud, "let us sit down and reason together, and, I warrant you, I shall give you food for thought, which my friend, Dr. Pseud, will substantiate."

A STRANGE TALE.

So the three sat down, Mr. Probe between the two Pseud, with note book in hand and pencil poised. Then Mr. B. Pseud began and this was the tale he told:

Away back in 1904, I graduated from the University of Toronto, in the department of pedagogy, and in 1906, our friend, Dr. Pseud, graduated from the same department. Mine was designat-

ed a Bachelor's degree, his a Doctor's degree. We were at this time High School teachers in Ontario. In 1908, at Easter, during the convention of the Ontario Educational Association, a meeting was to be held by and for all such as held degrees like ours. (At that time we numbered some seven or eight of each kind.) This meeting was to be the first of its kind, organized to get the men in pedagogy together. Such was the general rumor, *ea fovea rogatur*—as *Virgil* might say. History records, however, that, ere that looked-for meeting was consummated, something occurred that changed the personnel of those present. Many were called, 'tis true, but few were chosen. In short, the meeting took the form of a dinner at a university dining hall, to which only such as our friend Dr. Paed, were invited. Alas! we who were minus the Dr. to our names were among those not present without even the chance of having a "wire of regrets" read in our behalf. My sad misen, dear Probe, dates from that hour. From that hour I trained myself to become one of your ilk—an investigator—yes, a detective, if you will, and by and by the reason for our exclusion, the purpose of that, *notoric* conclave, were revealed. For at that dinner—but why do I relate these unpleasant details which, I foresee, will bring clouds of trouble about us all?

"Nay, nay, continue, we pray," chorused Mr. Probe and Dr. Paed. "Better far it is to get at the truth, though you may writhe, while others gloat, for here, too, we may find, figuratively speaking, deviations from specifications—hemlock for pine, iron for lead, as in School Contracts."

ONE DOCTOR EVERY FIVE YEARS.

"As you will, then," said Mr. B. Paed. "At that dinner, as I was saying, it was suggested by the doctors that only one being should be admitted to participation in the privileges of their noble order every five years. The suggestion was met with instant approval. Why not? Should not the doctorate, that at that time contained only the flower of the teaching profession, be a closed cor-

poration even as the *medicos*, another body of men browsing in too many cases on the weaknesses of a long suffering public? To this all shouted of one accord, "Why not?" That was the cogent reason for assenting. An exclusive body, therefore, it would be, qualifications for initiation to include a five years' probationary course. As Real Estate agreements read, "Time was to be the essence."

Now, my dear Probe, I shall not say how many or who of us excluded from that dinner have as yet been barred from the Doctorate. How well this cabal has worked will let some statistics prove. It is written that the last man initiated into the secret rites and mysteries, prior to the famous dinner, was permitted to prefix the handle Dr. to his name in 1906; the next in 1911. This year, however, saw one more emerge from the swamps of the rank and file to find himself a niche among those on the hills where the glory never fades. Why comes this divergence from the course laid down, perhaps our friend, Dr. Paed, will explain when I have done.

In conclusion, let me state that there is no lack of candidates who desire to attain to the mansions on high, the keys to which lie in the hands of those occupying them. The ascent is a steep one. To gain the first stopping place two morasses must be passed—called Section A and Section B. At these many an unwary pilgrim coming ahead of his fated time, has been forced to stand. When, however, these bogs are safely passed, each pilgrim, footsore and weary, is designated B. Paed, and becomes a member of my class. Then, if he desires to go higher, two seas of rock and shoal confront him, also called Section A and Section B. And finally a third tempestuous ocean, called Thesis, must be safely sailed in a bark without blemish, manned and navigated by the Pilgrim himself. This water, as treacherous as African quicksands, Syrtis, is where full many an aspirant runs foul of hidden rock and dangerous shoal, which delay his course, if not utterly wreck his bark. With this I close, but though the stars are out and invite to sleep, I would urge you to get

Dr. Paed to tell the story of a fellow worker who has had an unique experience in his sailing career."

He ended and Mr. Probe, still anxious for more data turned to Dr. Paed as if to say, "I am waiting." Dr. Paed, in answer to a knowing look from his inseparable friend, Mr. B. Paed, thus began:

"One story you ask for: one concrete story I shall give—nothing more. This for your benefit, let me promise. The gods that dwell in the Mt. Olympus of Pedagogy move in a mysterious way their blunders to perform. A certain Diogenes Clericus in the spring of 1910 had secured a firm footing on solid ground in the morass Section B, having by a circuitous route evaded Section A for two years. This point he had reached after being once thrown back. After two more years of difficultly climbing up pedagogy's steep ascent, he essayed to conquer Section A, assisted in his endeavors by a skilled and intimate (so he thought) knowledge of Philosophy, Ethics, Psychology and Sociology. When the conflict was over he consulted a friend and former mentor, Professor Universitatis Torontoniensis. To him he recited a detailed description of his struggle and Professor's opinion was *The gods that occupy the pedagogical seats of the mighty surely cannot prevail against thee*. Thus assured he confidently awaited reports from headquarters. In a month or so there came the cruel words, *Rejected, you must try again*.

Now, Diogenes' surprise was only exceeded by his chagrin, and his conclusion was that *there was something rotten in the State of Denmark*. He at once protested to Jupiter Paedagogus himself and was promised consideration. The report of the wardens was that Diogenes had done excellently with two weapons but that with the other two he had failed to display the requisite skill. Supported by his mentor, Professor Universitatis, Diogenes averred that he must have been rejected because of his style. He, Mr. Probe, was trained in a Materialistic School, while the warder and judge were nurtured in the

Idealistic. Then there was war, Diogenes was willing to try again on the two under dispute but wished exemption from a second trial on the other two. This, Jupiter claimed, was impossible. Diogenes retorted that that concession had been granted by the Olympus Minor of the East to our mutual friend, Mr. B. Paed, Jupiter at once made inquiries and learned that Diogenes' statement was true. Bringing the matter before the Senators was contemplated. So the controversy went on till a compromise was effected. Diogenes was to try again with the two under consideration while he could "make believe" with the other two, his skill with the latter displayed in the first encounter to count in arriving at the net result.

In the month of December, 1912, Diogenes, as per arrangement, once more crossed swords with the warder, but, horrible to relate, the swords had been tempered with, and Diogenes found himself, through a blunder of the gods, at a grave disadvantage. He at once demanded an explanation threatening to retire forthwith and refer the whole matter to the Senators. Jupiter Major and his first assistant were hastily summoned. The cause of the trouble was seen at once, but nothing could be done at the time. Jupiter urged Diogenes to do nothing rash, to try his skill anyway, and trust to the gods to carry him through.

So Diogenes Technicus did the best he could, and when the report was handed down, lo! Diogenes name was there on the page bright and fair.

My tale is told, Mr. Probe. The facts are known to only a few including Mr. B. Paed. Make what use of them you choose."

And Mr. Probe replied: "How very like the facts of the School Contracts affair, not according to specifications. Verily, here, too, we find hemlock for pine, iron for lead."

Then the three arose. The Paeds faded along the old Ontario strand wondering what Mr. Probe would do, while he wended his way homeward, wondering what he should do.

Longevity and Happiness

Editor's Note.—August is largely a month of vacation, and consequently a time for review and taking stock of one's own real worth and importance to the world and his work. In this regard nothing will form more pleasing reading than the following optimistic, hopeful, and sane chapter by Dr. Marden. As stated previously, Maclean's Magazine is the only Canadian magazine to which he is a regular contributor.

By Dr. O. S. Marden

"THE face cannot betray the years until the mind has given its consent. The mind is a sculptor."

"We renew our bodies by renewing our thoughts; change our bodies, our habits, by changing our thoughts."

"Last Sunday a young man died here of extreme old age at twenty-five," wrote John Newton.

George Meredith, on the celebration of his seventy-fourth birthday said: "I do not feel that I am growing old, either in heart or mind. I still look on life with a young man's eye."

You cannot tell how old people are by the calendar. You must measure the spirit, the temperament, the mental attitude, to get the age. I know young men who are in their sixties, and old men who are in their thirties. "Old age seizes upon ill-spent youth like fire upon a rotten house."

No one is old until the interest in life is gone out of him, until his spirit becomes aged, until his heart becomes cold and unresponsive; as long as he touches life at many points he cannot grow old in spirit.

"To live on without growing old, to feel alive and hold, to the last, whatever is best in youth—vigor of mind and freshness of feeling—then, when the end has come, to find in the depths of the soul the belief of earlier years, and to fall softly asleep with a sure hope, is not this an enviable lot?"

The youth cannot understand why the close of the day does not have that

"wild gladness of morning"; it has riper, richer hues. The sunset is just as beautiful, and often more glorious than the sunrise. The last of life should be just as beautiful and grand as the first of life. "The last of life—
for which the first was made."

Age has its pleasures. If the life has been well lived, the reminiscences are grand, the satisfactions beautiful. Indeed, what can give greater pleasure than to look back upon a life well spent, lived usefully, beautifully, fruitfully? When we arrive at the Port of Old Age, after a rough passage over a stormy sea, there is a feeling of rest, of completeness, of safety.

It is said that "long lives are great hopes." If you keep your hope bright in spite of discouragements, and meet all difficulties with a cheerful face, it will be very difficult for age to trace its furrows on your brow. There is longevity in cheerfulness.

Time does not touch fine, serene characters. They can't grow old. An aged person ought to be calm and balanced. All of the agitations and perturbations of youth ought to have ceased. A sweet dignity, a quiet repose, a calm expression should characterize people who are supposed to have had all that is richest and best out of the age in which they lived.

There is no justice or fairness in ranking people by their years. People ought to be judged old or young by their mental conditions, their attitude

toward life, their interest in life, their youthful or aged thought. If they face toward youth and optimism, if they are hopeful, cheerful, helpful, enthusiastic, they ought to be classed as young, no matter what their years may say.

The elixir of youth which alchemists sought so long in chemicals, lies in ourselves. The secret is in our own mentality. Perpetual rejuvenation is possible only by right thinking. We look so old as we think and feel because it is thought and feeling that change our appearance.

Mental poise means mental harmony, and harmony prolongs life. Whatever disturbs our peace of mind, or upsets our equilibrium, causes friction, and friction whittles away life's delicate machinery at a rapid rate.

Few know how to protect themselves from rasping, wearing, grinding, disintegrating influences in their environment.

Nothing else more effectually retards age than keeping in mind the bright, cheerful, optimistic, hopeful, buoyant picture of youth, in all its splendor, magnificence; the picture of the glories which belong to youth—youthful dreams, ideals, hopes, and all the qualities peculiar to young life.

"Keeping alive that spirit of youth," Stevenson used to say, was "the perennial spring of all the mental faculties."

What a mistake we make in associating the great joys of life with youth. Everywhere we hear people say, "Oh, let the young people enjoy themselves. They will only be young once. They will come into the troublesome part of life soon enough. Let them be happy before the clouds come." It is estimated that the person who lives a perfectly normal life will experience infinitely greater joys and will be much happier in his seventies than in his teens.

When a man has reached middle life or later, he is largely the creature of his habits, and he cannot develop entirely new brain cells, new faculties. We enjoy the exercise of the faculties which we have been accustomed to use, the

faculties which have been most dominant, active, throughout our lifetime.

One reason why many people have such a horror of old age is because they have made no provision for their occupation in their declining years. They spend all their energies in making a living, and do very little towards making a life. The curse of old age is a lack of interesting mental occupation, and it is usually due to an early lack of training for an interesting old age. "The mind that is vacant is a mind distressed." To avoid mental old age ought to be everyone's ambition. But having formed the habit of reading, in youth, very few ever cultivate the habit and taste for reading late in life, and the result is that many people find old age extremely dreary and monotonous. A person who has always kept up the habit of improving himself, reading good books, thinking and contemplating great truths, who has developed the love of art and beauty, and who has cultivated his social faculties, finds plenty of employment for his last years.

One of the most pathetic pictures in American life is that of the old men who have retired, but had nothing to retire to, except their fortunes. They had never prepared for old age enjoyment. In their younger days they did not develop the qualities which make leisure even endurable, to say nothing of enjoyable.

Everywhere abroad we see the retired American who feels out of place and homesick, hungry for the exercise again in the office, in the store, with the customer and the check book.

He cannot talk and laugh as he used to with his old college mates and friends, for even his mirth and enthusiasm have evaporated. No matter how hard he tries to enjoy himself in the art galleries, the concert halls, the yard stick, customs and schemes for making more money keep revolving in his mind, and strangle all the efforts of the finer sentiments to assert themselves. The things which he could have once enjoyed so much now only bore him.

Some of the most disappointed men I have ever met have been men who

retired after having made a fortune. Years of leisure looked enticing to them when they were struggling so hard in their earlier days to get a start and in their later days to accumulate a fortune. Their imaginations pictured a blissful condition when they could be as idle as late as they chose in the morning, do whatever they felt like doing, instead of being prodded by the "impetuous must," which had held the lash over them for so many years. And the beginning of their retirement was so blissful that they thought they had never before really lived. But very soon the days began to drag; and they discovered that their lives were not fitted to enjoy very much outside of the routine rut between their office and the home. After retirement their faculties which had been used in mental wrestling with men and things, in the barter of trade, soon began to atrophy; that which had been their strongest hold gradually faded out and left no adequate compensation. They soon found that their real enjoyment was in the exercise of their brain cells, that when they tried to find satisfaction and real enjoyment by the use of faculties which had not been developed, which had been little used, there was no corresponding satisfaction.

In boyhood the family necessity forced many of these men to find work, and their early education was neglected. The whole train of their business lives had been in an entirely different direction, away from the things they are now trying to enjoy.

How frequently we have heard of men who, after acquiring a fortune, have retired in robust health and at the very height of their mental vigor, and yet shortly after went into a decline and in a few years died.

Of what use are books and pictures and statues to him who has robbed intellect of all that deepens and enhances life's value? There is no greater self-deception than that which impels one to give the best part of himself and the best years of his life for something which he hopes to enjoy when the fires of youth have departed and there is

nothing left but embers and ashes of age.

An observing writer has said: "How many men there are who have toiled and slaved to make money that they might be happy by and by, but who, by the time they came to be fifty or sixty years old, had used up all the enjoyable life in them! During their early life, they carried economy and frugality to the excess of stinginess, and when the time came that they expected joy, there was no joy for them."

The man who has trained his mind, who has prepared himself for the enjoyment of his retirement in his late years is a fortunate man. If a man has richly earned his leisure by an industrious life, if he has tried to do his share in the world's work and has trained his mind for enjoyment after his retirement, he ought to be able to be very happy. There are multitudes of ways in which an educated mind can derive enjoyment.

Think of the world of pleasure which can be found in books alone to a person who loves them and knows how to appreciate them! It is hard to conceive of greater delight. This would mean very little to the man who has spent half a century plodding away in the business rut and who has perhaps never read a book through in his life.

Think of the enjoyment possible in the world of nature, of art, to a man who trained his esthetic faculties, as did Ruskin, where every natural object, every sunset, would awaken delights that would ravish an angel.

What delights await the man who has made it a life habit to improve himself, to absorb knowledge from every conceivable source! Who can imagine greater delight than that which comes from feeling one's mind expand, from pushing one's horizon of ignorance farther and farther away from him every day!

There is no satisfaction in life like that which comes from helping others to help themselves; and the man who has kept this practice through his business career will find endless satis-

faction and joy in retiring to this helpful life.

It is not only the man whose entire experience has been confined to the narrow business or professional rut that finds life very disappointing after retiring, but also the man who has had early advantages, but whose absorption in his career has shut him out of the world of books, the world of art, beauty and travel, and closed the avenues of the social side of life, and destroyed the faculties that had found early enjoyment in these things. This has been the sad experience of men who have tried to find enjoyment after retiring, but discovered that they had lost their power of appreciation and enjoyment of things which they once loved so. This was Darwin's experience. He was shocked to find that during his years of complete absorption in scientific studies, he had entirely lost his love for Shakespeare and music, that the faculties which presided over these things had become atrophied from disuse by nature's inexorable law, which is "use or lose."

We get our greatest happiness in the use of the faculties which have been long and habitually exercised. It is not an easy thing late in life to awaken new sentiments, new powers, new faculties which have been lying dormant for so many years. It is the exercise of the faculties and powers which we have been using all our lives which is going to bring us the only happiness and satisfaction of which we are capable.

By retiring, the average business man relinquishes his hold upon the very faculties which are in any condition to give him the most satisfaction.

He cannot get very much out of trying to arouse faculties which have been lying dormant for half a century, and perhaps have never been thoroughly awakened or developed.

I believe that the majority of men who retire not only fail to find happiness, but actually shorten their lives.

How often we hear of men dying, just because they have given up the only thing they could do, and can find no other stimulant to exertion to take

its place—like the horse which so interested Mr. Pickwick, which was kept up by the shafts in which it drew a carriage and collapsed when removed from them.

If you would keep young you must learn the secret of self-rejuvenation, self-refreshment, self-renewal, in your thought, in your work, in your youthful interests.

If you think of yourself as perpetually young, vigorous, robust, and buoyant, because every cell in the body is constantly being renewed, decrepitude will not get hold of you.

I believe that the average person could extend his life very materially, and especially increase his capacity for both achievement and enjoyment wonderfully by forming the habit of excluding from his mind especially before retiring, all unhappy thoughts.

In other words, if we could only learn the secret of what is called, in Eastern countries, "orienting the mind," first employing it of everything that can mar it or cause pain, and get the right mental attitude, the attitude of love, charity, of kindness, of magnanimity, helpfulness towards every living creature, it would revolutionize civilization.

There is something wrong when we wake up in the morning with careworn faces, when we feel cross and crabbed and out of sorts, when we feel so touchy at the breakfast table that everybody must handle us with gloves. There is something wrong, when we do not wake from sleep fresh, strong, vigorous, cheerful, bright, full of energy, vigor, ambition, eager to get to our work which is a perpetual tonic.

It is not the troubles of to-day, but those of to-morrow and next week and next year, that wrinkle our hands and wrinkle our faces.

One's disposition has a powerful influence upon one's longevity. People who fret and fume and worry, who nag and scold, who are touchy and sensitive, age rapidly.

How can one have lines of age or weariness or discontent when one is

happy, busy, and one's spirit is ever, ever young?

I know an old lady who has such a sweet benignant, serene nature that she has robbed old age of its ugliness.

"Frame your minds to mirth and merriment, Which bar a thousand harms and lengthen life."

Happiness is a great vitality generator, a great strength sustainer, and a powerful health tonic.

"A very fine old gentleman of the best American type, accounting for his advanced age and his advanced happiness, said: 'It is quite simple. Lead a natural life, eat what you want, and walk on the sunny side of the street.'"

"There's a cheery, comfortable bit of advice that does not ask you to live like an angel or die like a saint. By a natural life the old gentleman undoubtedly meant that we were not to live in excess of our incomes, turn night into day, or abuse our bodies. By avoiding these modern temptations one avoids dyspepsia, apoplexy, and nervous prostration, and so, being normally healthy, one can pretty generally get what one wants to. As for the sunny side of the street—that is the best bit of the old gentleman's whole creed. The crowd that travels on the shady side are a bad lot. They are such questionable fellows as Worry, Melancholy, Greed, Vanity, Idleness, and Crime. On the sunny side, however, it's a jolly crew that jogs along—Mirth, Pleasure, Success, Health, Friendship, Love, good fellows all who help tremendously to bave the burdens and double the blessings of this little affair we call life, and in whose company, blow high or blow low, it's always the fairest of weather."

"Pleasures belong to youth; joys to middle life; blessedness to old age, says Lyman Abbott. "Therefore old age is best; because it is the portico to a palace beautiful, where happiness is

neither withered by time or destroyed by death. Yet one need not wait for old age. He who in the prime of life has learned this secret of immortal happiness can with Paul bid defiance to all the enemies of happiness. He welcomes troubles as contributions to his happiness because builders of his character: 'We glory in tribulation also: knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope: and hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Spirit which is given unto us.'"

The greatest conqueror of age is a cheerful, hopeful, loving spirit. A man who would conquer the years must have charity for all. He must avoid worry, envy, malice, and jealousy—all the small meannesses that feed bitterness in the heart, trace wrinkles on the brow, and dim the eye. The pure heart, a sound body, and a broad, healthy, generous mind, backed by a determination not to let the years count, constitute a fountain of youth which everyone may find in himself.

"O, Youth! for years so many and sweet,

'Tis known, that thou and I were one, I'll think it but a fond conceit— It cannot be that thou art gone!

The vesper-bell hath not yet tolled: And thou were eye a Master Bold!

What strange Disguise hast now put on, To make believe that thou art gone?

I see these Locks in silvery slips, This drooping Gait, this altered Size: But Springtime blooms on thy Lips, And Tears take sunshine from thine

eyes!

Life is but Thought: so think I will That Youth and I are House-mates still."

Of those who live life to the full of usefulness, service, and enjoyment, it may be said:

Nor custom stale their infinite variety."



Ohio Floods Don't Affect Berry Brothers Varnish

HERE is a picture of the library of W. B. Shuler's residence at Hamilton, Ohio. During the recent flood the water flooded the entire first floor of the house, reaching to the top of the bookcases and just touching the lowest of the books piled on top.

When the flood receded the room was coated with slime and mud. Apparently everything was ruined. But a generous application of soap and water showed that the varnish on floor, walls,

doors and bookcases was as fresh and beautiful as ever.

The floor was finished with Berry Brothers' Liquid Granite; other trim with Berry Brothers' Luxberry Light Wood-Finish. The house was built in 1911.

Similar experiences were reported from all through the flooded district. Everywhere Berry Brothers' Varnish stood the flood test. Water and mud could not dim its lustre, nor cause it to turn white.

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